The TRAGEDY OF PAOTINGFU

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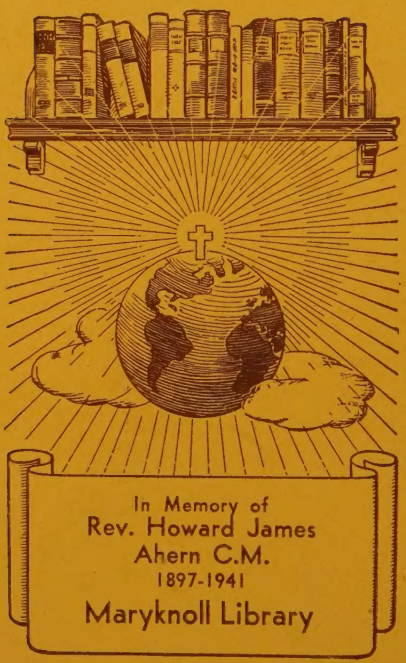

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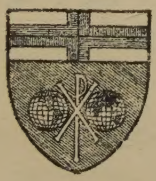

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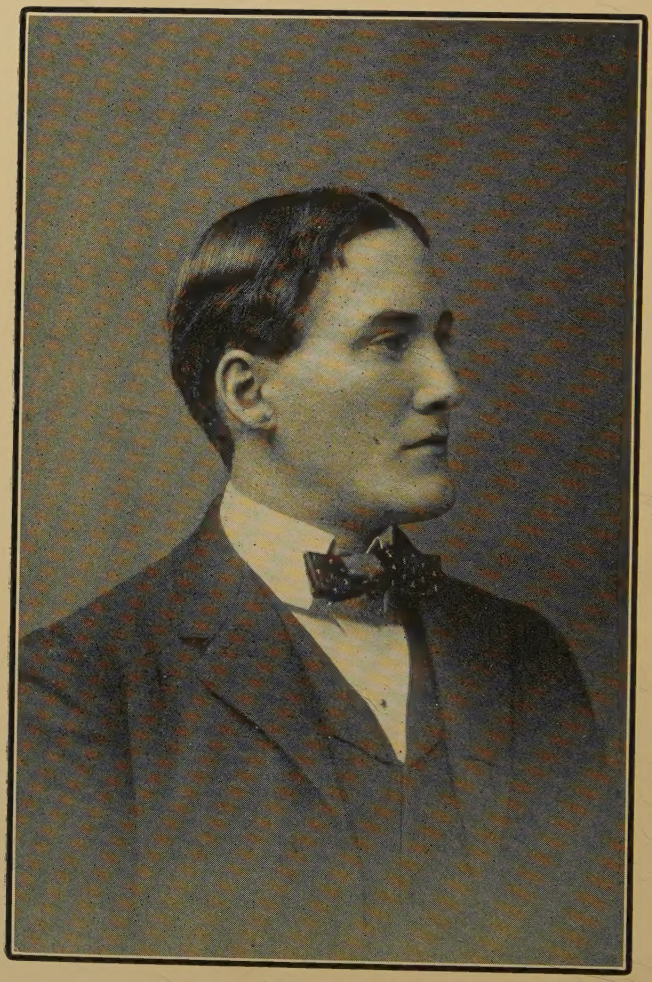

REV. HORACE TRACY PITKIN.

THE TRAGEDY OF PAOTINGFU

AN AUTHENTIC STORY

OF THE

Lives, Services and Sacrifices of the Presbyterian, Congregational and China Inland Missionaries who Suffered Martyrdom at Paotingfu, China, June 30th and July 1, 1900

BY

ISAAC C. KETLER

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1902

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Dedicated to
Margaret Ketler Gilson
and to the many other friends
of those who perished
at Paotingfu,
China
June 30 and July 1,
1900

MARTYRED AT PAOTINGFU

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD

George Yardley Taylor, M. D.
Rev. Frank Edson Simcox
Mrs. May Gilson Simcox
Cortlandt Van Rensselaer Hodge, M. D.
Mrs. Elsie Sinclair Hodge

Children:
- Paul Gilson Simcox
- Francis Raymond Simcox
- Margaret Simcox

Native Christians and Helpers

AMERICAN BOARD

Miss Mary S. Morrill
Miss Annie Allender Gould
Rev. Horace Tracy Pitkin
Rev. Meng Chang-chun
And Other Native Helpers at the American Board Compound

CHINA INLAND MISSION

Mr. Benjamin Bagnall
Mrs. Emily Kingsbury Bagnall
Gladys Bagnall
(Child)
Rev. William Cooper

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

THIS book was written to put on record the services and sacrifices of the missionaries who perished at Paotingfu, China, June 30th and July 1st, 1900. The story as here told is a thoroughly authentic one. It is published in the confident belief that it will quicken the interest of Christian people in foreign missions and awaken lively sympathy with the work of the Presbyterian and Congregational churches at Paotingfu.

The author is under obligations to many missionaries and others for very substantial help in the preparation of this memorial volume. It is pleasing to record the kindly interest many have shown in the progress of the undertaking, and their readiness to do all in their power to facilitate it. Valuable help has been received from a score or more of missionaries, among whom are Mrs. Amelia P. Lowrie, the Rev. J. Walter Lowrie, the Rev. John Wherry, D.D., the Rev. and Mrs. A. M. Cunningham, Dr. Eliza E. Leonard, Mrs. Letitia Thomas Pitkin, Miss Janet McKillican, Dr. Maud Mackey, Dr. W. C. Noble, the Rev. G. Henry Ewing, the Rev. Isaac Pierson, the Rev. and Mrs. J. Albert Miller, and the

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Whiting, all having personal knowledge of the work at Paotingfu.

The author desires to make special mention of the assistance received from the relatives and friends of the martyred missionaries and of a sketch on the college life of Mr. Pitkin, furnished by the Rev. O. H. Bronson, of Simsbury, Connecticut, as well as of very valuable help on the lives of Misses Morrill and Gould, rendered by Mrs. Mary E. Cole, of Portland, Maine.

The letters of Mr. and Mrs. Simcox furnish in general the thread of the story, and it is but just to say, that in no case were they written for publication. Of the more than three hundred letters written by them from October, 1893, to June 3d, 1900, and accessible for this work, those only have been used which seemed clearly to aid in presenting a living picture of missionary service and sacrifice at Paotingfu.

I. C. K.

Grove City College, Pa.
June, 1902.

CONTENTS

I

College Life, and Love.—The Simcox Home—A Mother's Boy—Shadows and Shadows—The Week of Prayer—A Noble Confession—A Roommate's Testimony—Free from Clique Entanglements—Comradeship—A Girl's Leadership—Prophetic Lines—The Volunteer Movement—Commencement Day, 1890—The Love of Classmates 19

II

Breaking Home Ties.—The Wedding Trip—New Friendships—Clearfield's Ideal—The Week's Round of Social Pleasures—The Impressive Sermon—Mrs. Simcox's Talk to the Children—The Reception at the Reed Home—"Never Dreamed that Missionaries Looked Like These"—The "Name Book"—Clearfield's Good-bye—The Ordination—The Last Sabbath at Home—Center's Farewell 33

III

In Far Off China.—There Were no Tears or Sad Feelings—Empress of China—Center's Largess—The Voyage—The Reception at Tientsin—On to Peking—The American Gentleman at the Chinese Inn—Entertained at Dr. Wherry's—At Home with the Cunninghams—First Impressions—Paotingfu, the Strategic Point—A Family Bereavement—First Experiences in Country Work—Feeding the Hungry 48

IV

THE FLIGHT.—War with Japan—Mob Violence Threatened—Warned to Seek Safety—Preparations for the Flight—Houseboat to Tientsin—Cholera in the Compound—Sad Deaths—A New Testament for the Empress Dowager—Exciting War News . . . 71

V

THE AMERICAN BOARD COMPOUND.—Isaac Pierson and a Noble Work—The Laying of the Foundation—Humble Quarters—Providential Leadings—The Story of Meng and Chang—Miss Pierson's Letter—"Men May Come and Men May Go"—The Growth of the Native Church—The Ordination of Meng Chang-chun—A Missionary's Joy—Dr. Ament's Story—The Prophecies That Went Before 88

VI

LIFE IN THE COMPOUND AND SOME LETTERS.—The War Still On—A Winter of Anxiety—True Friendships Formed—A Picture of Life in the Compound—How the House Was Furnished—The Warnings—The Reply of the Japanese Officer—Christmas and Loving Remembrances—Lights and Shades—How Baby Paul Quiets the Mob—The Fears of Many . . . 106

VII

MISSES MORRILL AND GOULD.—Changes in the Personnel of the Station—Mary S. Morrill—The Old Homestead—The Student of the Family—Her Early Reading—At the Normal School—A Change of Faith—A Candidate for Appointment to the Foreign Field—Miss Morrill's Diffidence and Triumph—First Year on the Field—Arrival of Miss Gould at Paotingfu—Changes at the Station—A Child of Gentle Breeding—Miss Gould's Farewell at Portland—Her Birth at

Bethel—Her Student Career at Mount Holyoke College—Yoke Fellows—A Wonderful Year's Work—Miss Morrill's Vacation—New Responsibilities for Miss Gould—The Joyful Return—Arrival of the Simcoxes 136

VIII

Dr. Taylor and the Presbyterian Compound.—Dr. Whiting's Story—Dr. Taylor Transferred to Paotingfu—A Memorial Service—A Tribute by Dr. Hodge—Desire to Become a Physician—Van Rensselaer Seminary—Admission to the Lord's Table—At Princeton—A Student of the University of Pennsylvania—Appointment to the Foreign Field—The An Ting Hospital—Linguistic Accomplishments—Dr. Taylor's Medical Work at Paotingfu—His Associates in the Compound—The Precious Home—Domestic Trials. 153

IX

Fruitful Labours.—Miss Morrill the Tireless Worker—Her Vacation of Value to Miss Gould—Paotingfu Officials Friendly—Itinerating—Missionaries Going Home—A Missionary Letter to the Clearfield Ladies—Hugs and Kisses to Aunt Beckie—The Precious Day at Man Ch'eng—Desire to do Something for the Women—A Cloud no Bigger than a Man's Hand—The Railroad 177

X

Four Summers by the Sea.—Investing Money at Pei-tai-ho—Death of Dorothy Hayner—The Blue Ocean—The Growth of Pei-tai-ho—The Last Summer by the Sea—The Celebration of the 4th of July—Interesting Letters—Attack on the Catholic Compound at Paotingfu—Missionary Conferences—A Letter to a Church 193

XI

LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.—Dr. Coltman's Mimic Army —Hope Cunningham—Two Missing—Letter to Mrs. Whiting—Guests at the Simcox Cottage—Miss McKillican's Letter—Praying for a Baby Sister—Francis the Tease—A Mother's Solicitude—A Letter to Mrs. Cunningham—Dr. Mackey's Testimony—Thanksgiving Dinner at the Ewings'—Mrs. Lowrie's Story of the Children—The Hymns They Sang—Sorrow Over Mrs. Lowrie's Departure—Baby Margaret's Letter. 216

XII

HORACE TRACY PITKIN.—The Pitkins at Pei-tai-ho—Their Long Wedding Journey—Mrs. Pitkin—Meeting at Northfield—Mr. Pitkin's Early Life and Education—A Classmate's Story—Yale University and Union Theological Seminary—A Travelling Secretary —Marriage at Troy, Ohio—Meeting the Council—Ordination—Representative of the Pilgrim Church, Cleveland—Silent Years at Paotingfu—The Tribute of Dr. Goodrich—Mrs. Pitkin's Departure for the Homeland 241

XIII

DR. AND MRS. CORTLANDT VAN RENSSELAER HODGE.—How the Appointment was Received at Paotingfu—Arrival, May 2nd—Reception—The Thoughtfulness of an American Lady—The Boyhood of Cortlandt Van Rensselaer Hodge—Graduate of Princeton and of the University of Pennsylvania—Finds a Congenial Companion at the University—A Caller at the Sinclair Home—The Story of Elsie Sinclair—A Church Wedding—A Graphic Sketch—Silent and Busy Months at Paotingfu—The Trip to the South—Christmas, 1899 —Social Life in the Compound—The Favourite Hymns —Mrs. Hodge and the Children 263

XIV

DEEPENING SHADOWS.—The Emperor Overthrown—Excitement in the North—Fears for Missions—Railway Disturbances—Mr. Simcox Threatened—Shadows—Depressing Effect on the Missionaries—A Busy Summer for All—Statement of Conditions Seven Months Before the Tragedy—The Boxer Uprising—Foreign Ministers Lacking in Backbone—The Darkness Deepens—Mrs. Simcox's Letter 300

XV

ELECT ONES AND PRECIOUS.—Good Fellowship Among the Missionaries—The Story of Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall—Their Hospitable Home at Paotingfu—Sweet Little Gladys—Rev. William Cooper—The First Martyr of Paotingfu—Dark Days at the American Board Compound—Praying for Grit—"If Not on Earth, Will Meet in Heaven"—Mr. Pitkin's Last Letter—An Appeal for Help—"Immanuel" . 326

XVI

ABIDING HIS TIME.—The Great Revival—Sublime Courage—Letter to the Clearfield Church—The Faithful Shepherd—Letters Which Tell of the Baptism—Dr. Hodge's Appointment to Peking—Suffering of the Catholics—The Three Groups—She Will not Come Back—The Last Letter to Her Mother—The Message to the Millers—The Letter of May 31st—Mr. Simcox at the Congregational Chapel—Dr. Taylor and His Student Friends—Closes the Dispensary—Preparing Paul and Francis for the Crowning Day . . 345

XVII

THE CROWNING DAY.—Echoes of Voices—Well-Authenticated Reports—Waiting Upon God—The Native Christians—The Chivalry of the Martyr Spirit—The

Attack—The Purpose of the Boxers—A Mother's Fruitless Plea—The Story of the Closing Scenes—Captain Hutcheson's Report—Heavy Care at the South Suburb—The Scene in the Chapel—"Now We Can Only Wait"—Mr. Pitkin and Good Lao Man—Hiding the Letters—The Verbal Message—The Attack Sunday Morning—The Death of Mr. Pitkin—The Arrest of the Bagnalls and Mr. Cooper—Mr. Lowrie's Letter—The Official Report—Memorial Services—Mr. Miller's Visit to Paotingfu Since the Tragedy—"Silver is Nothing and Gold is Nothing"—The Loyalty of the Native Christians . . 370

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

Rev. Horace Tracy Pitkin..... *Title*
The Simcox Homestead, Bullion, Venango Co., Pa. 22
Frank Edson Simcox..... 24
May Gilson Simcox..... 30
Clearfield Presbyterian Church..... 38
The Gilson Homestead, London, Mercer Co., Pa... 46
Center Church..... 48
Rev. J. L. Whiting, D.D..... 52
Mission Compound, American Board, Paotingfu.... 90
Mission Chapel, American Board, Paotingfu..... 104
Interior Mission Chapel, American Board Mission, Paotingfu 116
Hospital, American Board Mission, Paotingfu..... 126
Pupils and Teachers of Girls' Boarding School, American Board Mission, Miss Gould in the centre 132
Birthplace of Mary S. Morrill, Deering, Me..... 138
Birthplace of Annie Allender Gould, Bethel, Me.... 146
Miss Annie Allender Gould and Miss Mary S. Morrill 150
George Yardley Taylor..... 156
West Gate of Presbyterian Compound, North Suburb 170
Presbyterian Chapel..... 170
Rev. and Mrs. J. Albert Miller and their children... 172

List of Illustrations

FACING PAGE

Hospital and Dispensary Patients and Assistants, (Miss Morrill sitting in the doorway) 178
South Suburb, Paotingfu 190
Mrs. Simcox and her boys at Pei-tai-ho 200
Dr. Taylor and some friends, Mr. Lowrie and his mother in the foreground 212
Everett Whiting, Hope Cunningham 218
Zenos and Ralph Miller 222
Paul and Francis Simcox 222
Mrs. Letitia Thomas Pitkin 242
Horace Collins Pitkin 256
Cortlandt Van Rensselaer Hodge, M.D., Paotingfu. 266
Mrs. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer Hodge (Elsie Campbell Sinclair), Paotingfu, China 272
Rev. J. Walter Lowrie and his mother, taken at Paotingfu 308
The Ladies of the Compound and their Chinese Guests 310
Mrs. Simcox and Baby Margaret 310
Gladys Bagnall 326
Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall and their daughter, Gladys .. 328
Rev. William Cooper 330
Home of Misses Morrill and Gould, American Board Mission, Paotingfu 336
The Simcox House in which the five Presbyterian Missionaries and the three children perished, June 30th, 1900 374
Southeast corner of City Wall, Paotingfu, where Foreign Missionaries of the South Suburb, excepting Mr. Pitkin were executed 390
Memorial Service, Paotingfu, March 23d, 1901 392

List of Illustrations

FACING PAGE

Dr. Wherry reading the Memorial Service..... 392
Chinese and Foreign Officials at the Service..... 394
Missionaries and Friends at the Service..... 394
Ruins of the Simcox House..... 396
Pavilion with Banner erected over the entrance.... 396
Pavilion erected by the Chinese for the Service.... 398
Ruins of the Mission property, Native Christians and Foreigners looking for mementoes..... 398

The Tragedy of Paotingfu

I

College Life, and Love

Colleges bring many young people seemingly destined by location to quite different paths into the closest bonds of sympathy and fellowship. These we may rightly call providences. Changes in plans occur contrary to all expectation, and many young people without plans form definite purposes. The truth is, no one can predict with any hope of success what college life will do for a boy or a girl. This thought is especially suggested by the career of Mrs. May Gilson Simcox. She was born near the village of London, Mercer County, Pennsylvania, on the 5th of February, 1868. In her sixteenth year and in the fall of 1883 she entered the preparatory department of Grove City College. No one could have dreamed (and least of all Miss Gilson herself) that just twelve miles east from the college a young man watching at the couch of his saintly mother was to enter into her life as a permanent, vital factor, and that one day, and by no means remote, would

with her lift up the Standard of the King in a far-off heathen land. The young man was Frank Edson Simcox. From infancy he had been of delicate constitution, and for that reason in part had been the especial care and solicitude of his mother. Born on the 30th day of April, 1867, in the old homestead at Bullion, Venango County, Pennsylvania, he was all his early life a mother's boy, and inclined more to her companionship and that of his sisters than to the outdoor sports and employments of his hardy and more vigorous brothers.

All the long summer and late into the autumn of 1883, his young heart had been sorely burdened. Day by day he saw the lengthening shadows reach out their sombre arms to embrace his own precious home, and the sweet mother-life silently slipping away. It was a summer and autumn to add whole years to his already mature reflections on life, its purpose and aims. Day by day earthly foundations seemed to be slipping from beneath his feet. No boy ever loved his mother with a truer love, and no mother ever cherished a son with tenderer maternal affection. They understood each other. She was his all in all, and he was the dearest hope of her earthly life.

There is a sort of stillness, a strange quiet, like shadows that creep over sombre walls at eventide, which comes into homes and hearts, when inevitable Death makes his presence felt. Re-

flection at such times takes the place of fancy, and the very youngest becomes serious and thoughtful beyond his years. In those long autumn evenings of 1883, at the Simcox home, shadows seemed to be the prevailing tone. There were shadows and shadows. If October suns dappled the trees and forests with yellow and red, and as a result the days did seem less mournful, yet were the nights mantled with shadows manifold. You can't find words adapted to tell just how a boy of the mother-loving kind really does feel when he sees the shadow of death hovering over his mother's bed-chamber. Fancy cannot buoy him up, for all the materials of his day-dreams are dashed, now, that mother must be dropped from the pictures he would paint. So he just thinks and thinks, and an entire readjustment of himself to all things else becomes a prime necessity. Young Simcox had reached the reflective stage; and when in the chamber where death was so soon to enter he gave his sacred pledge, angels and heavenly ministrants must have seen the beginning of the end.

When the world crowns a man or a woman, saying this one or that one is deserving of immortal fame, very few stop to consider how much of what "this one," or "that one," has accomplished in the world is due to a father, or a mother, who first gave direction and inspiration to the life which has triumphed. Back in the early fifties, Sarah Lowrie Anderson, a near rel-

ative of the Honourable Walter Lowrie, a thoroughly Christian girl, and of a missionary family, wedded Shedrach Simcox. Side by side they toiled up the steep, rugged path of life, laying aside a little yearly, until when the family were nearly all grown, they found themselves in comparative affluence, and their name respected by a large circle of acquaintances and friends. Then came the discovery of oil at Bullion, and the mad rush for wealth. The husband was pre-eminently a man of affairs. With Scotch-Irish persistence he followed the ups and downs of the oil business. Sometimes by dint of bold, determined venture he wrested large returns from comparatively small investments, and again like many others, lost large sums in deceptive and profitless fields. A busy, exciting life such as the foregoing leaves little time for the personal care and instruction of the home. It was just this circumstance that laid the moral and spiritual instruction of the children more particularly upon the mother. Well did she discharge her responsibilities. In her heart was the sincerest love for the Master, and in her life the exemplification of the purest and strongest faith. To the baptismal font she brought in turn each of her children, and took the solemn vows of a parent to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Her life was one of consecration to God, and the spiritual well-being of her household was her dearest desire.

THE SIMCOX HOMESTEAD, BULLION, VENANGO CO., PA.

There is little doubt, that during her last sickness her beloved son received a gleam of light. Many an hour of those last weeks he had spent in loving fellowship with her. She told him of her hope and prayer for him; and in those long vigils which marked the ebbing tide of life, he resolved, no doubt, to be and do that for which she hoped and prayed. Often in after years in speaking of his decision to be by God's grace a child of His and to consecrate his life to special service in His cause, with touching simplicity he would tell of his sainted mother, and of a "sacred pledge" he made to her.

The 19th of December was a dark day at the Simcox home. The evening of a precious life had come. The lengthening shadows had crept stealthily and silently from West to East. The last streaks of departing day had softly vanished into what seemed impenetrable night. It was not night, however; for great rifts in the overhanging clouds had been made by the mother's faith through which some in that household could see clearly the light beyond. From that day a new purpose dominated the life of the "mother's boy". He had resolved to do something for God, and to keep a sacred pledge. In the spring of 1884 he entered college as a preparatory student for one session; then returned in the winter again, having for some cause omitted the fall term. Beginning with the Week of Prayer special services of an evangelistic character were

held in the college. A very deep interest in spiritual things pervaded the entire student body from almost the commencement of the Week of Prayer. It was indeed a pentecostal time. Fully seventy students and young people of the town professed faith in Christ. Young Simcox was among the number. There are those who yet remember the young lad with the pale, resolute face standing up in the presence of a large gathering of his fellow students and others, and saying, "I promised my mother on her death-bed that I would meet her in heaven, and by the grace of God I intend to do so". He immediately united with the Presbyterian Church of Grove City, in which church he retained his membership until his ordination as a Missionary Evangelist in August, 1893. From the moment he professed his faith he gave evidence of the saving power of God's grace in his heart. With unswerving loyalty to his mother's God he identified himself with the Christian work of the college, and during his future college course exerted an influence on the college life which helped many another young man to a better and nobler career. As a student he was manly, energetic and thorough, and when on Commencement day with twenty-four others he gave his Commencement oration there was no young man more generally esteemed for thoroughness of scholarship and manliness of character than he. Of that Class there were fifteen young

FRANK EDSON SIMCOX.

men and ten young women. Ten of the young men chose the Gospel Ministry, two became lawyers, and two professors, or teachers, yet there is no one of that number living but would readily agree that young Simcox was the easy peer of the best in gentle breeding, in scholarship, in sterling moral fibre, and in those popular gifts which give men influence and power in the home field.

In his college life he was singularly free from clique entanglements and coteries. He was straightout in his life among his student companions. He spurned the suggestion of an honour he could not worthily win. Every student knew Frank Simcox. It is safe to say that every student honoured him for his fearless condemnation of any act done by even the most intimate friend, when he believed it to be unmanly and unfair. No cajolery, or promise of preferment, could influence him to avail himself of any means which he did not know to be transparently pure. Free from all selfseeking or pretense, yet conspicuous wherever duty called or need required, he was just such a student as would be known by the entire student body, and remembered years afterwards by every one who had met or seen him in his college days. A college classmate, and for more than two years a roommate of Mr. Simcox, says: "I knew him to be one of the sincerest of men. He gave himself with all his strength to

every task he undertook. He was indeed faithful. He never shirked the greatest or the smallest duty. He was loyal. He was loyal to the truth. He was loyal to his friends. I never knew him to turn his back upon a friend. I never knew him in the slightest particular to deceive or defraud a friend or a foe. And he was loyal to his God. Knowing him as I did, when I learned of his endangered situation at Paotingfu, I felt I could predict his conduct. To me it was the most natural thing, that he should stand by his frightened flock. Indeed had the report been, that he had forsaken his post of duty, leaving others to their helplessness, I could have confidently denied it from what I knew of him. It is a great pleasure to bear testimony to the purity of his heart. In all our acquaintance I never heard from his lips an unclean word, an unclean story, an unclean suggestion."

College days are much the same in the experience of college-bred men and women generally. The college itself is a little world with its lights and shades, its successes and failures, its joys and sorrows, its loves and griefs; so that when young men and women on Commencement day stand on the college platform to receive the plaudits of admiring friends, they have simply passed through one world to enter upon another. Mr. Simcox went through his first world without a spot to mar the white flower of a pure and blameless life; and when he entered upon the second world it

was with the confidence of all who had known him in his college days, that howsoever rough might be the storms and unusual the experiences of this untried new world, he would acquit himself nobly and well.

Miss Gilson was in the first bloom of young womanhood. Beautiful and attractive beyond the common lot of women, she was perfectly free from affectation, or vanity. A sweet, loving, sprightly girl of gifted mind and gracious manners,—in her presence was a charm irresistible, and in her heart a well-spring of the purest loves and the noblest aspirations. From 1884 to 1890 she had been almost continuously in college. Every form of college and Christian work for which she had strength found in her an enthusiastic and soulful helper.

It was near the beginning of her Junior year, that she first felt strongly drawn to the Foreign Mission field. It was indeed with her a cherished hope. Five years of waiting for the fulfilling of her prayer did not dishearten her. She believed God would use her in this work; and with faith and patience she would abide His time and way. Referring to the days when Miss Gilson first felt the call to lift up the Standard of the King in a heathen land revives the image of the fresh, bright, active girl of tender grace and winning smile. Artless as a very child, and yet with the poise and self-control of a lady to the manner born, she was the unconscious leader and ideal of

a large group of the fairest and best of college girls.

Recalling her college days brings back also the memory of an increasingly large student body of strong, stalwart young men, and of fair, bright, comely young women. They were indeed well-favoured, promising young people. If the young men sometimes laid claim to a sort of natural superiority in the profounder studies, they were soon made to understand, that the young women too would not hesitate to compete for college honours. And it was not always a young man who stood first in the Class. At least one-half of the young men chose the Gospel Ministry, and almost the other half entered upon the study of other learned professions. The young women were no less ambitious to find and fill useful places in life; and at this hour many of them are in India, China, Siam, Egypt, Japan, Mexico, and other foreign fields telling the Old Story, and many are in the homeland in the practice of medicine, teaching and other useful work. In that large body of noble young women who came and went in those days Miss Gilson was a cherished form. That her heart was intent on some special service for God was no secret to her classmates. Not only was her soul full of a large desire to do some signal work for God, but she had already revealed by her intense interest in Foreign Missions the ruling passion of her life. If, as it more than

once occurred, some one would urge, that it was a shame to hide away a life so gifted and of such fair promise in a heathen land, the compliment, if so intended, but pierced a heart already burdened with unutterable desire to do something to save a perishing world. A classmate writing of Miss Gilson refers to their first meeting in the fall of 1884. The sketch which she gives coming as it does so opportunely (this chapter being in preparation at the time), would seem if for no other reason to merit a place in these memoirs. The picture, however, is a faithful one:

"She was a sweet, young girl, scarcely more than a child, with very winning ways, having those expressive brown eyes that seemed to mean so much, and a well-shaped head adorned with beautiful auburn curls. Even then that thoughtfulness which caused her to break home ties so dear to her and give her life for others in that far distant land showed in her fine face, and characterised her attitude in all her work. It was during those early college days she wrote in my album these words dated November the 3rd, 1884:

> **Life is a leaf of paper white**
> **On which each one of us may write**
> **His word or two, and then comes night.**

"How prophetic of her own life! How little she then dreamed of the dark, dark night that must come before the daylight of His eternal presence.

"It was in the Speedwell Society where I learned her strong devotion to duty and her quiet determination to succeed in spite of obstacles. At the first meeting held at the beginning of our Senior year but five members were present. She was one of them. Quick to see her way out of a difficulty and original to propose new plans of work, she soon had us all enlisted as recruiting officers; and in a fortnight we were a strong, healthy, growing body. She was a friend to every one. The humblest was not beneath her notice."

She was indeed the ideal of more than one serious, thoughtful girl who met her in college, and when she went out into the new world with its strange, unfolding destinies she had left her impress on many who sought to imitate her pure and noble life. More than one bright woman has said, since the tragedy of Paotingfu, that in her college days she tried to be like Miss Gilson.

Early in the inception of the College Volunteer Movement Mr. Robert Wilder was a visitor at the college, and from that time to this day the Society of Student Volunteers has been a conspicuous organisation in the college. It was largely through a common interest in the work of this society, that Miss Gilson and Mr. Simcox first formed the friendship which ultimately ripened into love. They had both been deeply concerned about their duty in the face of the perishing millions in heathen lands, and both were embarrassed in their final decisions by the manifest re-

MAY GILSON SIMCOX.

luctance of their friends to consent to the sacrifices which such a step involves. It is a touching circumstance illustrating alike their appreciation of the sacredness of a pledge, and the opposition to overcome, that while they never failed to take the largest interest in the mission and work of this society, yet they did not sign the pledge until after they were under appointment of the Board of Foreign Missions to China.

Commencement Day, 1890, was an epoch-making day in at least two precious lives. With many, indeed with most, such an occasion means the severing of very tender ties of Class comradeship. Many who for four years believe themselves to be the truest and closest friends separate on that day never to meet again in this life. It was not so with these. They were lovers. They had plighted troth to be through all the years which God might give them, more than friends. Friends they once were, but now they were lovers and had been every hour of their Junior and Senior years. Members of the same Class from its organisation their association as classmates had developed in turn the tenderest ties of comradeship, friendship, and love. No one envied, and all loved Miss Gilson and Mr. Simcox. How could it be otherwise? They had disarmed all envy by generous and loving fellowship with every member of their Class. They loved all, and in turn were loved by all. Every act of theirs had been promotive of good comradeship in the Class;

and so the attachment which grew up between these two was known and approved by all. It was a simple love affair conducted in a simple way without special romantic or heroic accompaniments. He did not seek his Madeline as a bold, adventurous Porphyro, yet he had reason to believe that his image and her ideal had melted into one, while in his own heart he knew, that ever he would love, and she be fair.

II

BREAKING HOME TIES

Early in May, 1893, after the Board of Foreign Missions had accepted these young people and had appointed them to a work in China, a representative of the Clearfield Presbyterian Church, Pennsylvania, called on Mr. Simcox at the Western Theological Seminary to ascertain if he and his affianced bride would be willing to become the missionary representatives of that Church in China. The gentleman explained how in the Clearfield Church there had been a growing desire to do some specific, tangible thing for foreign missions, how the belief had grown that a personal and direct interest in workers on the field would arouse missionary enthusiasm among them greater than before and how in fact when they applied to the Board for this privilege, they had been referred to Mr. Simcox. Finally after prayerful deliberation and wise counsel from the Board Mr. Simcox and Miss Gilson accepted the proposition of the Clearfield congregation. The Church cheerfully and gladly undertook to provide for the support of these missonaries in the foreign field, and they in turn were proud to be known hence-

forth as the representatives of the Clearfield Presbyterian congregation.

It was to make the acquaintance of these good people, that Mr. and Mrs. Simcox on the afternoon of their wedding day June 7th, ran the gauntlet of rice, old shoes and whatnot, and on the following evening arrived at the beautiful town of Clearfield, where they spent a week of joy as tender and unalloyed as ever wrote its history in the heart of mortal man. It was one unbroken round of kindness and social courtesy. Receptions, dinners, social calls, kind words and kinder deeds, and everything a cultured, Christian people could do to add to the intense pleasure of the young missionaries and to promote the personal acquaintance of every member of the congregation with these who were going out as their missionary representatives made it a week unquestionably the dearest and brightest of seven eventful years of wedded life.

It was indeed a week of delightful experiences for the newly-wedded pair. They thoroughly enjoyed every moment of their visit. Here friendships were formed as true and tender as they had ever formed in their lives before. They were to be more than the missionary representatives of a Church. They were to be the much-loved friends of more than one family in that place. It was an inspiration to the Church. The week spent in making the acquaintance of the interesting buoyant missionaries was a red-letter week for mis-

sions in that town. The undertaking so novel and fraught with doubts and misgivings to all but the few enthusiastic ones who had urged its adoption, in the unexpected pleasure of personal contact and acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Simcox became the one interesting, enjoyable, paramount enterprise of all their congregational work. Every one was pleased, gratified indeed, that this special work had been undertaken; and every one felt it a privilege and a joy to have a part in it. They were not now sending unknown Christian workers to China. They were sending personal friends; and all the more they felt the ties which bind God's dear children in one,—ties subtle and scarce tangible, yet real and strong, as of good comradeship, friendship, affinity, or better, community of social sentiment, culture and Christian ideals.

A Church representing much of the wealth and refinement of an old and prosperous community necessarily includes in its membership families of high social standing with the yearly increment of a growing appreciation of the humanities. Such people have also their own conception of what a missionary should be. They are not satisfied with mere piety and consecration however desirable in the missionary. They are wont to demand more of those who would teach and exemplify the Christian faith in a heathen land. In a word, they feel that the men and women who are not in point of social culture and of education at least the equal of the best among whom they labour as

propagandists of the Christian faith have no special call to missionary work. Whether or not this is an extreme view, it is certain that many hold it. In the Clearfield Church there were those who no doubt cherished such views. They found in these whom they were now to send out to China their own ideals. They were glad to give support to missionaries whom they found to be well-bred, refined, scholarly without affectation, and competent to illustrate in the face of the highest culture of the Orient the pre-eminent graces of our American life and civilisation. In the work which their own Church had undertaken the way was opened to place their approval on an enterprise in full accord with their own conception of what foreign mission work should be.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Simcox were interesting and faithful correspondents. They seemed to have been born letter-writers. Having a wide circle of friends interested in their welfare and success they wrote many letters giving almost a daily history of their life and work from the beginning of their career in China until almost their crowning day. It is a remarkable circumstance that since the tragedy of Paotingfu fully three hundred letters written from the time of their landing in China until within a few days of their martyrdom have come into the possession of the writer. Many of these are long descriptions of the land and faithful accounts of missionary trials

and triumphs. For the most part they deal with subjects of really great interest to the Church, and always charmingly written.

Frequent letters were received at Clearfield from both Mr. and Mrs. Simcox. Some of these letters were addressed to the pastor and congregation, and many also to individual members of the church and to special friends. Mr. A. B. Weaver, who had done so much to promote this enterprise in the church, was an especially favoured correspondent; and Mr. and Mrs. Reed, in whose ancestral home they had been for the most part entertained during their stay at Clearfield, were the recipients of many tender and touching epistles. It was a case of real friendship pure and simple. When the boys, Paul and Francis, had come to brighten the home at Paotingfu, it was mutually agreed that henceforth Mrs. Reed should be known as "Aunt Beckie," and almost every letter thereafter from China came laden with hugs and kisses from Paul and Francis to "Aunt Beckie," always indicated by their own dimpled hands,—hugs thus: O O O O O O; kisses thus: X X X X X X.

It was in the Reed home, with its large rambling rooms and broad halls of colonial design, the scene of many a social function of the generations gone, that a reception was held on Tuesday evening, June the thirteenth, 1893. It was in honour of the departing guests. A quotation from a recent let-

ter by Mrs. Reed, and made with her permission, beautifully tells the story of Clearfield's farewell and Godspeed to Mr. and Mrs. Simcox:

"It seems but yesterday since we welcomed to our homes and hearts the fair young bride and her brave, manly husband. Life seemed as bright to them as the June day on which they came; and how quickly the time went receiving and making calls, driving, boating, etc. Old and young were anxious to meet 'Our Missionaries,' until Sunday came, and to a crowded church Mr. Simcox preached. His text I cannot recall, but his theme was 'Consecration,' and 'In the Cross of Christ I Glory' was the leading thought. I well remember the impression he made on all who heard him. He seemed as he stood before us the very embodiment of power in Christ's service. More than one remark like this was made, 'Why do such men bury themselves in heathen lands?' 'That's too fine a man for China,' etc. In the afternoon Mrs. Simcox addressed the Junior C. E. Society in her own sweet way, telling the children how she hoped they would remember her when she was far away trying to tell the heathen children the 'old, old story' which would be so new to them. In the evening Mr. Simcox stood before the Christion Endeavour Society and again pledged himself to the Master's service saying, 'We know the perils of the way before us, but we go in obedience to our Master's call, and we go gladly and fearlessly.'

CLEARFIELD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

"On the following Tuesday evening it was arranged to hold a public reception at our house, the ladies of the congregation preparing the refreshments. Early in the day one of our young men sent his carriage to Mr. Simcox, saying he knew Mrs. Simcox would enjoy a drive. While they were gone the young people with ferns and greens from the woods, and flowers from the gardens dressed the house for the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Simcox were invited to dinner at the home of Mr. J. F. Weaver, one of our most honoured elders, while these preparations were being made. With the evening came our people, not only of our own church, but of our town, to be received by our minister, the Rev. Dr. McKinley, and his wife, and Mr. Reed and myself, and to meet our honoured guests. Old and young they came, and though the old home had known many happy throngs as well as sad within its walls, never had such scenes been enacted there.

"To many present a 'missionary' had meant one who had outlived, or never enjoyed the kindly interest and tender love of admiring friends, or been the ideal of the young, and as for a lovely young girl's going from home and friends to such a life, it had not been thought possible; so all unwittingly their missionary work had commenced. I well remember one young girl's saying, as she stood looking at Mr. and Mrs. Simcox, 'I never dreamed that missionaries looked like these!'

"Among so many it was impossible to remem-

ber all the names; so Mr. Reed had prepared a little book which, ere the evening passed, held many an autograph, from that of the little tot whose hand had to be guided from letter to letter to that of many a silvery head among us. Mrs. Simcox wrote me long afterwards how much pleasure they had gotten out of the little 'name book;' and so we bade them Godspeed, and while they then passed from our sight forever, and we knew it not, their influence we will never lose."

Some visiting among Mr. Simcox's friends in Venango county, a few Sabbaths spent here and there preaching the Word, or speaking in behalf of Missions, then came the necessary packing and shipping of needful articles for use in China; and before it was realised the last week of their stay at the Gilson homestead had come.

It was arranged that the Butler Presbytery should convene at Grove City on the 29th of August to ordain Mr. Simcox. The preliminary examinations were held in the afternoon, but an adjournment was had until the evening that the congregation of which Mr. Simcox was a member and the people of the community might hear the Charge and witness the solemn ordination by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery. The following is taken from the minutes of the Presbytery:

"Professors McClelland, Dodds and Courtney spoke in behalf of Grove City College, of which Mr. Simcox and wife are graduates. Licentiate

Howard Campbell spoke for the students of the college. Licentiate W. L. McClure and Rev. James F. Ray spoke for their classmates and Mrs. Harriet Dickson in general. Mrs. Agnes McCullough presented Mr. and Mrs. Simcox with very fine Bibles, one for each, the gift of their friends in Grove City, and made an excellent and appropriate address."

Mrs. McCullough was a woman of rare gifts of public address. The daughter of the Rev. Dr. Robert B. Walker she had been trained from her childhood to a lively interest in all phases of Church and missionary work. Her English was as pure as her heart, and when appointed to any task such as the one imposed on her by this occasion, every one knew that she would acquit herself in a manner and diction both charming and highly instructive. She was the last speaker of those chosen to take part in the exercises. Referring to the holy calling of the Gospel Ministry and the great privilege of proclaiming the Word, she reminded Mr. and Mrs. Simcox of the very distinguished honour conferred upon them, that they should be chosen to the precious service of carrying the Message of Salvation to a heathen land. Then, as if impressed with the thought of possible exigencies which might preclude the realisation of their dearest hopes, she said: "My prayer is that your lives may be spared and that you may live to learn the language and tell the precious 'Old Story' in the Chinese tongue."

Stepping to the edge of the platform she handed to each a Bible. It was the signal for Mr. Simcox's response. Rising in the pew with a look of intense earnestness in his face, and raising the Bible above his head so that all in the house might see it, and holding it there, he said: "God only knows whether we shall live to learn the Chinese language so as to be able to proclaim the Gospel in the Chinese tongue. If we shall not live long enough to learn the language and shall only live to place our feet on Chinese soil and hold up this dear old Book in the sight of a perishing race, I shall feel that our going to China has not been in vain." Every one was thrilled by his noble words and every heart was strangely tender towards the consecrated young man and his dear young wife. The episode served to reveal once more the keynote of the high purpose of these young people who counted it a precious joy to bear *His* cross in China.

Friday, September the 1st, was set for a farewell service at old Center Church. It was Mrs. Simcox's home church and endeared to her by the sweetest associations. Here in her childhood she attended Sabbath school with her brothers and sisters, and here she made a public profession of her faith in Christ. This was the second farewell service in Center Church, 1863—1893! One service thirty years prior had been held when Calvin W. Mateer consecrated himself to foreign mission work. Now another service; but this one was cer-

tainly the one to touch the tender chords! It was "May Gilson's" farewell (they had scarcely learned to call her "Mrs. Simcox"), and everybody loved her. It had been agreed that unlike the service held at Grove City, where the prevailing tone of the addresses seemed to be in the minor key, this service should be of a light, airy, semi-jubilant kind. They would be joyous, not sad; they would have all the parts of the service of such a bright, sprightly character, that no one even for a moment would think of being sad or sorrowful. How vain were all their well-made plans and purposes! The very effort to seem unmoved only intensified the deep undercurrent of pain and tender grief which almost every person felt. All London, with the entire school district, was there; and from the farthest bounds of the Center parish they gathered at the time appointed with but one heart and one purpose, and that was to honour the dear young woman they so much loved and her manly husband. Was it a bright, cheery service without suggestion of the tender pain which was piercing loving hearts? Well, no! How impossible for reason to prescribe rules for the heart! There were addresses by the representatives of the different church organisations and a touching response by Mr. Simcox. It was not just the kind of service they had intended. In spite of all their intentions they had yielded to the ruling impulses of the hour and before they could realise it the minor chord had been struck.

The pastor of the Church, the Rev. Mr. Kirkbride, speaking at a memorial service following the tragedy of Paotingfu, referred tenderly to the leading theme or motif of that quiet, delightful service of Friday, September the 1st. It was not free from the suggestion of yearning hearts and tender tears:

"Speaking for himself and his young bride at their farewell reception at Center Church, Brother Simcox cheered us who were left behind with the thought that distance only makes love-cords draw the stronger as rubber is tensioned by stretching. I tried to minimise the distance by showing how shorter than a straight line to China is the route by the throne of grace whither our prayers go up and from which our prayers by way of Heaven would be handed down to them across the Pacific in answering blessings. They are only half that distance now, and the heartstrings stretched almost to breaking are pulling hard and helpfully where our treasure is."

It was understood that Mrs. Simcox would defer her parting words until the following Sabbath evening. They were to spend yet one more Sabbath with the loved ones at the Gilson homestead, and it was thought well to crown the farewell services with a final handclasp of all the dear friends among whom she had lived so long and to assure them that whatever might be her lot as a foreign missionary she would ever remember and cherish the dear friends of that community.

The last Sabbath at home was a day of peculiar sacredness. It was the 3rd of September. The forests which embrace the farm on three sides were tinged just a little with red and gold; and the dry, hazy atmosphere which at this season of the year in Western Pennsylvania gives to distant fields and woods a dull, sky-blue cast was very much akin to the mental tone of the dear ones at home. This feeling was not confined to the home, however. It was shared by the good people of the neighbourhood. The congregation on Sabbath morning at Center Church was larger than usual. Every member seemed to be present, and many who were only casual attendants were out that day. Every one seemed just a little kindlier, if not also more quiet. The services, though not especially intended so, impressed every person as being unusually touching and tender.

It was arranged that they should all return in the evening to hear Mrs. Simcox's parting words and to bid good-bye to the missionaries. They all felt an especial interest in Mrs. Simcox. She belonged to them. She had always been their friend. No boy or girl in that community and no neighbour, or member of Center Church, ever doubted her love. No matter what changes might occur, or how long she might be absent from them, every one knew, or at least felt, that in her heart there would be a large place for Center Church and all who worshipped there. At six o'clock that evening the church was filled with

young and old. It was a brief service. A song, the reading of the Scriptures, a prayer, the sweet, simple, tender words of Mrs. Simcox, assuring them of her love for dear old Center, and the declaration, that come what may she would ever cherish them in her tenderest affections, constituted the substance of that evening's programme. Then came the handclasp with each, old and young, and Center saw her face no more.

The last Sabbath evening had come! No one had said, "No! You cannot go." Even the dearest of earthly friends had not said *that;* nor had she been able to say, "Go. Your choice is mine." She had prayed for such grace. If it would come it would be grace indeed, *marvellous* grace. That night two will remember through all coming ages, —the one wearing a martyr's crown in the ineffable light of the Throne and the other not yet crowned, so far as mortal eyes can see, still treading the weary way, daily praying for strength to bear the heavy cross.

It was the last Sabbath night, and the mother found grace. That day the light broke in on a troubled heart. The prayer, "not my will, but thine," had brought its blessing, and in the sweet peace of a loving trust in God, it came to her that henceforth she could be glad, that God had chosen her daughter for service in China. It was joy such as she had not known for months, that now she could remove the heavy weight from her daughter's heart, for when she said. "By God's

THE GILSON HOMESTEAD, LONDON, MERCER CO., PA.

grace I cheerfully give you to this work," the loving daughter, in a very paroxysm of joy, fell on her mother's neck, sobbing, "I thank you, I thank you, mother, I can now go and gladly."

That was a memorable night at the old home. The burden had passed away from the young missionary's heart. By God's grace her mother had been enabled to say, "God's will, not mine be done." It is a cherished, hallowed memory of a bereaved family, that when all had been said and done, and the time came to leave the parental roof, and as it proved, forever, with the sweetest affection she who should that day go forth, but come not back again, visited each room of the old home taking a last farewell of all things dear; then went out strong "to bear *His* cross in China."

The following Tuesday, at the Grove City railroad station, waiting for the one o'clock train, was a group of the friends and relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Simcox. They had come to see them off. It was not a wedding; it was not a funeral. It was a parting. And so these two "went forth to never more return."

III

IN FAR OFF CHINA

"THERE were no tears or sad feelings, I think, when we pulled out; for you see, no one had any friends on shore. Three little cheers were heard from a group of sailors." The foregoing is from a letter by Mrs. Simcox, dated R. M. S. "Empress of China," Vancouver, B. C., September 18th, 1893. They had reached Vancouver, Saturday, the 16th; and at seven o'clock Monday evening weighed anchor and "pulled out." They were not alone; for besides a large first-cabin list of Americans and Englishmen on their way to different parts of the Orient bent on business or pleasure, there were fifteen missionaries bound for various mission stations in China and Japan.

It was a striking and happy coincidence that the Rev. Dr. Calvin W. Mateer, who thirty years prior had sailed by the way of Cape Horn for China, the herald of Glad Tidings to a former generation, should now, after a much needed rest in America, be returning to his work again. That was no holiday excursion which he took in a sailing vessel when he first went to China. It was a long voyage of hardship and privation. Leaving

CENTER CHURCH.

New York on the second of July, 1863, it was one hundred and sixty-seven days before his ship anchored at Shanghai. Now he was going once more to China, but this time on a magnificent steamship, a veritable ocean palace, with all the comforts and conveniences which modern science and invention could suggest.

On the "Empress of China" there were, therefore, two missionaries whom Center Church especially claimed. The one was this returning herald of the Gospel, the veteran, time-frosted, careworn and weighted with serious problems; the other, the bright, impressionable, vivacious young woman ready "to bear His cross," and both anxious to do and dare for God. "Calvin Mateer," as he is yet familiarly called by those who remember his farewell words in 1863, was returning to his post in China, and Mr. and Mrs. Simcox, who had so recently come from the Center parish and the scenes of his earlier years, were to be companions with him in travel. It was a comforting thought (if it had occurred to any one then), that the precursor of Center's largesses was now to be the missionary companion, the older brother, so to speak, of Center's latest gift to China. He had said thirty years before, that his bones should be buried in a heathen land, but that they would not rise in one; and the influence of his words and life had been far-reaching. Now two others had joined him with the same sublime faith and courage. There were some also who like

Mr. and Mrs. Simcox were going out to the foreign field for the first time. Among these were the Rev. J. Albert Miller and the Rev. and Mrs. Courtenay H. Fenn. These five were under appointment of the Foreign Mission Board for work in China, but just how closely they would be associated in that work no one really knew.

It was a delightful voyage. Barring some seasickness there was scarcely an incident to mar the pleasure of the nineteen days of congenial fellowship with those of kindred purposes. All were sorry to leave the ship which by reason of so many pleasant associations had become a very home to them. On Saturday, October the 7th, about three o'clock P. M., they landed at Shanghai, and were indeed pleased to find on their arrival letters of welcome awaiting them from Misses Newton and Sinclair, of Peking. Here also they found those who were ready to extend the hand of fellowship. Many courtesies from missionaries of various denominations made them feel from the very moment of their landing, that Shanghai had many true and warm hearts beating in lively sympathy with the great work to which they had consecrated their lives. The Rev. and Mrs. Fitch and Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh were exceedingly kind; and when they left that city they felt they had left behind them those who would ever be interested in their work. Monday was spent in making many purchases of household goods and needful supplies, not the least important of which was the five dol-

lars' worth of insect powder which they had been warned to buy; and the letter which records these things closes with the words, "Do not worry about us, for as yet we have endured no particular hardships."

Three days later, or on Friday the 13th, they arrived at Tientsin. Here also they met with a cordial reception and those whole-hearted courtesies which missionaries on the field know so well how to extend. An extract from a letter by Mrs. Simcox, under date of the 17th of October, gives a fair idea of a missionary's first experiences in China:

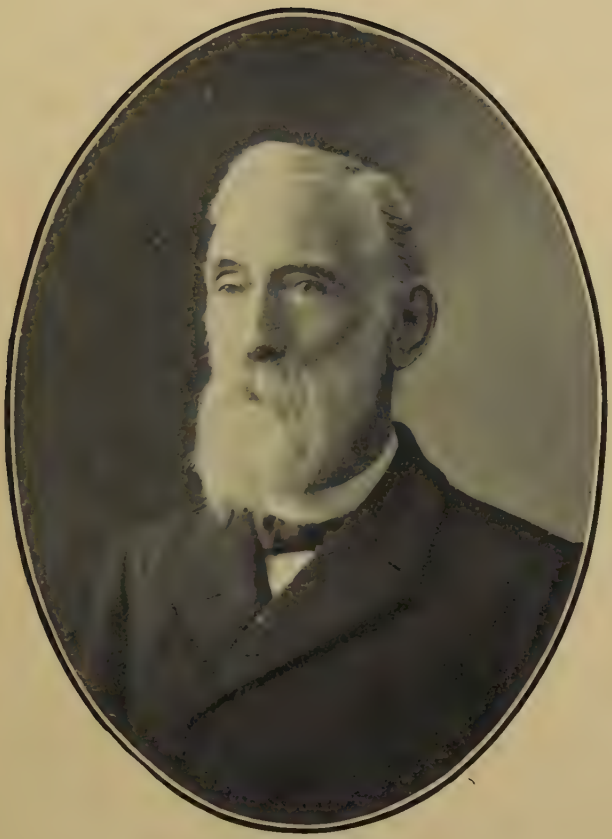
"Mr. and Mrs. Bostwick, of the Congregational Mission, met us at the boat and brought us to their compound. We have no station here. Mr. and Mrs. Fenn are staying with the Bostwicks, Mr. Miller with the Aikens and we are at Rev. Stanley's. We are entertained very nicely and have a chance to do some buying and ordering. Miss Newton, of our Mission in Peking, came down to meet us, and reached here the same evening that we came. It was a three days' trip for her in a springless cart. She brought bedding along for us to use going back, also a cook; and she is now laying in a supply of food to last us all the way back.

"Mrs. Fenn and I do not feel like riding in a cart; so they have sent to Peking for a litter to come for us. It has not yet arrived. I think it is a sort of covered coop on two long poles carried

by mules. I don't know how we shall like it, but I think we will get along all right. The worst will be the stopping at the Chinese inns over night. Of course we will have our own bedding, but it will not be very pleasant anyhow.

"It is so nice to have Miss Newton go with us; or it may be that she will wait for Miss Richie, who is coming later. If so, Dr. Whiting will go with us. He came down from Paotingfu also to meet us. We had a great time about that. They wanted to send some of us to Paotingfu, and it was left to Miss Newton and Dr. Whiting to decide. It took a long time, for any of us were willing to go. Then Mrs. Fenn, being quite delicate looking, they threw them out, and came near sending us. Finally they decided on Mr. Miller. We hate to part with him, for we think a great deal of him. We have not many workers there, and it will be lonely for him. Dr. Whiting is an old man and he is going to be there, also Dr. Atterbury's who are coming this week. They are old Peking Missionaries.

"It is now four o'clock and the litter has come; so we will start in the morning. It is quite a gorgeous affair of bright red colour and carried by mules. We are anxious to get started, for it will take about three days, and we are in a hurry to get there now. It is eighty miles, but we travel very slowly. I think it is too bad that they have no railroads. Of course everything is strange and new to us here; but we are getting accustomed to the Chinamen. I think some of them are very nice, that is among the Christian ones. The others



REV. J. L. WHITING, D.D.

all have such a sad and dogged look about them. Truly they seem a people 'without hope in the world.'"

It is well none of us know what the future has in store for us. The labour of love which brought Miss Newton on a three days' journey from Peking, and in a "springless cart," would have been performed with a heavy heart and a lagging footstep had she but foreseen the culmination of the plans which were then being made for the new missionaries. Little did any one dream of the way in which some of these who were now setting out to Peking would be led. Far from Miss Newton's thought, whose Girls' School at Peking was of so much interest and inspiration to Mrs. Simcox as well as the prompting suggestion of Mrs. Simcox's own work at Paotingfu, was the unspeakable grief which was to pierce her own heart. The future had its rose-tint of promise, and they both went forward.

The three days occupied in the overland journey to Peking were trying, tiresome, interesting days. If it had been an ordinary journey devoid of striking coincidences, or better, providences, it would be well to pass over it in silence. It was not so. It was no chance or ordinary circumstance, that six missionaries should meet at a little inn in the evening of the second day out, each of whom was to have a conspicuous part in the history of events which have shocked the world and

crimsoned the pages of missionary biography. It was no chance, that Dr. Taylor, the cultured physician, travelling from Peking to Tientsin should meet Mr. and Mrs. Simcox travelling from Tientsin to Peking, and, in the dusk of the evening of October the 19th, at a little Chinese inn, should form an acquaintance which through the exigencies of missionary service and sacrifice finally ripened into mutual friendship and love so true and strong, that even death could not separate them.

It is in part for these reasons that Mrs. Simcox's letter of October the 22nd is here given a place in this story:

"PEKING, CHINA, *Oct. the 22nd,* 1893.

"TO THE DEAR FOLKS AT HOME: We are here at last, and as you may imagine, glad to get here after so long and hard a journey. I will try to tell you something of our trip from Tientsin up, as my last letter was written there.

"We left Tientsin Wednesday morning about nine o'clock with four carts, each drawn by two mules hitched tandem, and a litter for Mrs. Fenn and myself, carried by two mules. I must say it was a novel way of travelling. We climbed into the litter at the little door at the side. You see it is a square box carried on two long poles. We had a seat constructed of baggage and bedding across the back; then had satchels for foot rests, and blankets and comforts for covers.

"After we got in the driver lifted the back shafts up and fastened them on the mule, which had a great wooden saddle with hooks to hold up the shafts. Then the front shafts were lifted up and fastened on the foremost mule, and off we went with the driver on a little donkey beside us yelling, 'Yi, yi,' which means 'Go to the left,' and 'Wo, ho, ho' which means 'Go to the right,' and 'Ptuh, ptuh,' which means 'Get up.' So with this great procession we went through the rough and sometimes muddy streets of Tientsin feeling very glad when we got out to the pure country air.

"Mr. Fenn tried to ride his bicycle, and there were always great crowds following, yelling and laughing at the 'foreign devil' on a wheel. The litter was not a very comfortable mode of conveyance, for it had, as has been said, about sixteen motions; but it was better than the carts, for the roads were very rough; in fact they were scarcely roads at all, and the carts are much worse than the great wagons at home. There was a strong, cold wind blowing in our faces all day, and it was extremely uncomfortable. The gentlemen of the party walked part of the time but the wind was so strong that it was very hard work. We did not stop until two o'clock, when we pulled into a barnyard and climbed out and went into the inn which faced the yard. Here we found a bare and very dirty ground floor, a table and a bench or two, also a 'kang,' or long bed, along one side covered with a matting. We brought in our box of provisions, wiped off the dirty table, set it, sent the cook to bring water to wash off some of the dust, then gave him some coffee and a can of prepared

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soup to make for us. He made these and brought them to us in very horrible-looking bowls, but we could ask no questions of course. So, with a can of cold meat, good bread and butter, coffee and condensed milk and crackers we ate a hearty meal. We then packed up, had our hot-water bags filled with hot water, and had the excitement of starting again. We travelled until after dark, when we stopped at another inn and got our supper similar to dinner. We had two rooms with their 'kangs,' where we spread our bedding, of which we had an extra good supply. Mrs. Fenn and I took one room and the men the other. We did not sleep very well, for the donkeys kept up a braying and the servants a yelling and talking all night; but we rested and got up at 4:30 in the morning, ate our breakfast, packed up and started. Thursday we had the same experience over again, except that the wind had fallen and it was not so cold and we found still poorer inns.

"We saw many interesting and curious sights passing through the villages. Everybody came out to see us and would follow us for quite long distances; but they all treated us very respectfully, and showed only curiosity. I do believe they are more respectful than the low classes in our cities are. We saw a mirage across the plains that day. It was very beautiful. The country is very flat and one can see for miles. We met and travelled with great camel trains. I am certain we saw at least a thousand camels that day. The country is rough and the paths that the camels go in are beaten hard, while there are great ruts on all sides. We would sometimes be in the midst of these

trains and our little donkeys would hurry up and pass them when they could. There is one man to every six camels; these are all fastened together with long ropes, and one follows in the tracks of the one in front. They move very slowly and sedately. Our donkeys never went faster than a walk either, but could make better time than the camels.

"We were carried over narrow paths at times just wide enough for the donkeys' feet, but they never stumbled; nevertheless I could not help holding my breath at times. Of course it was not like it would be going over mountains; but often there would be steep embankments with a bluff close on one side and a stream down beneath on the other. So we could imagine what it must be to cross the mountains on donkeys. It really seems that they enjoy the narrow and steep places.

"I forgot to tell you that Dr. Whiting was with us and took care of us. He did the talking, but very much of the time the carts took a different road and we would not see them for hours; however we could trust the driver. Thursday night Mr. Fenn on his wheel and we in the litter reached the inn sometime before the carts, and we were in somewhat of a dilemma, because we could not talk, and the Chinese came crowding around, when to our surprise an American gentleman stepped out and introduced himself as Dr. Taylor, of our Mission in Peking. He was on his way to Tientsin to meet the Atterburys, and met us by chance.

"We had the same experience that night, but slept a little better; then started the next day

again. Oh, it was so tiresome sitting cramped up all day with scarcely room to move. Towards evening on Friday we came in sight of the Walls of Peking, and at five o'clock we entered the outer wall. There are really three cities inside this wall, and each has another wall around it. They are very high and massive and have huge iron gates which are closed at six P. M. We just got in in time. It is a city of distances, and we had at least five miles to go through those filthy, crowded streets, before we reached the Compound. You may believe we were glad to stop. I came near being homesick while going through those streets, hoping every moment we were there.

"Dr. Wherry came first to meet us, then Miss Sinclair. Oh, it did seem good to get into an American house again! Misses Newton and Sinclair have a very pleasant home. We were all there for dinner, but Frank and I stayed all night with Dr. Wherry. He lives alone, his wife and children being in America.

"At noon next day we went to a Chinese wedding to which we were all invited. They brought the bride to the chapel in a closed chair. She was assisted out with great ceremony, and was conducted up the aisle by two ladies, while a man laid pieces of carpet for her to walk on. She would step on the one; then he would lift the other and place it in front of her. She was dressed in bright red trimmed in tinsel, and her face and head were concealed by a thick cover of red. She was not allowed to set foot on the ground until she had been in the mother-in-law's house; so she was taken out of the church and to the groom's home

in the same manner. We went in carts to the home to attend the feast, but I stayed only a little while, for I did not feel well. I was certain the smell of the food would make me sick. Miss Sinclair made excuse for me and took me home. She could not stay either; but the others stayed through it all.

" In the afternoon we went in carts to the other Compound, which is about a mile from the one where we spent the night. Rev. Mr. Cunningham lives there, also Dr. Coltman's and Dr. Taylor. We are to have two rooms in Mr. Cunningham's house and board with them; but we are stopping with Dr. Coltman's for a few days. They are lovely people, have four children, two girls and two boys, and we do enjoy being with them so much. Mrs. Cunningham has been sick but is well now, and will be ready to take us soon. She has a little girl ten months old. I stayed with Mrs. Cunningham last evening while the others went to church, and I like her so much. I know we shall enjoy living with them.

" I have not told you what the ' Compounds ' are like. A ' Compound ' is a large plot of ground inclosed by high walls within which are the houses, or homes, of the missionaries. So you see we are shut off to a certain extent from all about us. Of course we feel ' shut in ' somewhat, but it is very nice to be away from the filth and the dirt.

" The weather is perfectly delightful here now and they tell us the winters are very pleasant.

" It is not considered proper for a lady to walk on the street here, and the most respectable way is to go in a mule-cart, which is simply horrid, for

the streets are so rough and cut up, that one is obliged to be an expert in riding in them to keep from being bruised up. The cartmen will not allow any Jinrikishas or any new methods of conveyance to come in for it would hurt their trade. One custom that I like here is that when you speak to a Chinese you shake your own hand instead of his. In many cases one feels glad it is so. I could tell you hundreds of things which are new and interesting to me.

"We do wish we had brought some pictures from home for they cannot be gotten here. We need so many things of that kind, bric-a-brac and decorations, for the walls of a large room look so bare. The missionaries all try to have pretty homes; they could not stand it if they had not. When outside one sees nothing but filth, dirt and misery; and it is a blessing to have a pretty place to come to.

"Remember us in prayer at all times, for we do feel so weak. With much love to all at home and all the friends, Lovingly,

"MAY."

Letters followed rapidly telling of new friendships formed and of the daily struggle to learn the language in which it was their earnest desire to proclaim the precious Gospel. In the home of the Rev. A. M. Cunningham they found congenial fellowship. Christmas came and with it many tokens of kind remembrance from old friends and new. Then followed the Week of Prayer in which both found renewing grace for the burdens which

seemed a little heavier than they had before experienced. There were deprivations and crosses incident to life under widely different conditions, and there were perplexities peculiar to the adjusting of all their thoughts and ways to a new and strange environment. The tardy post was a sore vexation. Even when letters did arrive at Shanghai from America it was weeks before they reached Peking in the winter months, and then only by the Customs post. Faith always triumphed however, and with the buoyancy natural to young missionaries filled with an unconquerable desire to do something for God, they went forward from day to day gaining knowledge and power for the years of exacting service in store for them.

Peking was to them an interesting city. The capital of a great empire almost wholly given to idolatry, with its large catalogue of unspeakable iniquities, it was to them a theatre in which to witness the death struggle between the Faith of Calvary and the powers of great darkness and superstition. The novelty to be seen on every hand and the striking contrasts between life in the Occident and life in the Orient did much to relieve hours which otherwise would have been very trying and sustained the naturally light-hearted and contented dispositions of both Mr. and Mrs. Simcox. Writing on the 7th of January, 1894, to a young cousin thirteen years of age, Mrs. Simcox displayed her lively interest in all that

was taking place around her and her appreciation of the things in a missionary's experience which would be interesting to a boy. The letter runs as follows:

"We are beginning to feel very much at home here now. We are boarding and expect to do so until next autumn. Our eating here thus far has been just about like it is in the U. S. Nearly every thing is brought here from the United States or England. We sent an order last week to San Francisco for supplies of all kinds to have them ready when we go to housekeeping. We will send one next week to London, England, for some other things,—butter, milk, table linen, and some kinds of fruits. Nearly every one here uses the condensed milk, but we use native milk, and I like it better than the condensed milk. We have such nice fruits here all winter. I doubt if you are eating apples, pears and grapes as we are. They keep here so well all winter. Then we have Irish and sweet potatoes, corn and wheat, and excellent beef, mutton and fowls; but we never eat the pork, which is very abundant. Chickens and turkeys are raised here just as they are at home. The water we use is carried to us from outside the city and we have it all boiled before we use it. It is splendid when brought to the table.

"We are rather expecting now to go to Paotingfu next autumn. It is not settled yet who shall go; but I think it lies between Mr. Fenn's and us, and I think they do not want to go. There are many more advantages here in Peking,

but the work is even more encouraging there, and we are willing to go if they wish us to go.

"It is true the Chinese hate all foreigners, and were it not for fear of serious consequences they would soon murder us all. Last year there was a threat made to attack the city gates one night with the purpose of killing all foreigners. There are two Swedish gentlemen here now trying to have something done through our Minister, Col. Denby, towards redressing the terrible wrongs done to the Chinese Christians in the place where the two Swedish missionaries were murdered. They tell the most horrible stories I ever heard of the tortures these people are subjected to and of the conduct of the Chinese officials. I heard that Col. Denby said, that they were just waiting to get their hands on the Prince who rules that Province; but I don't know how true it is, nor what they could do with him anyhow. The Chinese down in that place need to be taught a lesson. You know all the missionaries of that Province are shut up in one city, not daring to go out into the interior.

"This is the Week of Prayer and the missionaries meet every night at some different place for worship. The Chinese Christians also have meetings, and it will be a very busy week. It is hard work to attend all these meetings, for the Compounds are miles apart and they meet in a different place every night. The boys in the School in this Compound have their own meetings. These boys do with only half their usual noon lunch every Sabbath, and give that much to the Church. Don't you think they would shame

many of us? They made a feast for us on Christmas and they did without their noon lunch for three weeks in order to get money for it. I was sick with the cold at the time and could not go, but they brought me a large tray of good things. There were many things I could not eat, but I could eat the fruits, nuts and candy.

"There is a great deal of shooting going on to-night. The Chinese are constantly having some sort of celebration. I think they waste a great deal of gunpowder.

"I suppose you had a good time at Christmas. We enjoyed it here. I received several nice presents and remembrances from the different ladies of our Mission; and Frank gave me a pretty silver-mounted glass cracker jar and a beautiful jewel tray.

"Frank joins in love to all. Good night.

"Yours lovingly,

"MAY."

It had now become pretty well settled that Mr. and Mrs. Simcox would join the Station at Paotingfu. Dr. Whiting, a veteran missionary, had been sent there some months previously to begin the work contemplated by the Board. Dr. Taylor, "the American gentleman," who met the Simcoxes at the little Chinese inn, as they were travelling to Peking, and the Rev. J. Albert Miller had already joined him; and while the enterprise was yet in a formative state there was splendid promise of a work at Paotingfu which would make that station one of the most import-

ant in the entire list of the mission stations under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church in China.

There were yet some months of hard study and earnest preparation before these young people could hope to be of any practical service to the Mission there; and it was therefore determined that they should remain at Peking, or near it, until the following autumn.

Paotingfu was then regarded as a quite strategic point for the great work of the Church in China. A city of about one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, one hundred miles South West from the Capital of the Empire, itself the Capital of the Chili Province, on the line of travel from Peking to the provinces lying to the South and South West, it seemed and doubtless is the key to the provinces of Shen Si, Shan Si, Shan Tung, and Ho Nan. It is not surprising that for young missionaries ambitious to do a great work in China, the Paotingfu field should possess rather unusual attractions, and that the letters of the Simcoxes should reveal considerable satisfaction at being chosen for this work. In a letter under date of January the 21st, Mrs. Simcox records the probability of their appointment to this field:

"The latest news now in connection with us is that we are likely to go to our new station at Paotingfu next autumn. However it is not finally settled; but I think we will be the ones sent. Paotingfu is a three days' journey from

here. Dr. Whiting, one of the oldest members of the Peking Mission, Dr. Taylor, and Rev. Miller, who came out with us, are all there this winter. Three lone men! They live in Chinese quarters and dress in Chinese costume. The Mission will build at least one new house this coming summer. I expect we will adopt Chinese costume if we go, for most of the work there will be in the country."

In this same letter is related the simple story of a family bereavement. It was the second visitation of death among the Christian missionaries at Peking since the arrival of the young candidates for missionary service, and the incident seems to have made a very deep impression upon them:

"During the week Mrs. Dr. Curtis, of the Methodist Mission, died and was buried on Friday. She was a lovely woman and we all thought so much of her. She spent the day here with us only a few weeks ago. It was sad. Her husband and two little girls are going home in the spring. Death casts such a gloom over all the Missions here, for of course we are all very near to each other. Then it seems so hard for the friends at home; but they are such happy deaths, that we cannot grieve for the one that goes, only for the ones that are left."

It is fitting to close this chapter with an account of the first practical experience Mr. Simcox had as a missionary:

"It has been my privilege to make my first trip into the country and learn a little concerning the work to which I hope soon to give all my efforts; and I thought you would be as much interested in it as in anything I could write.

"Our Church has been carrying on evangelistic work for some years in a village called Ching Chia Chwang, north of Peking, about thirty-five miles; and as Mr. Cunningham was starting on one of his trips he kindly invited me to accompany him. Having the evening before provided ourselves with a necessary travelling outfit consisting of a cart, which always includes mule and driver, bedding, and a few provisions which cannot be obtained while travelling,—and are necessary to the average American—I refer to milk, butter, bread, etc. We started early Wednesday, February the 14th, for what we call a good day's travel. In one-half an hour we were out of the city with its crowd and dust into the pure air of the country. Our course was North East along the plains of the Paho river, which is scarcely broken by hills, trees, or villages. There being two of us, and having quite a load, Mr. Cunningham brought a donkey which we enjoyed riding in turn, for he was scarcely large enough for two. Perhaps it would furnish a little amusement to picture in imagination your humble servant riding one of these creatures, with some difficulty keeping his feet off the ground. It soon lost its novelty and became a stern reality.

"A little before mid-day we began passing crowds of women and children, with now and then a man, plodding their way along the dusty

roads all going in one direction. They were apparently very poor, for besides the meagreness of dress the women seemed hardly able to walk, some from age and some from small feet. Many of them were carrying children that seemed almost perishing because of the bitter North wind which they were facing. Presently we came in sight of a village from which in all directions we could see the roads lined with people, such as I have described, all approaching the one place. In the midst of the village we saw them in crowds of thousands where they had already gathered, and learned its meaning. There is situated here a Government relief station, where they give each day a bowl of porridge of an inferior kind. So great was the crowd and their desperation, that the soldiers beat them over the head with clubs to keep them in line. We were told that between fifteen and twenty thousand are fed here daily; and as they receive enough only for one day, they are compelled to walk there and back each day to keep them from starving, and some come many miles; and for what? Enough to keep them from starving!

"We saw one woman carrying a baby of two years which was crying; and we stopped to give her a few cash. Upon inquiring we learned, that she had a baby at home only five days old, and she was compelled to walk five or six miles to keep it from starving. This is only one of many such places where the poor are helped in China. We thank God that He has stamped on the human heart the sense of pity and brotherly love which can never be effaced though His name is forgot-

ten. We believe the Gospel has many higher and better blessings for this people, if it is only presented to them.

"At noon we stopped at an inn and ordered a few cakes and tea, and these with a lunch we had with us furnished us our dinner. We were cold and covered with dust, but found little in the inn to comfort us as they had no heating arrangements, only what are used in cooking; and since they had no chimneys and used grass and cornstocks for fuel, the room was full of smoke.

"At half past six o'clock we reached our station where we had comfortable Chinese rooms with a small stove, and soon we were quite comfortable. We thought we had made good time. On Thursday we had the pleasure of visiting that wonder of antiquity, the Chinese Wall.

"The next day we visited the city, Mi Yun Hsien, of ten thousand inhabitants and the capital of that district. There had been some evangelistic work done in that place a few years ago, and our hearts were rejoiced at finding a few Christians who entertained us while there. Before we were there very long, a young man by the name of Chao called to see us and made known that he was a follower of Jesus Christ. The story of his sufferings for Christ was very pitiful. He was working in the Yamen on the police force of the city and was receiving bitter persecution on account of his faith. 'Oh,' he said, 'is there no way to get out of this? I feel I must give up! I can't stand it!' But he walked the streets with us showing his persecutors he was not ashamed of the followers of Christ. We

also met Mr. Tim, a man of fifty years, who had learned the doctrine several years ago, and was much interested in it. Before hearing it he said he had come to the conclusion that idolatry was vain, and afterwards desired to join the Church, but when he made known his intentions to his family his two sons disowned him and his wife threatened to commit suicide; and he was compelled to give it up for the time. Shall we not pray for these and many others who are suffering many things because they believe in Christ?

"The following day Mr. Cunningham and our elder visited a city of some thousands of inhabitants, but without finding one who believed in the true God. Our elder has friends here, and through him we hope to reach many others. Services were held in both of these places. On Sabbath we held services both morning and evening at Cheng Chia Chwang and quite a number were present, but many who were always in our room when we were eating and seemed much interested in us would not attend service. On Monday we returned home to find every one we had left behind prospered of God. I had a greater desire in my heart to be able to preach the Gospel to those who need it so much. Pray for them and us that His Kingdom may be prospered."

IV

THE FLIGHT

THE Japanese-Corean-Chinese war was a conflict which at the time was very hard to understand. It was scarcely to be supposed that Japan's motives were entirely disinterested in aiding the little "Hermit Nation" to shake off her strong Chinese neighbour who had always regarded Corea as a dependency. It was then felt by many that her own internal dissensions were largely the cause of her interest in the affairs of Corea, in the hope that a foreign war would consolidate warring factions at home, and if successful prove her right to enter the great family of nations on terms of equality. There was also no doubt the hope of gaining such prestige with the Western Nations as would strengthen her demands for new treaties with the Powers and at the same time secure them without making concessions to China. When, however, Japan on the pretext of protecting Japanese interests landed a military force in Corea, and that too in violation of an explicit agreement with China, that neither Power should land forces there without first conferring with the other, the act was a distinct challenge

which China felt bound to accept. It was no surprise, therefore, to those acquainted with the drift of affairs, when all North China became deeply perturbed and the officials at Peking began to manifest a decidedly war-like spirit. It was to those who understood the Chinese character and their bitter hatred of all things foreign a very dark outlook for Christian missions. The national jealousies which had so long interfered with the comity of these two oriental nations, as by the flash of powder, developed in the Chinese heart the bitterest animosity and hatred. Nor was this feeling confined to their relations with the Japanese. In their fanatical zeal to resist and punish the Japanese invaders they became insanely anxious to drive from the land, or destroy everybody and everything to which the term "foreign" might attach. It was in view of this state of affairs, that the problem of missions, in the brief space of a few weeks, assumed a very serious aspect. When, therefore, on August the first, 1894, a declaration of war was made simultaneously by the Emperors of China and Japan respectively, each against the other, there were very few students of current events who did not view the outcome as fraught with exceedingly grave consequences to the Christian Church and the missionaries in China. There is little doubt that the hostile spirit daily growing in force, and especially in North China, had something to do with the early return to Peking of the mission-

aries and others who had been summering at the Western Hills. A full sense of the gravity of the situation evidently possessed all those who had been long enough in China to understand the Chinese character and their attitude towards foreigners. Peking was rife with rumours. Already the rabble was manifesting a spirit of decided enmity and insolence towards the foreigners, no doubt holding them, whatever might be their race or nationality, responsible for Japan's conduct. It was the opinion of many, that Japan would eventually march upon Peking. Indeed that seemed to be the only way in which China could be made to realise the necessity of coming to terms of peace. There was little or nothing to fear from the Japanese directly; yet the fact was fully realised that their near approach to the city would fill the inhabitants with consternation and alarm, paralyse the officials at Peking, and be the signal for the unbridled license of the mob. It was in anticipation of some such state of anarchy, that Mr. Charles Denby, Charge d'Affaires, advised the removal of all women and children of the missionaries, and of the other foreigners to the coast. He was unwilling to take the responsibility of inviting them to the Legation for protection, at least while the way was yet open for them to seek asylum at Tientsin or Shanghai. It was because of these new complications that Mr. Simcox, on the 23rd of September, '94, wrote to his friend, the Rev. S. Arthur Stewart, his feelings of un-

certainty regarding their proposed trip to Paotingfu:

"We are now in the city and in a very unsettled state because we do not know just when we shall go to our new field, Paotingfu. The reason is that some of our missionaries are returning this fall and are now in Shanghai waiting until things become a little more settled as concern war. It is not safe to travel now when such bitter hatred is felt towards foreigners.

"The latest war news we have is that Japan has won another victory both on land and on sea. It is reported that the Chinese fleet was almost entirely destroyed and her army routed with heavy loss. If that is true, the foreigners think that the Japanese will march to Peking, which will make things exciting here. In that case we will go to Legation quarters and there make a stand for self-protection. We do not fear the Japanese so much as the Chinese mobs, which, we fear, will take the occasion of great commotion for an attack on the much-hated foreigners. Several men and women have been insulted and stoned on the streets in the last few weeks, which in times of quiet would not happen here. The Chinese class us with the Japanese as foreigners, and think we are as much their enemies as the Japanese. We hope nothing serious will occur."

In less than a week from the date of the preceding letter matters had come to a really great crisis. The Legation officials almost without exception became gravely apprehensive of serious

trouble such as had not been known in Peking for many years. Just what course the missionaries should take in the premises was a really difficult question. Those who were highest in authority among the foreign officials seemed to feel that every precaution should be taken to avoid the unnecessary risk of life, and were therefore disposed to insist, that the women and children of the foreigners should be removed to the coast. At last it was decided to ask, that those who could go to the coast cities, should immediately do so. Mrs. Simcox, in her letter of October the first, gives a very fair idea of the disturbed condition of Foreign Missions in North China:

"My Dear Mamma: It is a tired girl who sits down to write you a line to-night. What do you suppose we have been doing? Why, packing a few of our goods to leave the city. Well, I wish I had kept a Journal of all the proceedings of the last few days here. To tell the truth, some of us are a little bit alarmed about coming events. The Japanese are coming. Of course we do not fear them; neither do we fear being here as long as the government can control the people; but we do fear the time when the Japanese come near the city, for the Chinese are very badly frightened now and when they hear that they are near they will just go wild. They do not regard us as anything but foreigners, hence the same as Japanese, and they will put an end to us if the least thing happens to attract them to us. Many who have been in China for years and know what a mob is

like say that we are in great danger. Sir Robert Hart, the great Englishman, who is at the head of the Customs and who runs that part of the government for China and knows just what is going on, yesterday morning ordered all the women and children belonging to the Customs families to leave the city, for the Japanese are approaching. Then Charles Denby, who is now taking his father's place, called a meeting of all the gentlemen of the different Missions and advised all the women and children to leave, saying the men might stay and try to protect the property if they wanted to do so.

"Well, we had a great time. To-day we have made up our minds to do many different things. We decided to go to Tientsin; then we decided to remain here, but the women and children to go to the Methodist Mission, which is large and near the Legations, so that in case of an attack we could perhaps escape to some of the Legations. The Russian and English Legations are suitable for defense. Ours doesn't amount to much in that way. We again changed our minds and are now mostly packed up and two trunks and a box have been sent down to the gate to leave early in the morning. We will not start, however, until the next morning. Many think it unsafe to travel, but I guess it is not more so than staying here. We will go to Tungcho in carts and chairs; and then take a boat, if it is possible to get one, down the river to Tientsin. We are obliged to take our own bedding, food, and cooking utensils. I could take only two trunks and a small box, and it has been so hard to decide what things I must

leave, for we all fear that if it comes to the worst all our goods here will be taken or destroyed, and it is so hard to leave all one's nice things and feel that you can never again have them. We have a good deal of quite nice furniture which must all be left behind. Oh, it is hard; but if our lives are protected we should not care for the goods. We tried to take as much clothing as possible, but that is about all we can take. It is very difficult to get carts or mules or camels or anything now for they are afraid to go out for fear of being taken by the soldiers for service in the army. It may be possible that we can't get away, but I hope we can, for the strain on one's nerves here is something terrible. We may not be molested if the affair could be decided outside the city, but it is not likely.

"Japan has been so completely victorious thus far that China does not stand much chance. The Chinese are so proud of their nation. Heretofore they would all say when questioned, 'Oh, the Japs can't come here! Our army is too great!' Now they see that their old-fashioned way of doing doesn't conquer the Japanese's modern way. We expect to start to-morrow for Tientsin. We do not fear any trouble there and it is safe to go now, whereas it may not be safe in a few days. I have no time to write more now, but will write again soon. All are well. With much love to all,

"Lovingly and prayerfully,

"May Simcox."

"*Tuesday night, Oct. 2,* 1894.

"Dear Mamma: This is to be a continuation of the letter I wrote last night and then added a few

words to-day. I have been so busy that I had not finished it and then only added that we were to start in the morning. To-night we have our packing nearly all done and baby Paul is asleep as usual at this time; so I will try to write a few more words. I must say things are in confusion in this Compound. The Coltmans left this A. M. for the Legation, where Mrs. C. and the children will remain indefinitely I suppose,—that is until the Japanese are either stopped or have taken the city. Mrs Atterbury and her child go to-morrow with us and the Cunninghams are packing expecting to go to the Methodist Compound soon. It is a large Compound and is near the Legations, so that it might be defended or they could escape to some Legation; but this place is so far away, an hour's ride at least, that in case of a riot it would be impossible to get to a place of safety. The three gentlemen, Mr. Cunningham and the two physicians, Drs. Coltman and Atterbury, will remain here and try to carry on their work and at the same time protect the property and will not leave unless compelled to fly for life. Dr. Coltman is well armed and I think they would make a desperate effort to save the property if a mob should come. Now all this looks as if we were in great danger, but you see it is all supposition, for no one is certain that the Japanese will ever get here; but from present indications they will make a terrible effort, and if they are nearing the city it will certainly be in great confusion; and from what we know of the way the Chinese have acted under similar circumstances it would be miraculous if they did not try to kill all foreign-

ers. They are likely to enter our houses and carry off all they want and then chop up the things they don't want. There are some foreign gunboats at Tientsin with lots of soldiers and Mr. Denby has sent them word to be ready to come if he should send for some of them.

"We are going to try to get to Tientsin. We are not certain that we have a boat engaged when we get to Tungcho, but have sent men to order one. Our steamer trunk and three boxes we sent to-day with our cook to oversee them. We could not take our large trunk, although we had it packed and had to repack in boxes because we had to hire wheelbarrows and they will take small boxes only. Carts cannot be hired to go to Tungcho because they are afraid of being impressed into the service. The wheelbarrows are pushed and pulled by men,—have no mules. I am going in a covered chair, Frank on a donkey. We expect to go to a hotel when we get to Tientsin until we see what we will do. If war matters come to a crisis and peace is declared Frank will come back here for our goods and we will go on to Paotingfu; if not we will have to make some arrangements to stay in Tientsin all winter. We may try to get a couple of rooms and keep house, as we are taking our cook with us; but nothing is settled. As we said to-day we are pilgrims and wanderers on the face of the earth; and indeed I can tell you we feel so. Just think, we have been in Peking only a year, and it seems we have lived in trunks all the time, for we were crowded at the Hills and since we came back to Peking we have lived in uncertainty and now we are moving

again, and don't know what a day will bring forth. We have to trust to God to guide us and really we have no fear for in everything yet we have been protected so often when it really appeared to us miraculous. We are truly in the midst of famine, pestilence and war. Dangers are on every side. If we women were to walk on the streets I suppose to say the least we would be insulted and perhaps worse. We meet with all kinds of disease, small-pox and cholera especially now. Hundreds die every day here of cholera. In two days there were three hundred funerals passed out from the city gate which is nearest to us. All died from cholera. When the gentlemen go out on the street they see people in the agonies of cholera and dying. They come to the hospital in this Compound for medicine. You know when the Chinese find that anyone is dying they cruelly take him out and lay him on the ground. They won't let him die in the house. In Mr. Cunningham's School right here where the boys come into his study to recite we had three cases, and one poor boy died. Dr. Coltman and Mr. Cunningham worked night and day to save them. We have practically no fear. We drink a little sulphuric acid in our water at meals, for the Doctor recommended it, but we hardly ever thought of it ourselves. Now, of course, if there were two or three cases of cholera in America you would all be greatly frightened, but here we live with it all about us and never fear. I am thankful to say it is some better now. We don't hear of so many cases and there are none in the School. Now, although things are in a pretty bad

shape here in China, yet I suppose you get exaggerated accounts in the papers, so don't believe all you read. We see some very funny things sometimes in the home papers, especially the New York papers. Well, I will add some more to this before I send it if I can. I cannot answer everybody's letters so you will all have to read this one. We are very tired to-night and must retire and get some rest, for we must get up very early. Good night. Remember us in prayer at all times. I know you do. Lovingly,

"MAY."

"TIENTSIN, *Oct. 7*, 1894.

"MY DEAR MAMMA: Well, we are here. We reached Tungcho on Wednesday evening and stopped for a few moments at Mr. Tewksbury's; then went down the river a few li and found our cook and woman waiting for us in a house-boat. We entered and Mrs. Atterbury and her little boy with us. These boats have two rooms, where we have to eat, sleep and live,—very small. We four slept in one on a sort of 'kang' on which we spread our mattress and bedding. That occupied the whole room. We had to hang our clothing around on the little rafters, or put up nails. This room was a little larger than a berth in a sleeper but not much. Then, Frank had to sleep on the floor of the outer room, which was scarcely long enough for him. The woman slept in a little room just back of ours, merely large enough to lie down in. Well, beneath our bed we had our boxes mostly all stored; but out in the other room had our provision boxes and baskets; and

we ate on a small table in this room. Our cook had a little charcoal stove or rather pot out on the deck, where he made us tea and coffee and warmed up cold chicken, cooked us rice, etc.; and also washed all the dishes we had. We had a very small oil stove where we heated water to make baby's food. We had to use river water which was simply horrid, but, of course, had it all boiled as we do all water in China. I was afraid it would make baby sick, but he was just as good and happy all the way as he always is. It came near making me sick, but I am all right now. Well, we were out only two nights, got here Friday morning. Doctor Taft and his family, of the Methodist Mission, were in another boat just with us. We were so glad of their company.

"When we reached the wharf here we took Jinrikishas, which seemed like getting into civilisation again, and came to the foreign part of the city. Mrs. Atterbury stopped at the American Board Mission to look for her mother and brother, Mrs. and Mr. Lowrie, who have just come from home; and the people all came out to the gate to speak to us, and Mrs. Bostwick invited us to stop with them, as they would have a room vacated by evening. You may imagine we were delighted. You know we stopped here a year ago. Rev. Taft's are going on to Cheefu. Mr. Lowrie, his mother and Mrs. Atterbury have rented a little house in the Russian Legation vicinity, where they will stay for a month or so. There is a very large foreign settlement here, and they are nearly all in this part of the city, so that they do not fear the Chinese very much. There are five large gun-

boats lying here at the wharf. They are the Russian, the English, the German, the French and the American. They are beautiful large boats and they are well armed. They have those portable, small cannon that can fire five hundred or a thousand shots per minute. The Chinese, of course, are afraid of them. In case of real danger we are all to flee to these boats, but I don't believe there will ever be necessity, for when the soldiers come on shore with those guns I don't believe the Chinese would dare to face them, but would run. They come ashore and drill and it awes the Chinese to see such skill and manœuvering. The men of the city are all invited to go and drill with them and in case of emergency will be called to swell their ranks. Mr. Bostwick has been drilling. If we conclude to stay awhile Frank will join them. You see there are all provisions for defense here, while in Peking there are none.

"Well, I must close. Don't worry about us, for although we are tossed about we are safe.

"With very much love,

"MAY."

"TIENTSIN, CHINA, *Oct.* 19, 1894.

"Well, I have been here at Mr. Bostwick's for two weeks, and Frank left on Monday to pack up the rest of our goods and bring them down; and then I think we will risk going to Paotingfu without waiting for further developments of the war.

"Dr. Noble and his wife and boy are here now, but are going back to-morrow. It will soon be too

cold to go up the river and we would like to get settled before winter. Dr. Noble has given us a house in the American Compound. We will be on the opposite side of the city from our property, and it will make it inconvenient for Frank next summer when building, but it is better than going into Chinese quarters for the winter.

"There seems to be no war news just now. We don't know why the Japs don't come and take Peking before cold weather and bad roads. There are some rumours of peace, but one cannot put any confidence in what he hears. We all feel perfectly safe here, for there are five large gunboats lying along the Bund and the Chinese are very much afraid of them. I think in case of riot the whole foreign settlement could easily be protected for one foreign soldier is worth twenty Chinese. It is different in Peking, for our Compounds are in different parts of the city, not all in one place as they are here. However, the Chinese have placed soldiers to guard the Compounds in Peking; but if the Government should be overthrown, the soldiers would be the first ones to attack the foreigners. All foreigners fear the soldiers more than the common people. We think we have not much to fear in Paotingfu, so we have decided to go on."

"*Nov.* 3, 1894.

"We had two such sad deaths here in the Compound. Two Canadian Presbyterian ladies died, one of the dreadful cholera, and they think now that the other one had a lighter attack of cholera at first and then other things set in, and

after a lingering and most agonising illness she died also. Now her husband and the other lady's dearest friend have started home without these two lovely friends. I tell you it will be hard on the friends at home, as it was on those here. The letters are yet coming from their friends addressed to the dear ones of whose death they had not heard when they wrote. They were lovely people. Their station was in the interior, but they like ourselves were staying here for safety. You may imagine we felt our danger, but the Chinese were dying by the hundreds, and why should all the foreigners escape? One of the ladies was sick only sixteen hours and a Chinaman who helped to carry her from the house next the one in which she lived when she took it, died in six hours from the dread disease. Oh. it was dreadful! All we could do was to be careful of our diet and trust to the Higher Power. Their coffins were made in our Compound, the gentlemen all helping, while we ladies made the lining. It was all done at night that no delay might be had in the burial. Don't you think we are in the midst of war and pestilence?

"We are planning to go to Paotingfu on Monday. We have our boat hired. It will be a four days' journey at the least. We do not want to wait any longer for it is growing colder all the time. We will have a small stove on the boat; so we hope to keep warm and keep Paul from taking more cold. We will go into a house belonging to the American Board for the winter, and summer also I suppose, since our house cannot be ready before autumn.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lowrie are also going up soon. Mr. and Mrs. Miller are already there, and their two families together with Dr. Taylor will occupy the new house of our Mission.

"I saw this P. M. a New Testament which the foreign and many of the native Christian women have had made to present to the Empress Dowager. It is a lovely thing printed in beautiful large type on excellent paper with the backs of solid silver, and with a beautiful design and gold plates on it. It is encased in a silver box, also very handsome, lined with old gold plush. It cost one thousand taels, more than that number of dollars. They are going to place it in the hands of Col. Denby, and see if he can by any means get it to the Empress, which is a very difficult thing to do since everything has to pass through so many hands before reaching those in the "Forbidden City." I sincerely hope the Empress Dowager will have curiosity enough to read it. You know there is always a big celebration for her birthday, and they have made especially big preparations and plans for it this year, it being her 60th birthday, but it has all been given up on account of the war. However, I guess she will accept a few presents. She is getting old now, but is the power behind the throne. You know the Emperor is quite young. It is terrible that they have to live in such seclusion. I wish this war would make a renovation here in the Government as well as in the ancient customs of the people.

"Well, there is still exciting war news at times, and we have been waiting so long for the Japs to come that I believe people are getting impa-

tient. Telegrams from London and from home give us very startling news sometimes. We get the news from home quicker than from Japan or China. I guess the Japs are really landing forces on Chinese soil near Port Arthur, and I think they intend to take Peking, unless the Chinese 'shell out' pretty well. The rumours in the home papers about Tientsin's having a panic are all false. Things were never quieter; still things may be in that state soon; no one knows. The foreigners have no fear here where there are so many foreign gunboats. The Chinese think the American gunboat is a big Jinrikisha, for it has side wheels; and they think it can come up on land and go about the streets and destroy everything before it.

"May G. Simcox."

V

THE AMERICAN BOARD COMPOUND

THE work of the Congregational Church at Paotingfu was inaugurated by the Rev. Isaac Pierson. With the assistance of A. O. Treat, M. D., the son of a former Home Secretary of the American Board, Mr. Pierson, in 1873, began to lay the foundations of a work at Paotingfu which in the light of recent events must be regarded as one of the most important of the seven stations composing the American Board's Mission in North China. It was a labour of love and self-sacrificing devotion on the part of Mr. Pierson such as has rarely been equalled in the annals of missionary service. For much of the time Mr. Pierson was practically single-handed, as within a very few months of their first efforts to establish the station Dr. Treat on account of impaired health was obliged to retire from the field.

During the first three years of his work Mr. Pierson lived in Chinese quarters with various American companions and often with none. In 1877 returning from America, after an absence of a year and a half, with his wife and sister, he was joined by the Rev. William S. Ament and wife. After two years the Aments became identified

with the Peking station, and in 1880 A. P. Peck, M. D., and family took part in the work, but in 1885 they also left to find a more healthful field at Pang Chwang. The Pierson family were again left in sole charge of the station. So frequent were the changes in the personnel of the workers and so constant and tireless the labours of the Pierson family, that it became a saying among those conversant with their devotion to this field, that "men may come and men may go, but the Piersons go on forever."

The station at the first had very humble quarters; but in 1876 larger and somewhat better premises were hired, and board floors and glass windows were adopted, though the former had been used to some extent in the old quarters. It was in the faith of Mr. Pierson and others that this was a field chosen of God to become at no distant day a conspicuous part of His heritage. Therefore the selection of a suitable location for their buildings and other equipments for mission work was a matter for prayerful consideration. Even then their prayer was that God might thwart all their plans until His own will was clearly manifest. And indeed more than one carefully wrought-out plan was thwarted, yet still they looked to God for guidance, and daily prayed for patience and perseverance, and faith to abide His time and way. Their prayers were answered. Scores of offers of lands and houses desirable in themselves they were obliged to de-

cline through the opposition of Chinese officials, until finally after twelve years of patient waiting they were enabled to purchase a small plot of ground in the south suburb of the city and that too without opposition. It was the place of all others they would have chosen during those twelve years had it been in their power to choose.

This long delay in securing a permanent location for the American Board Compound was not without its compensations. A faithful, united Church of about one hundred and twenty members had been built up, the work had commended itself to many among the influential classes and all outward enmity and hurtful and embarrassing suspicions had been disarmed. The way was now open for the securing of houses and lands, and those in charge of the work were established in the hearts and confidence of a large body of resident Chinese.

The first convert baptised at this station was Meng Hsiao Chih. This baptism was to the faithful servant of God a joy unspeakable; and it was the first fruits of a coming harvest, for from it came forth a body of consecrated Chinese men and women who were to prove to all Christendom that the martyr spirit is not dead, and that among the converted Chinese there are those who count it a precious privilege to die, if need be, for the defense of the faith once delivered to the saints. That baptism was in a sense the first link in a chain of events which finally led down to a time

MISSION COMPOUND, AMERICAN BOARD. PAOTINGFU.

of testing such as the Church had not known in China and to an exhibition of Christian devotion and heroism on the part of Chinese Christians unexcelled in the long roster of the Christian martyrs. In the light of all that has since transpired at Paotingfu the account of this baptism and of the circumstances relating to it written by Miss Lizzie B. Pierson in 1878 is of really great interest:

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA, *Feb.* 13, 1878.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME: Remembering my own oft repeated desires to know more of the particular incidents connected with the spread of the Gospel among the peoples of heathen lands it has seemed to me that the narration of a few such would be of interest and profit to you; so I have taken pleasure in preparing the following account to send you. It is quite impossible to know all the results of missionary labour; for one may plant and another may water, still the time may be long delayed ere the seed begins to bear fruit; and the seed sown may bear only such fruit as shall be known to the redeemed soul and to its Redeemer.

"It is now nearly five years since missionary labours were commenced in this Chinese city. Now there are five of us living in the heart of the city whose object it is to teach the people of the Saviour and His love. We have with us in the Mission Compound a good man named Meng who acts as native helper. His wife and little boy also live here. The manner in which they have come to the knowledge of the Truth will interest you I know.

"In the month of July, 1873, while summer rains were falling and the country for miles about

Paotingfu was so badly flooded as seriously to impede travelling and the atmosphere was oppressively hot whenever the sun broke through the clouds, my brother and his companion, Dr. Treat, were quartered in a Chinese inn in the heart of this city close by our present abode. For three months or more they had been here struggling for a foothold, the subjects of many a scoff and jeer, no one willing to rent them a house and but few who would even listen to their words, and since missionaries are much like people at home the two were beginning to feel somewhat depressed under these circumstances. The severe heat and the rains kept them often confined to the dirty and uninviting inn and prevented any Chinese from coming in who might otherwise have come from curiosity if nothing more to see the strange foreigners. But great joy was in store for them, for as they sat at their evening meal that July day, strangers in a strange land, there came to their door a man,—this very man Meng,—just in the prime of his life, whose bearing indicated a determined purpose. Being admitted he at once made known his errand. He said that he lived in the village of Tangfeng, some sixty miles distant, and that he had come to Paotingfu on business, and was about to return home when he chanced to hear that there were two foreigners in the city preaching about the religion of one Jesus Christ. These tidings made his heart leap for joy and he immediately sought them at the inn. Then with much earnestness he said: 'You love Jesus and worship Him, and I love Him, and I want you to teach me more about Him and the great truths.' The faces of the two missionaries brightened with joy as they turned from their supper to hear the story of this seeker after

the Truth. Then followed an account of his family and his first knowledge of Jesus Christ. He had a wife and five children. He could read and write and divided his time between these and farming. Some seven years previous the good man William C. Burns, from Scotland, and whose life I remember to have read with interest some years since in Andover, had travelled through his village and had distributed Testaments and tracts among the people; and had told them the New Testament was the Word of God, that it told of the true God whom every one ought to worship; also that he had prayed and sung with them, and remained there a month visiting other villages by day and returning by night. Somehow he (Meng) had felt impressed that there was truth in what the foreigner had said and he wished that he could know more about it. In the same village one other man named Chang had had a similar conviction and they two had often talked over what William Burns had told them and read much in the Testament. The Book was full of mystery to them. Still they had continued to read it and the precious words gave them some unaccountable comfort.

"In 1868, when the country all about was full of insurgents, and their villagers were in constant dread of being overpowered and perhaps brutally slaughtered, these two men, Meng and Chang, would go by themselves and read over page after page of this wonderful Book, which seemed to bring them comfort and courage in those fearful days. Thus the Holy Spirit was their only teacher and was leading them into the Truth. In this manner these two men had spent five years, and all the time longing to know more and for some one to come and explain the Book to them

more fully. Some two months previous to the day on which he (Meng) had found the missionaries in Paotingfu his wife had said to him: 'You say you believe that those books tell the truth, and that men ought to worship Jesus Christ and not these idols,—then why don't you do it?' He answered: 'I do believe it, and I will worship Him if you will.' On receiving her assent he added: 'When shall we begin?' 'Right off,' she said, 'to-morrow morning.' And true to their convictions they at once destroyed their idols and began the next A. M. to read the Testament together and to utter broken petitions to God for more light and His help. The wife, like most of the women of China, did not know how to read; but with the desire to read the good Word for herself, she commenced at once to learn. With the assistance of her husband, and after much labour she at length had the happiness of being able to read it for herself. This was the substance of Meng's story. Then he begged the missionaries to explain to him more fully the way of salvation through Jesus Christ.

"For two days he remained at the inn asking many questions and drinking in the knowledge of the way of life. Then he started for his own home, taking the promise that one or both of the missionaries would ere long visit his village. The next day, however, the man returned to the inn accompanied by another man (the above mentioned Chang), saying that just after he had left the city the day before and when he was only three or four miles away he had encountered his friend, Chang, who was on his way to Peking for the express purpose of finding the foreigners who lived there and learning from them more about this wonderful book called the Bible. Of course,

Meng told him of the two foreigners who were right here in Paotingfu and of what he had learned from them, and at once turned back and brought him to them. 'Truly,' he said, 'this was of the Lord, else why was it I should have happened to meet Chang, when he might have gone by another route to Peking, or he might have gone on some other day?' And he dwelt much on the fact that they were both led by the Holy Spirit to just that time and place of meeting. To this newcomer also were the precious truths again explained, after which they both returned to their homes, thankful indeed for the good news they had heard.

"In the following December my brother made a trip on horseback to Tangfeng, where he was most heartily welcomed by Meng and Chang, they coming to the village inn to see him. For two days he taught and prayed with them and on the Sabbath baptised and received them into the Church of Christ, feeling that they had truly been taught of the Lord. From that time to this they have led Christian lives and have been growing in the knowledge and love of Jesus, and have been labouring for their Master. Now Chang's parents, his brother and his wife and daughter, a cousin and his wife, and his own wife,—thus including all the members of his family, also Meng's entire family have been impressed with the truth and been one by one brought into the fold of Christ. Besides these there are many others in Tangfeng who have become Christians, over twenty in all. My brother has several times visited them and preached the Word among them; but as there is no missionary stationed there and no native pastor yet ready to be placed over them, this little band of Christians meet together in

their various homes and read the Bible, and pray and sing on the Sabbath day and on a week-day evening. I don't doubt that the Holy Spirit meets with them.

"Soon after Chang received Christ his mother and his wife put away their idols and began to worship Him too, and then his brother, older than himself, with his wife and daughter, took the same step, but his father opposed the Truth for a long time. At length the two sons came to Paotingfu, the elder to engage in business, and Chang to be with my brother as his helper. The old man came to the city to visit his son who was in business; and when my brother heard of it he sent word inviting him to the mission compound also. Pleased with the invitation he came and was made welcome in my brother's study. He had but little to say, but accepted a seat in the warm corner close to the stove,—for it was cold, wintry weather; and there he sat all day. Next day he came in again and manifested much pleasure in this new experience close to a good, warm stove. After a while he began to talk a little and then my brother took the opportunity of saying something to him about the Bible and the Saviour. Thus for several days the old man was a regular occupant of the seat by the stove, till at length it seemed as if he were actually thawed out, and he returned to his home warmed and cheered.

"The next time that my brother visited Tangfeng he had the privilege of baptising him and receiving him into the Church of Christ, and now he is a genial, happy old man; and the parents, children and grand-children daily worship the living God.

"For the past three years Meng and Chang have been more or less with the missionaries in

Paotingfu acting as native helpers. When we arrived here last November they were both here, having been in the Mission Compound most of the time during my brother's absence in America; and Meng had brought his wife and children to live near us for the winter. It was by this little group that we were welcomed to this inland, heathen city.

"The family now live within our Compound. The daughter was married last December and went to her husband's home in Tangfeng. She was married into a family who are favourably inclined to Christianity, and we have much hope that they will embrace it soon. Indeed the young husband told Meng that he likes to read and that he reads the Bible, also that he gets tired of other books, but that there is something about the Bible that he never gets tired of.

"The little boy, Meng Chang-so, of eleven years, frolics about our court, breaks up our coal and keeps the hods supplied,—has a bright, intelligent face and sings many of the hymns as correctly as our little boys in America do. Besides these two, another married daughter has recently died. She was a candidate for membership in the Church, and we have reason to think she had really given herself to the Lord. A young child of five years also died not long since, and during his sickness he would often ask his mother about Jesus and want to hear her pray to Him. Their eldest son, Meng Chang-chun, some eighteen years old, is now studying in the boarding school for boys in Tungcho under the care of missionaries Chapin and Sheffield, where he is storing up much useful information. He is an unusually promising boy. We are told by his teachers that his name usually stands at the head of the weekly

roll of honour for perfect lessons and deportment. This in a school of twenty-one boys. It seems to be his highest desire for this life to become a preacher of the Gospel to his own people, and if his life is spared that he may study some four years longer as a necessary preparation, it is expected that he will be an earnest advocate of the Truth and will be the means of bringing many to the Saviour. Meng receives letters from this son sometimes and is sure to come in and show them to us, with his face all aglow with joy, for he loves the boy, and so much the more because he is preparing to preach the Gospel.

"Meng is himself not yet fifty years old, but he seems much older. He has a most kindly benignant countenance and fatherly bearing, and stands ready, nay eager, to take the lead in executing any suggestions that are made for the benefit of his countrymen. He is truly a helper to the missionary, and one highly prized by him. He acts as chapel-keeper,—that is he has charge of the room which opens on the street in which the missionary usually spends two or three hours of each afternoon talking to such persons as are inclined to come in and listen to the truths of our religion. He is usually by his side at such times and often follows up the words spoken in a personal conversation with one or more. He has the care too of all the copies of the Bible and tracts which are for sale and distribution among the people. Sometimes these helpers go on tours visiting the neighbouring villages, either together or accompanying my brother, distributing these books and telling their contents to the people.

"We are hoping there may ere long be six such stationed here who can be sent out two by two to

take the good Word to all the surrounding villages.

"The wife of Meng, whom I have mentioned as living on the place with us, we employ to do some household services. She is very willing and kind, and is pleased to serve us, though not very proficient in that capacity; and her style of dress with feet compressed in small Chinese shoes, prevents her moving about with the freedom to which we are accustomed. But she too is one of Christ's little ones and is trying to follow Him and His commands. Sometimes her simple faith comes out in bits of conversation and we have glimpses of how she is being led. A few days ago she said that while she was feeling her way along into the light and was trying to learn to read she came upon the promise, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask believing, ye shall receive;' and after that when it troubled her to make out the words and their meaning, she would just kneel down and ask God to help her to understand them,—and somehow there was sure to come along some one who could read it to her, or could tell its meaning.

"One day, when questioned about belief as a Buddhist, she said that her very highest desire and object in worship had been that after death she might be born again into a higher position than her present one,—in which she should have less trouble, and that by no means she should be born as a degraded animal. Then she spoke of the Buddhist priests and said that they opened their services beating on a wooden drum and singing:

"True gold fears not to melt,
Nor silver pure the smelt,"

or this:

"When cock-crow wakes the day to busy round,
Let each in Buddha's temple first be found".

"May the time soon come when the Buddhist priests and the myriads of people who follow their meaningless ceremonies shall rather lift their voices and sing with the Christian world:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below".

Eleven years now passed. The story of the Meng family, written by Miss Pierson in 1878, had been read by the Church in America, but perhaps few who read it then gave it more than a passing thought. No one had stopped to think of the probable outcome of one family's turning to God. Perhaps no one dreamed that from this once obscure heathen home in the interior of China there would come forth heralds of the Cross whose power in proclaiming the Truth and fidelity in the face of persecution and death would be matters of record in the annals of the most consecrated and notable defenders of the faith from the days of Nero to the present hour. The eleven years had been years of growth in grace and in the knowledge of Christ in the Meng home. The parents had sought for their children the best Christian education attainable in the schools at Tungcho and elsewhere, and when in 1889, Miss Pierson again wrote of this family it was to tell of

the ordination of the elder son, Meng Chang-chun, to the Gospel ministry:

"The day of the ordination, August the 17th, 1889, marked an important era at Paotingfu. The chapel, formerly three rooms of an old inn with its brick floor, paper and lattice windows, and its grey walls hung with scrolls inscribed with the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments was packed to its utmost and the audience overflowed into the yard. Nineteen missionaries and native Christians from other stations assembled with the native church and its own missionaries, while God's blessing was invoked and the solemn charges given to pastor and people, hands laid on, and for the first time one of their own number became their acknowledged shepherd. In the words of the missionary who had been Mr. Meng's pastor, 'The Lord was with us and all felt that the service was prompted from and recorded on high.'

"The young pastor is unusually well fitted for the high office. A hopeful, courageous, strong nature deeply permeated by a thorough consecration of all that he has and is, a good education and much practice in the duties of the pastor, and withal a peculiar level-headedness and breadth of grasp,—all fit him for the post. But may the dear friends in America be mindful to speak to the Holy Spirit in his behalf. They may thus bring upon him a blessing of increased strength which shall perhaps equal the sending of another man into the field.

"Last year Meng was twenty-six years old, having graduated from the excellent mission school at Tungcho two years before. He commenced the course of studies at Tungcho at the

age of fifteen, where he invariably acquitted himself handsomely in scholarship and deportment. His summer vacations were spent in teaching and singing 'the old, old story' in Paotingfu and among the villages. Though born into a heathen home the sunlight of God's truth opened the hearts of his parents while he was still a lad. The Gospel they received dissipated the darkness, remodelled the family and controlled the thought and purpose of the household. The parents have both died in the faith, after valued service for the Master. My pen utterly fails to describe the father, good brother Meng! in his beautiful, pure, unselfish life, as it was known among the increasing band of Christians, to the few missionaries, and to those, old and young, whom he constantly sought to win to the Saviour. His mantle rests on the son, Meng Chang-chun, and on the younger son who expects to take his place among the workers at Paotingfu this year."

The letters above quoted might be deemed sufficient to give the historical setting and record the story of the Meng family were this story not related vitally to subsequent matters which in the light now streaming on Paotingfu reveal deeds of Christian fortitude and heroism among our Mongolian kith which when fully told will arouse in the Christian world admiration and amazement. For these reasons it seems proper to give a still larger place to the account of the meeting held at Paotingfu on August the 17th, 1889. It was the first ordination service held by the Congregational Church in North China, and when it was decided

that the Council should meet at Paotingfu for this purpose, it was regarded an occasion of exceedingly great interest and importance to the whole Mission under the care of the American Board. Dr. Ament, who went from Peking as a delegate to the Council, among other things said:

"At our last meeting it was decided to proceed as early as convenient to the ordination of six young men, three of whom were connected with Tungcho, two with Peking, and one with Paotingfu. Early in the summer letters missive from the church in Paotingfu were sent to the various churches of our order desiring their presence by pastor and delegate. Tientsin, Peking, Tungcho, Kalgan, and Pang-chwang were represented in the Council which met on Saturday, August the 17th. Brother Meng, the candidate, could not pass the ordeal of a public examination on account of sickness, but the native brethren gladly testified to his qualifications for the office of a pastor. His theological instructor, Mr. Sheffield, could speak as to his doctrinal soundness. Perhaps no young man ever had fewer enemies, or more generally commended himself to all by his self-control both in speech and action. His father was the first convert in Paotingfu and a pillar in the church for years. Young Meng is thoroughly Christian in all his ideas and sympathises with all that is good and helpful in church life. His marriage was an affair of genuine affection. He is a young man of moral courage and open and frank in manner. It is an auspicious day in North China when such a man is set aside for the gospel ministry.

"On Sabbath morning the little chapel was

beautifully decorated with flowers and was filled to overflowing, many country members coming in to witness the first ordination. A very interesting incident was the singing of a hymn composed by a young theological student from Tungcho. It was beautiful in thought and in expression, and well adapted to the occasion. A hymn, sung by four young students from Tungcho, greatly helped to make the exercises varied and interesting.

"We trust this is only the beginning of good things for our work in North China. The native brethren are waking up, and begin to feel some sense of responsibility for the salvation of their countrymen. The work is opening on all sides in a marvellous way. The feeling in the city seems most friendly. It was in marked contrast to the condition of things twelve years ago, when no foreign ladies dared venture on the streets. To-day they pass and repass from city to suburb and no one molests. Praise God for His wonderful work in Paotingfu! Pray that this glorious work may go on beyond our highest expectations."

Mr. Pierson had now seen some very precious fruits of more than sixteen years of patient seed-sowing; and it is not strange that he also should have something to say of the marvellous things which God had wrought through his ministry and of this signal evidence of the divine favour and blessing:

"I presume others have notified you of the fact that two weeks ago to-day we had the privilege of ordaining our first pastor, Brother Meng

MISSION CHAPEL, AMERICAN BOARD, PAOTINGFU.

Chang-chun is now 'pastor Meng,' and there is every reason to believe, that he is called of God to do a great work in planting the young church. Strong of body and strong of mind and strong of heart he has by common consent been accorded the first place among the candidates for this high office and will ever stand as the first native pastor in our Mission.

"To-day has been a Sabbath to be remembered at Paotingfu. Communion services were held this morning in the city and this afternoon in the suburb. Combining the results, we may report ten adults received by profession into the Church, and eleven adults and one school boy to the Christian congregation."

If it could have been known on that great day, when Meng Chang-chun was set apart to the work of the gospel ministry, how fruitful his life would be of helpful and consecrated service, in teaching and preaching the Word, and how loyally he would stand for God when the clouds lowered dark over China; if his faithfulness, even unto death, could have been foreseen by those who gathered on the interesting occasion to which reference has been made, how doubly dear would the privilege have been of hearing his ordination vows!

VI

LIFE IN THE COMPOUND AND SOME LETTERS

THE winter of 1894-95 was a trying one for the missionaries at Paotingfu. It was with many misgivings that those who in the early fall took refuge at Tientsin and Shanghai again returned to their various stations in the interior. Missionaries and others resident in the coast cities counselled caution and delay, and with many fears saw their friends depart for Paotingfu, Tungcho and other distant and inland places. The war was still on, and the success which seemed to be and really was attending the aggressive movements of the Imperial Army of Japan only intensified their fears, that the missionaries would be exposed to dangers and hardships such as perhaps had never been known before in China. All recognised the serious consequences of an attack on Tientsin or Peking; and the fear of a general uprising of Chinese mobs haunted alike the sleeping and the waking hours of those who had any knowledge of the Chinese character and their foolish hatred of all things foreign.

It was this feeling, then so rife at Tientsin, which for a time delayed the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Simcox for the field of labour which for

months they had been longing to enter, and which in after years became the theatre of an intense life and service and of triumphs and sacrifices which will evermore deepen the world's admiration and appreciation of missionary heroism. They were not sure that it was wise, in the disturbed condition of the country, to leave Tientsin, and they were not willing to remain longer, unless it could be clearly shown that they would be going directly into the midst of dangers; and so on Monday, November the 5th, they started in a houseboat up the Paotingfu river, and after four days and nights, reached the American Board Compound, where they were to make their home until their own house at the Presbyterian Station should be completed.

It was a winter of almost uninterrupted anxiety, and yet one of most fragrant memory. The war cloud only seemed to deepen and darken with the change of environment, and until almost the beginning of April it was by no means a settled question as to what they should do, whether to go or stay. It was a winter of most delightful fellowships; and in those long months of practical isolation from the outside world, in the daily apprehension of untoward trials, distraught at times by ominous rumours, friendships were formed which lasted as long as life.

Mrs. Simcox of all at the station was likely to give a living picture of life in the Compound, and it is from her letters we largely draw. In the first

of these we are afforded a peep into the domestic life of a newly-established home, where, notwithstanding the lowering cloud of war, peace and love dwelt as the perennial source of pure and loving deeds:

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*November 17th,* 1894.

"MY DEAR SISTER: I have finished bathing Paul, and now as he sits in his high chair and plays I am going to begin a letter to you. I received your last very interesting letter while we were in Tientsin, and I did enjoy it very much indeed. We do not hear very often from home now. I have not had any letters excepting yours for a long time, and it is pretty hard to have the mails come in and bring us no letters from the places we so much want to hear from. The mails are so very far apart, and when they do come we do so much want to receive some word.

"Paul is quite himself again. He is just as sweet and lovely as he can be. We have a chair which was formerly Dr. Merritt's which is a combination high-chair, low-chair and rocker. It has wheels and runs very easily and also a nice shelf in front for baby's playthings, and he sits and plays and talks by the hour. Oh, he is so cunning! How I wish you all could see him! He likes to play hide and seek so much, and laughs so heartily. He has one little tooth through and another almost. He still enjoys his bath so much,—just thinks it is a picnic from beginning to end. He is now enjoying tearing up some little pink paper. I suppose he is spoiled somewhat, but still he is such a happy little fellow that it does not show much if he is. I still feed him on Mel-

lin's Food and condensed milk. We did not get his picture taken while in Tientsin and I was so sorry for I don't know when we will have another chance; but he was so sick all the time we were there, excepting the first week, and we neglected it then.

"We have been here a little over a week and are fairly well settled. Yesterday we got our new carpet (or part of it, for you know we have eighty yards) down in the sitting-room, have our organ and large lounge, my small writing desk, sewing machine, centre table, four rocking chairs and two small ones, book-case, two pairs of red woollen curtains on the two front windows and a pair of lace ones on the back window, also small table with my pretty silver card stand stands in the back window. In *this* room,—bedroom,—we have our bed and Paul's, which is a borrowed one, a bureau, washstand, screen, small table for making Paul's food on, two trunks, a box, sewing table, four chairs (two rockers), floor covered with matting, towel-rack, blinds on windows, of which there are three, stove, etc., etc. In the dining room we have on the floor a large rug in centre,—are going to have floor painted next week. We have also dining table, seven or eight chairs,—besides Frank's study chair, writing desk, sideboard and stove. The two windows are covered with blinds. You see our rooms are pretty good size. There are large closets in both bedroom and sitting room. In our store room we have cans of pine-apple, gooseberry jam, apricot jam, pears, peaches, cherries, salmon, cold tongue, coffee, condensed milk, butter (120 pounds), besides bottles of Mellin's Food, medicine, flavouring, pickles, etc., etc., papers of stove polish, corn starch, soda, tins of baking powder, cocoanut,

etc., bags of meals of different kinds for porridge, sugar, crackers, popcorn and popper, etc., etc., etc. Now this is all to give you an idea of how we live. Of course we do not open canned goods so very often, for there are many fruits here which we enjoy, and I really think Chinese cooks can get up good meals on less than American ones can. We are now having delicious tomatoes which Mrs. Noble sent us. Don't believe you are having them now in America. Wouldn't it be a pity if we had to leave and let the Chinese come in and take away and destroy all of our goods, for that is just what will happen if we should leave? Oh, I must tell you that we have three turkeys, foreign ones, out in the yard, which we bought in Tientsin, so we can have some roasts. We eat a great deal of chicken here. I don't believe I ever told you what delicious meats we get in China. We can get splendid mutton,—it tastes just like good beef at home. I would not know it was mutton at all; also we get good beef and some fish, etc. We have, I think, as good or better meats than you have at home; but we never eat Chinese pork. We have a fruit, the pomelo, which can be had at this time of year which I think is excellent. It is something like grapefruit but better. We have persimmons, pears, apples, and grapes all winter long. Now don't you want to come to China?

"We do not get very much news just now about war, but the Japs are surely on Chinese soil. They say that they are going to march soon on Tientsin and Peking. A telegraph operator here (Chinese) told Dr. Noble the other day that it would not be safe for us here if Peking were taken. Of course you know that the common people here would drive us out at any time if it

were not for the officers; and if Peking were taken the Government would be overthrown and the officers would in all probability lose their heads, so we would not have any protection. However it might be that the people of this place would let us alone. We will not leave unless they give clear evidence of wanting to get rid of us. You may believe it for it is too much trouble to move. We have been moving ever since we were married and are tired of it. We want to settle down now.

"I went in Dr. Noble's cart (which is a very comfortable one with spring-seat and back and well for the feet) over to the other side of the city to see the Millers and Dr. Taylor, of our own Mission. Our Compound is in a lovely place out there in the country with no little huts near. This place is also outside the city as you know and we are obliged to have watchmen all night. I thought the Chinese reviled me a good deal as I passed through the city, more so than they did in Peking; still I did not fear them. The beggars are terrible in one part of the city. There is a bridge on which they congregate and there are scores of them. They all have just a thin little bit of cloth about their loins, and scarcely any have their waists covered. So many of them are great, able-bodied looking men. I saw one group of wretched-looking ones warming their hands over a little fire they had built. They are the dirtiest, vilest, wickedest-looking wretches I ever saw. You can't imagine any worse. I should not enjoy walking through them.

"Mrs. and Mr. Lowrie's goods arrived on Thursday; and when the Chinese saw them they would not let them be taken from the boat. They thought the stoves were foreign cannon and that

the boxes contained ammunition. So some of the head officers of the city went down to the river and were going to open the boxes, but Dr. Noble persuaded them that they were mistaken. They had it reported sometime ago in the city that the foreigners had brought four loads of ammunition from Tientsin. That was when the Nobles, Mr. Roberts, the Ewings and the Millers came. I think there were six boats. Then a young lady had one who was going up the river. Oh, they are funny! But if the Japs do take Peking, and if we have to leave I wish they would hurry up, for pretty soon the river will be closed and then we would have to go overland, which would be so much harder than going in a houseboat where we can be comparatively comfortable and warm as compared with a cart. But I don't believe we will ever have to leave. However, it is a great nervous strain, for we are always hearing something just a little bit alarming."

On December the fourth Mrs. Simcox tells of their observance of Thanksgiving Day:

"We ate Thanksgiving dinner at the Ewings' in this same Compound, and I tell you we had a fine dinner,—turkey, potatoes, squash, onion sauce, salad, pudding, squash pie, mince pie, fruit, nuts, raisins, coffee, etc. Mrs. Ewing sets a lovely table and has beautiful dishes and so much silverware. You know they came out last autumn after we did. I am almost afraid to invite them here, for I think we can't come up to them in style; but then we are not proud and I guess my cook can get up a pretty good meal."

In the same letter reference is made to their progress in the mastering of the language:

"Frank took his first examination (first year's) the other day. Mr. Lowrie gave it to him. He did splendidly and had almost twice the amount required for the first year. Mr. Lowrie complimented him. I am going to begin studying in earnest some of these days and see when I can take my examination. They require forty lessons in Mateer's book and the Gospel of John. I have studied about twenty-five of the lessons, so I think it won't take me very long to review these and get the rest. Frank had one hundred lessons and lots of the Bible. So you see he has done some hard work in spite of all the interruptions of sickness, moving, etc. There was a good while he was not able to study in the summer when he was sick, and when I was sick he couldn't study, so I think he has done wonders."

In a letter, under date of December the tenth, Mr. Simcox related an incident of the war between China and Japan of considerable interest, as showing Japan's purpose to array herself in the class of the most favoured and civilised nations:

"Mr. Bostwick, of Tientsin, wrote us of his trip with several others to Port Arthur. They organised a company to go up and offer to take care of soldiers who had been wounded. When they reached Port Arthur they found it in the hands of the Japanese, and were refused admittance. After waiting several days trying to gain entrance they received the following reply: 'Gentlemen, I appreciate the humane object of your vovage to carry wounded soldiers to Tientsin in order to be taken care of by your Society. At the

same time I have to call your attention to the plain fact that the wounded soldiers, however humanely treated by the army in whose hands they are, are after all prisoners of war; so that the carrying of them from a land occupied by one of the belligerent armies to the country of the other belligerent cannot be called a neutral act. For this reason I am sorry to have to reject your offer. Let this denial be joined, however, with the assurance that it is the rule of our Army to take care of wounded soldiers without distinction of enemy or not enemy, so that the wounded Chinese soldiers are actually being taken care of in our field hospitals, and I ask you to have no anxiety about the matter. Please understand that communication has been made to the Commander of our fleet that the ship on which you now are shall be made to leave the waters about the peninsula before six P. M. to-day.' The above was signed by the Commander of the Imperial Japanese Army.

"They permitted the Chinese to land provisions and supplies at Port Arthur all fall and then captured it all, for when the Chinese evacuated the city they destroyed nothing. This was the Chinese stronghold and they put everything they could there. The Japanese can have their own way now. Port Arthur was taken November 22nd. If peace is not declared they will take Peking. Please assure all friends that we are being protected and are in quiet."

Christmas follows with kind remembrances; and from a letter under date of December the 24th we are justified in believing that it was an occasion of really great enjoyment and happiness:

" This is the night before Christmas, and as the mail courier goes out in the morning I will write you a little note now.

" We are invited to dinner to-morrow to Mrs. Lowrie's and Paul and I are going in a chair carried by men, while Frank will walk. I would rather walk, for the roads are so bad, and I shall be afraid all the time that they will let us fall; but there is no other way to take Paul and as there are so many soldiers here now and passing through here by the thousand, it is not altogether safe for me to walk.

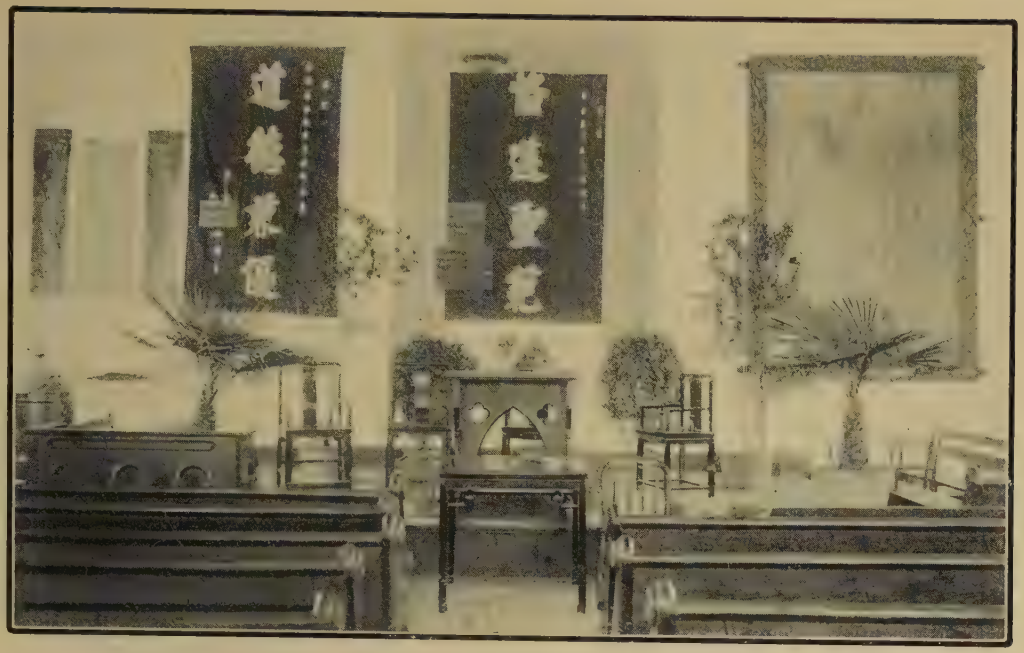
" There have been so many soldiers here that everything is very dear. They cleaned the place out of second hand shoes. A lot came from the South and had theirs mostly worn out. They have made no disturbance so far regarding foreigners, and we hope they will not. A lot of them came from Honan, a province where foreigners are not allowed, and I think I would not care to meet many of them alone.

" Dr. Taylor sent Paul a lovely large top to-day for a Christmas present. He was delighted with it, for it has such pretty colours but it will be some time before he can spin it himself. It sings when spinning and at first it frightened him. His nurse and the cook both gave him Chinese toys. We have a few little things too for him to help him celebrate his first Christmas on earth. I have a few small things for Frank,—a microscope, paper knife, inkstand and lovely penknife. I got these while in Tientsin; but have no elegant ones,—all useful you see. I bought some pale blue silk and made a pretty little comfort for Mrs. Ewing here in the Compound. One side is covered with fine white flannel or cashmere, and the other with silk, and it is tied with blue silk made into tassels.

I sent Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Coltman pretty fine linen tray cloths which I bought in Tientsin, and Mrs. Fenn a fine linen tea cloth all very pretty. I wish I had more things to send to friends, for so many were so kind to us. Mrs. Atterbury has given Paul a pretty blue hood which he wears all the time, also a lovely rattle and a white ivory ring with solid silver bells with a whistle on it, but I have nothing whatever to send her."

Life in the Compound was indeed a succession of lights and shades. One day it was peace and quiet, and the next anxiety and fear. One day was filled with plans for the extension of missionary work and preparations for the permanent occupation of their field and perhaps the next day their thoughts were concerned with plans for leaving the field and finding safety in flight. In a letter dated January the 14th, '95, Mrs. Simcox reveals something of the nervous strain which at times they experienced:

"To tell the truth I am a little nervous and unstrung part of the time. We don't live in a very cheering place, as far as the surroundings are concerned,—I mean the Chinese, not the foreigners. I wrote to Uncle Doctor about the fright we had over a week ago. I don't know whether they would write it to you or not. It is all over now and we hope that all will be peaceful from this on; nevertheless it made an impression on me that I don't seem to get rid of. You perhaps know that this is on the route from the South to Peking. Thousands of soldiers pass through



INTERIOR MISSION CHAPEL, AMERICAN BOARD MISSIONS, PAOTINGFU.

here, and of course soldiers are to be feared in almost any country and doubly so in a heathen land.

"Well, a week ago a great crowd came to the other Compound about fifteen rods from here (you know we have two Compounds in the South Suburb). As I said they came to Dr. Noble's Compound and broke open the great gates while some climbed over the wall. They caused a great disturbance among the Chinese servants and others. The racket about the place was something terrible; and Mrs. Noble said, she really feared there would be bloodshed. Mr. Roberts was the only foreign gentleman there. He did what he could to keep them quiet and sent for Dr. Noble who was in the city at his dispensary. He soon came and they two worked all the afternoon, trying to entertain these men by answering their questions and showing them around. They went into the kitchen belonging to the young ladies and took some cash, cups and a lot of towels, and beat the servant who tried to resist them. They broke into the cellars, but did not break into the houses, although they pushed on the doors and wanted to get in badly; but the gentlemen told them, there was only a woman inside, and it was not proper for them to go in. To this they finally agreed, for you know the Chinese are very particular about such things. They were pretty rough and said we should all be killed, etc. They were from Honan where no foreigners are allowed.

"I knew nothing of this until four o'clock when Paul's nurse came in. She had been to prayer-meeting in that Compound, and she tried to tell me about it. I saw she was frightened; so I went to tell Frank. I didn't understand all she

said, but I did understand that they had beaten a servant and some more, but did not know just what they were doing nor what to expect. Frank went out to our gate. He was the only foreign man here, and soon came in to tell me they were coming, and not to be afraid, etc. Soon I heard a great hooting and yelling at the gate, and pretty soon I heard them inside. I was badly frightened, for I knew that the least provocation would lead them to do anything. I just walked the floor with Paul. Dr. Roberts came over when he saw them coming. He and Frank decided to let them in, for they saw that if they refused we would soon have a mob on us. So they came in, but they would not let the other people in who came to see the fuss and to encourage and help against the 'foreign devils.'

"Well, I soon saw them coming toward the house like a lot of hounds on the track of some prey. They came to the windows and began looking in but did not try the doors. Dr. Roberts had told them they could look around but must not go into the houses. I saw some faces at one window which did not look so very bad, so I sat down at the window with Paul. He immediately reached out his little arms to them and laughed, delighted to see so many faces. They began to smile and ask questions. A great crowd of course gathered around. I asked them where they were from and they answered me. I was surprised that they could understand me, being from another province. They thought Paul would be cold dressed in white. So I showed them that he had flannel on under, etc., and they seemed satisfied. They finally left as it was growing late. You may imagine my relief; but we learned later that at our Mission they had a big time.

"An immense crowd gathered, and as there were five gentlemen there,—our own Dr. Taylor, Mr. Lowrie, and Mr. Miller besides Mr. Ewing from this Compound and Mr. Hoddle of the China Inland Mission (who were there on a short visit), they decided to try to keep them out. So they stood in front of the gate for over an hour swaying backwards and forwards and expostulating with them. The crowd would become angry at times and would yell and do all the horrible things a mob can think of. Then they would make a rush and try to force their way through the men. Then they would push with all their strength to keep them out. Finally a lot climbed over the wall, but Dr. Taylor went to them and persuaded them to look around a while and then got them out without their getting into the house although they wanted to enter.

"It is a wonder to me that when they had all so completely in their power they did not just raid and loot everything, but you see they had never seen any foreigners, and they were filled with curiosity and did not know what to make of us.

"Mr. and Mrs. Ewing and Mr. Hoddle started to come home later, and soon after starting the soldiers discovered them, and ran to them. Soon an immense crowd followed them which rapidly increased as they came through the city. All the way they were surrounded by a howling mob. They took hold of Mr. Ewing and pulled him away from Mrs. Ewing's chair, but he jerked loose from them. It was very exciting and trying, but they finally reached home in safety.

"The chair-bearers did their duty. When they reached here there was a crowd to receive them, but they parted and let Mrs. Ewing pass through

very nicely. That night the 'King of the Thieves' was notified to protect us, and all night long there were great guns fired at our gates and all around which was a great annoyance to me. I learned afterwards it was to warn people to keep away from us. I thought seriously of trying to get away from this place for a few days. But after the officials heard of it they promised us protection hereafter.

"Several of the big 'kwans' have been to visit us since. You may imagine we treated them as best we could,—served tea, cake, etc., on our best silver. It is really wonderful for them to take an interest in us. They asked all about our work and seemed very friendly indeed. One engaged Mr. Hoddle to teach his boys English. It is a great fad among the higher classes to learn English here, for they may get good positions as interpreters or telegraph operators, or something of that kind. Of course their interest in us is going to have a great influence on the people about us. They will think we are somebody now since the officials have come to see us and really drank our tea. It is a great event when an official comes out of the city and it is known everywhere. I hope the affair is going to result in great good. There are a lot of soldiers here now, and a few came to the other Compound to-day, but Dr. Noble and Dr. Roberts sent their cards to the city and the officials sent out some guards, otherwise we might have a mob to-morrow.

"Some of the ladies are still quite nervous and are having Chinese garments made, so that they will not excite much curiosity. Some think the Lord is holding the Japanese back until spring and the river opens, so that we can get away. Of

course we don't know what to look for. I do have some fear of consequences here if the soldiers are beaten at Peking and then would go home through here. I am afraid we would not have much left, if there was no government to protect us. We hope that things will be fixed up in some way so that we won't have to leave."

"*Tuesday, Jan. 15th,* 1895.

"I have just invited four guests for dinner on Thursday evening,—Misses Morrill and Gould, and Revs. Roberts and Hoddle.

"For New Year's dinner we had Mr. and Mrs. Ewing, Dr. Taylor and Mr. Miller, and had a very nice time.

"We took Christmas dinner with Mrs. Lowrie in our Presbyterian Compound. Paul and I went in a chair and he enjoyed the outing very much indeed. Poor little fellow! he scarcely ever gets out now, and sees nothing but the old ugly mud walls when he is out in his cart for his daily airing. However he is as happy as he can be. He goes into ecstasies when he sees a dog or a cow. I often lament this and think what a great deal he could be learning now if he could only see more.

"I know you would have a 'conniption fit' if you could see him in his bath. The nurse always hurts herself laughing at him. We have to hold his hands or he would splash all over the room; so he just devotes himself to kicking the water, and he has learned to splash almost as much as with his hands. It is really a very funny sight. He sticks out his mouth and breathes hard and just goes for it.

"*January the 27th,* '95.

"Yesterday was the Chinese New Year, that is the first day of their New Year, for their celebrations last for twenty days, and we had callers without number. We served tea and cakes to all. I tell you it kept me busy, when they came in crowds of twelve or fifteen; but I enjoyed having them, also giving to the poorer ones, for they took what I gave them so gratefully.

"There were some quite stylish gentlemen came out from the city. One of these was at one time an official in the Yamen and was converted and now is helping to proclaim the Gospel to his heathen people. He is just lovely,—so jolly and nice.

"Oh, the reports are awful sometimes, but we pay little attention to them now, for the officials in the city are on our side and will do all they can to protect us. They put up a notice in the city that we are all right, etc., etc., etc., and that we are doing good for them and must be protected; but every little while some one pastes another on top of it denouncing us and all that have anything to do with us.

"MAY G. SIMCOX."

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*February the 14th,* 1895.

"MY DEAR MAMMA: As you see we are still at Paotingfu, and are living in quietness, though I must confess, not altogether peacefully. News reached us on last Sabbath, that Wei-hai-wei had been taken by the Japs and that they had destroyed all the Chinese fleet except one little torpedo boat. Well, some of us were a little alarmed

for the future, especially since the letter from Mr. Bostwick, of Tientsin, advised the ladies at least to go soon to Tientsin, as he feared that later on the Japs would be at Tientsin, and then we could not get in perhaps. Dr. Roberts here was frightened and had his things all packed and was going to leave on Wednesday morning early, but as none of the rest of us were alarmed he decided to remain until more word comes. We do not fear any immediate danger here.

"To-day another courier arrived from Tientsin and the letters nearly all advised our going, and have stirred us up a little. Some of the gentlemen, Frank among the rest, want to send the ladies and children away, and they will stay here to protect the property and goods; and Frank wants to go on with our building. I am somewhat opposed to this as you might imagine, yet I know that if trouble should come, we ladies would be incumbrances.

"Of course the authorities of the city do not wish us to leave, for that will excite the Chinese about us. They will think the Japs are coming right here. I think they will do all in their power now to protect us, but when Peking is taken (and there seems no chance for peace now until Peking is taken), then there are almost sure, I think, to be fleeing soldiers passing through here, and it is my opinion, since they will likely not be paid and be frightened, and knowing the government is overthrown, they will loot houses and steal whatever they wish, and of course the foreign property will attract their attention. I believe if we were all to go now that the authorities would protect our property from the people about, even if the gentlemen were not here; and in case of riot when the government is overthrown, I don't be-

lieve three or four men would be of any use, but would only incense the mob to greater violence. So I think, if there is danger, the men should go too. The river will be thawed in a couple of weeks, and we all want to hold on until that time, as a journey overland would be terrible. We don't know what to do about our goods. I very much fear that if we leave they will all be destroyed. And oh, how I dread to lose them all! Still we have not so much to lose, as lots of them, and Frank says if we have to go, there is no use worrying about them. We cannot take more than our actual necessities in clothing. I don't believe we should feel the need of going, if the people of Tientsin did not urge the matter so, and the U. S. Consul ordered all American missionaries of the interior to come to the coast as soon as possible, as the Japanese would be at Tientsin in four or five weeks at least. However we don't think he knows much about it. It is dreadful to live in this state of uncertainty.

" The Chinese, of course, do not know as much yet as we do here about the news, and I should hate to have them see us packing up, for they would ask so many questions and would be so frightened themselves. I hate to think of leaving all the native Christians here, for fear the people about will persecute them; and it does not seem right to leave them, and if we could protect them, I should not think of going, but the question is, could we be of any use? and if it would come to mob violence would our presence not make it worse since we are too few to do any protecting ourselves? If we leave now the servants and gate-keepers, and everybody will leave the place, but I hope the authorities will protect the property as long as they can.

"The authorities, of course, don't want us to leave, and I know they will protect us now, but if the government is overthrown, I don't think they would do one thing towards protecting us. They would be frightened themselves, and think they might lose their own heads. Then they are heathen and have no principles or hearts. It would be very different if they were civilised men. Soldiers would not obey them even if they did command them.

"I hope before I send this letter, that I can say, our scare is over, etc., but no one can tell how it will come out. That is the great trouble. If we only knew what is best to do; but I suppose it will come out right by and by. I don't know where we could get in at Tientsin if we were to go; but the folks here say, not to worry about that. You know we have no station there and have always stopped with the Congregationalists.

"Dear little Paul is as lovely and sweet as ever, and grows more interesting every day. He is eleven months old and weighs twenty-five pounds, and has three teeth and another almost through.

"We are all real well. I am having a Chinese garment made. If we are obliged to leave they are nice to have, for our clothes excite so much curiosity. I may not need it, but everybody thinks it best to have them.

"You will perhaps notice that I am pretty nervous, and I have been so for some little time. I just can't help it for we live in so great uncertainty. However I hope it will be all right soon. I must close for to-night. If the others leave here, I think of course we will too. I think Frank will go along. We trust we may be guided aright in this matter.

"With love to all, yours, May G. S."

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*March the 23rd,* 1895.

"We have been in a state of uncertainty a great deal of the time this winter, and especially so since Wei-hai-wei was taken, and the Chinese fleet destroyed. At that time every one in Tientsin thought we should go down at once, and even the U. S. Consul urged us very strongly to do so, for the feeling against all foreigners is very strong. It seemed impossible to go overland. It would be terrible in cold weather, for the inns are dreadful places, and it would have meant so much exposure to us all,—exposure not only to wind and weather, but also to disease, as well as the likelihood of meeting soldiers which is greatly to be dreaded.

"The river is almost open now I believe, but we have not packed yet, for the last two couriers from Tientsin have brought no news regarding war. No one knows what the Japs are doing just now, but we suppose they are getting a good ready before their next attack. Li Hung Chang, Viceroy, is now empowered with affairs and we all hope he will try to make peace. But if he does, you know the Japs will demand so much, that I fear if he meets their demands, the Chinese (ignorant wretches that they are) will blame him for giving so much, and will say that he is in league with the foreigners, etc. Poor man! He has a hard time of it anyhow trying to keep his head.

"Well, people in Tientsin and some here still think the ladies at least should go down the river soon. I don't know what we will do. I am afraid if we should start, we might find Tientsin in an uproar when we reached there; but I think

HOSPITAL AMERICAN BOARD MISSION, PAOTINGFU.

it is settled for us for a time now at least. My friend, Mrs. Ewing, who lives just beside us, had a little daughter born last Thursday night, so you see it will be impossible for her to go for a time yet; and I think if she can stay here we can too. I have been there a good deal of my time since. I was up all one night and feel somewhat worn out. She and the baby, little Helen, are both doing nicely so far. MAY G. SIMCOX."

"*April the 7th,* 1895.

"We are living on here peacefully most of the time. Sometimes we hear alarming news and fear that we ought to leave this place. As yet it has not been plain to us that it was duty to leave. Li Hung Chang has been shot in Japan, but the last authentic news we had said it seemed more likely peace would come now than ever. Still reports are in the city here that Li Hung Chang is dead, and that the Russians are making trouble in the North now. A great many of these reports heard in the city are afterwards authenticated and a great many are proven false. No one knows. If the Viceroy could not make peace, I feel certain it is better for him that he should die now at the hand of an assassin than to come back to his countrymen to be tortured and be beheaded. We hear that Japan has granted three weeks' armistice. We all hope for peace, yet there is the probability that if they go no further China will not heed the warning, but will relapse into her former apathy. We don't know what is best for her. We would like to see grants for railroads, etc., sold.

"Frank has decided to go on with the building now just as though there were no war. He expects to have the ground broken this week and

has given the mason and carpentering contracts to the best Chinamen he could find, which is not saying much. He will be obliged to spend his summer overseeing the work. Every little thing has to be watched, or they will cheat and squeeze the life out of us. We think we will like it in our new Compound. It is out in a great open field away from filth and the Chinese. It does lack trees, but we are having some set out now. We do hope nothing will interfere with the building, and that we may occupy our new home in the autumn.

"Dr. Taylor leaves here to-morrow. He will leave Tientsin for America some time this month, I believe. If things quiet down Paul and I may spend the summer at the Hills. But no one can make any plans here.

"Remember us always at a throne of grace.

"With very much love to all,

"May G. Simcox."

"*April the 22nd,* 1895.

"One week ago to-day we heard the report that the peace treaty had been signed by the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, but were a little slow to believe it, but yesterday's mail brought word from Tientsin that it is likely true. We are very glad on our own account that it is so, yet can't help thinking that China has not received the humiliation which she so much needs. We have thought that nothing short of the capture of Peking would have the desired effect. The Lord knows what is best. No question she has received a great lesson, but will she profit by it? No doubt 'lost face' with foreign nations (a familiar phrase in Chinese), but we fear as before it will soon be forgotten;

and they will soon be back where they were. The common people know nothing about the war, and in a few months will say and believe, that the Japs were defeated and driven back.

"You say, 'China is being shaken to its very foundations.' We had hoped so, but it takes a mighty power to do it. They are so steeped in idiotic pride, deception, ignorance and sin,—a nation physically and mentally capable of mighty things, yet destitute of any true spiritual life.

"We have commenced our new house and hope to go ahead now until completed. We have gone ahead when many said it was very doubtful if we could complete it this year. We have been successful so far. We enjoy our work very much.

"May and Paul send love. With kindest regards, I remain as ever your friend,

"Frank E. Simcox."

"Paotingfu, China,

"*June the 16th,* 1895.

"There is certainly cause to be thankful for what the Lord has done for the Church in so many places. To contrast the ingatherings in many places in the home field with the meagre results of a field like this has a tendency to discourage; but the thought that it all is the Lord's work assures us that labour for the Lord cannot be in vain, and that it is His to give or to withhold. As you say the war will no doubt bring about great changes in China, not because she has been humiliated, for a very few will ever realise that, as they will shortly believe that they were successful and drove back the Japanese. In fact the people here know very little about the war. If they are benefited it will be because the

Japanese thoroughly know them and are prepared to take no bluffs as the Western nations have been so prone to do in the past. Japan is the only nation on the face of the earth that can deal with China, because she knows her language, customs and habits, and above all other qualifications is herself an Eastern nation. But don't look for any marvellous changes in the near future. When China changes, it will be in her death-struggle. The literary and official classes in China are no more ready for a change than they were a hundred years ago, as no influence has moved them in the last century.

"I believe the Church is here to stay, but she has only begun a mighty struggle, and one which the Church at home has not realised, and I am afraid the motto of the Volunteers will not be accomplished, but perhaps that is not the idea of a motto.

"This is certainly a grand work, but one full of trials which test Christian character not a little. The oft-repeated phrase, 'foreign devil,' as it is heard from all classes, expresses exactly the Chinese idea of foreigners and all their ways. The lowest beggar has a profound contempt for any foreigner and has no hesitancy in expressing the same. This is partly due to the fact that foreign nations have submitted to it, and of course China thinks she is justified in doing so. I write this because I believe the Japanese will not stand such treatment and China will be forced to respect them. One grand exception to this is found in the native Christian who has any love for Christ in his heart. He loves to know something of our people, and soon finds out that China is not the centre of the nations.

"I am alone now. Mrs. S. and Paul left on the 21st of May for the Hills west of Peking.

"Yours with kindest regards,

"F. E. SIMCOX."

"WESTERN HILLS, CHINA,

"*Tuesday, July the 9th,* 1895.

"We have a gloom cast over us to-day. News reached us yesterday that Dr. Sheffield, of Tungcho (with whom I stopped over night when coming to the Hills), of the Congregational Mission, while coming home from services in the city was attacked by two Chinamen, one with a knife and one with a hatchet, and he was all cut up. It is probable that his injuries will result fatally. One thumb is cut off, the round bone of the wrist is cut out, a gash four inches in length is in his side and a terrible gash in his back, besides about twenty-five smaller wounds. All of the other foreigners were at the Hills and he alone had gone into the city for a short time to attend to business and work. Miss Bostwick was on her way from Tientsin to the Hills and was at his house, which was very fortunate. He tried to defend himself as long as he could and then gave up exhausted. Then the wretches, thinking him dead, left off their mutilating. Although as many as twenty others stood around, not one would lift a hand to help him, though he begged them to help him. That is Chinese for you! Finally, after a time, one of our mail carriers heard of it in the city and went and told some of the Doctor's servants, who came and carried him home.

"Miss Bostwick sent to Peking and Dr. Coltman reached there yesterday, also Mrs. Sheffield

went from here and several others. Oh, it is *dreadful!* And to think it should all happen within a hundred yards of his premises and where he has lived and worked for nearly thirty years. It is a dreadful comment on the Chinese. I never heard of a worse one. And then what punishment can be inflicted? Perhaps almost none.

"Our Minister, Col. Denby, as well as some other Ministers, have their nests so well feathered here among the Chinese, that they will make no great demands of the government for fear of falling into poor repute. Col. Denby is Minister to China, his youngest son holds a remunerative position in the Customs and Charles is First Secretary of the Legation. No wonder they don't want to be ousted. Of course it remains to be seen. They *may* do something; but I don't expect much.

"Dr. Sheffield is a lovely man and beloved by *everybody.* I can't imagine how the brutes could have the heart to kill such a godly and kindly man. You may know that we all feel more and more, that our lives are not in our own hands. As some one said, we are at the mouth of a volcano, and there is no knowing when there will be an eruption."

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,

"*August the 21st,* 1895.

"The cholera is worse in the city here than was ever known before. It is simply terrible. Dr. Noble's at the South Suburb have had two cases in their own Compound. One got better under the Doctor's treatment and the other died in six hours from the time he took it.

"We are so thankful that we are as far from the city as we are; and we are very careful about

PUPILS AND TEACHERS OF GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL, AMERICAN BOARD MISSION. (MISS GOULD IN CENTRE.)

what we eat and drink, which is the only precaution we can take. It is also in the small villages near us and night is made hideous by the dreadful sounds they make, trying to frighten away the evil. The magistrates have even appointed their militia to go through the streets and fire off guns into the ground and air in the daytime; and all the priests have now taken it up and are tolling the bells of the temples and performing all sorts of rites. Isn't it sad? To think that men intelligent in a way, at least capable men, can be so benighted!"

"August the 26th, '95.

"The terrible report of the horrible massacre at Ku Cheng, near Fu Chow, has reached us in all its details. I wish I could send you accounts of the indignation meetings at Tientsin and Shanghai, and tell you the opinion of old missionaries who believe firmly that Col. Denby and O'Conner, the British Minister, are greatly to blame for not taking more rigid measures heretofore in these matters. I just tell you missionaries, as well as merchants and others, are aroused and are going to demand reparation from their governments and not through their Ministers.

"In the case of the horrible butchery of Dr. Sheffield nothing of any account has been done, when not only the criminals, but also the officials of the city should have lost their heads.

"People at home know nothing whatever of the Chinese character and are apt to think when the Chinese Minister in the United States informs our government, that reparation will be made and the criminals punished, that it will be done; but let me tell you it ends in a few dollars' being

paid over for the lives of the murdered. Either they pretend they cannot find the criminals or else some previously condemned criminal who would lose his head anyway is beheaded instead. There is no use talking,—diplomacy will do nothing. The Chinese will come out best every time. It is not the common people that are so bitter against us. They are indifferent, although they hate us and wouldn't ask us to stay if we were to start, yet they can't find a leader among themselves who will do us harm; but it has been conclusively proved that it is all through the officials or literati, that every outrage yet has been perpetrated. Hence you see the men they hire to do it are not punished.

"I think Americans and Englishmen both should be thoroughly ashamed of themselves and of their Ministers. The Chinese would not dare to murder a Japanese or a Frenchman, because the Japanese and the French would at once open fire, and destroy a whole city, and in justice too. This all means that unless the governments take stringent measures, and that right soon, no one will be safe here. It only takes about two months between each outrage for the Chinese to find out how the Ministers intend to deal with them, and then they can go ahead. The little officials all over the Empire know in a very few days after an outrage has happened all about it.

"Don't think that I am the only one who is aroused over this. I am writing very mildly. I wish I could send you the papers published in Tientsin and Shanghai. I wish President Cleveland could know what the missionaries and trades people know. He never will through Col. Denby. China is constantly breaking her treaties with the United States and with England, but the Minis-

ters smooth it over. They have their nests too well feathered. You will know ere this reaches you what measures have been taken, and be assured, if something very stringent and unusual is not demanded by our government and England, that all missionaries will consider their lives in peril, and will have lost what little respect they have for their governments' foreign policies. Justice can be secured if they only demand it forcibly enough. MAY G. SIMCOX."

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*Oct.* 13*th*, 1895.

"The official here has issued a proclamation for our protection. That is, he published a sort of notice, and it is the best thing of the kind ever issued. In it he tells his people, that we come from our country not under government appointment, as so many believe, to make money, but that we are sent by the Church; that our religion is a good one, and that any who wish to should accept it; that Christ commanded his followers to go and teach all men, and if we didn't do it, we would not be good disciples, and that we are good people and are to be protected. His brother, with two other Chinese gentlemen who belong to the Treasury Department, and his nephew came to call on us yesterday. Of course they came in style with lots of servants, lackeys, etc., and it makes quite an impression on the natives about to think that their officials actually are friendly with us. These are exceptionally bright and fine men too. Mr. Lowrie said they were as fine Chinese as he had met. One was from Honan

"MAY G. SIMCOX."

VII

MISSES MORRILL AND GOULD

THE personnel of a mission station changes from time to time, but the work goes bravely on. For more than eighteen years Mr. Pierson had been immediately identified with the American Board's work at Paotingfu. The very best of his life had been given to this service, and when in 1891 he turned it over to other hands, he had the great satisfaction of knowing that a work had been done there which no persecution and no fanaticism, however wild and destructive, could successfully undo. Dr. Merritt, with his family, and Miss Mary S. Morrill were already on the field and prepared to take up the work.

Mary S. Morrill was a young woman of more than ordinary force of character, and also of more than usual breadth of scholarship for one who had not enjoyed the advantages of a well-rounded college education. She was naturally of an active and discriminating cast of mind, and, with an energy and devotion which characterised her career as a missionary, she had improved every opportunity at command to cultivate her mind and inform it with all that is good and true in literature

and art. As a child she was serious and thoughtful beyond her years, and there was nothing in the way of books and magazines available in the community which she did not read and thoroughly enjoy. She was born at Morrill's Corners, formerly Westbrook, now "Deering District,"—a part of the City of Portland, Maine, on the 24th of March, 1863. The old homestead, a large, old-fashioned white house, surrounded by magnificent elms and an extensive garden, is where her father, Rufus Morrill, and all his brothers and sisters were born. Built more than eighty years ago by Grandfather Morrill the homestead was an ideal one, and even yet the quiet dignity of the place, with its great rooms opening into one another with such an air of generous hospitality, recalls the good old-fashioned, well-to-do New England homes of a century ago or more. It was in this home Miss Morrill spent her childhood. She was the student of the family and for this reason all the more the favourite of an unmarried aunt who lived in a portion of the house and who in her day had enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education. The young girl's aspirations for learning met an intelligent response in the unmarried aunt; and it is safe to say that all her plans to prepare herself for usefulness in life were shaped by wise counsels. Early in her childhood she had developed under the fostering care of older and superior minds a taste for reading the best juvenile books and magazines then attainable. The

editor of one of Portland's daily papers lived a near neighbour and from his large supply of exchanges the earnest reader was enabled to find much reading matter suited to her age and taste. Among other things she found St. Nicholas, Our Young Folks, The Youth's Companion, and other then readable and instructive periodicals. She literally devoured them,—not the stories only, but more especially those articles which dealt with historical matter and scientific facts. In the St. Nicholas of those days biographical sketches of great men and great women constituted a very considerable portion of the subject matter, and in these she was intensely interested, and to the surprise of her aunt and other members of the home (even when a small child) she could grasp the thought and analyse the contents of an article with a wisdom quite out of the ordinary. Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare was a source of constant delight, and she read it and reread it until the stories became a very part of herself. During this period of her life reading was an absorbing passion with her. She was always deeply moved by tales of sorrow and of suffering. When very young she read Enoch Arden and was almost heart-broken over the sorrows of the family, particularly those of Enoch when he returned home and found his place occupied by another.

Miss Morrill was reared in the strict Universalist faith, and until she left home for a brief term at the Farmington Normal School she was a

BIRTH-PLACE OF MARY S. MORRILL, DEERING, ME.

communicant of that church. While at Farmington, however, she became interested in the Orthodox faith, experienced a change of belief and united with the Congregational church. It was while here and as a consequence, perhaps, of her change of view, that she first gave serious thought to foreign mission work. On returning from the Normal School she engaged in teaching, for which she seemed to have special aptitude, and up to the time of her appointment by the American Board of Foreign Missions to her work in China she was almost continuously engaged in this work. Her education, while not secured at college, was by no means fragmentary or superficial. Before entering the Normal School she had passed successfully all her examinations in the common school at Deering and the High School course of four years. so that when she finally presented herself as a candidate for appointment to the foreign field she was a young woman of really superior education.

The story of her application to the American Board for appointment to the foreign field, as told by Mrs. Cole, of Portland, is an interesting one and reveals something of the quiet modesty which ever characterised her life:

"In the late autumn of 1888 Dr. Alden and Dr. Creegan, American Board Secretaries, came to Portland and held missionary services in the churches. Dr. Alden was the guest of Dr. C. H. Daniels, at that time pastor of the Second Parish

Church, to whom Mary had previously confided her purpose. She was invited to meet Dr. Alden and talk with him in relation to the matter. Such was her shrinking nature that the thought of this meeting with the dignified official made her extremely uncomfortable; and I remember that she walked past Dr. Daniels' house several times before she dared to enter. But once inside the door she forgot her diffidence, forgot everything save the one important message that she was commissioned to bear to Dr. Alden, and with the courage born of her indomitable purpose she told him of her desire to be sent to China as a missionary under the American Board. After a brief conversation Dr. Alden took her name and address with not much comment. Days and weeks of anxious waiting for some word from the Board rooms followed. None came. We could see that her disappointment was great, possibly humiliating, but she bore it with her customary reserve. With a half humourous, half pathetic little laugh she said to us in speaking of it one day, 'I think Dr. Alden must have thought I am not capable of being a missionary. I hope he wasn't right.' Dr. Daniels, who knew Mary's strength of character,—who knew what she was capable of becoming in the foreign field, took up the matter with his customary decision and very shortly procured for her an appointment to China.

"The intervening weeks before she set sail were very busy ones in preparation for the long journey and her ten years of absence. They were very happy ones yet mixed with sorrow. Her parents had not been in full accord with her plans and had sought to turn her mind from them. She was a devoted and obedient daughter. There came a mental conflict. Had she been mistaken in the

voice of duty? If God had chosen her and set her apart for the work, would he not level obstructions, or give her grace to surmount them? There were hours and days of suffering. Then her faith and loyalty were rewarded. Her parents were brought to see the glory of missionary service, and they gladly acquiesced in her plans; when the home-leaving time came they bade her God-speed. It seemed as if her cup of joy was full to the brim and overflowing. As she told me of the victory the dear, plain face was almost transfigured.

"In connection with the many cares and duties incident to this time were the official duties connected with the new position. The Maine Branch had adopted her as its missionary, assuming all care of her support. Public meetings were called in which our ladies could see and hear her and extend their loving greetings in token of their recognition and appreciation of her service. Not long before she set sail there was a union service in the Second Parish Church. No one could know except those most intimate with her how the thought of this meeting, herself the centre of all eyes, terrified her. For a while the struggle for self mastery, self poise, was almost pitiful, but God gave her the victory; and when the hour came she spoke for more than thirty minutes, easily, fluently, eloquently even, yet simply (an extreme simplicity marked her address always), and after the meeting, when she was greeted by hundreds of our ladies, the larger part of whom she had never seen before, she was perfectly at ease.

"This was soon followed by the farewell meeting a few days prior to her departure. The church was filled to overflowing by an intensely

sympathetic company, and a service which for impressive solemnity I never saw equalled was conducted by Dr. Daniels. Then Mary lost sight of her poorer self,—the self that had troubled her so long with its harassing limitations, and arose to heights hitherto unattained by her, and in the sight of God's people she was anointed, set apart for this work.

"In March, 1889, within a few days of her 27th birthday, she set sail for the strange country of China with its strange people and stranger problems."

From the close of Miss Morrill's first year on the field she gave large promise of the really great work she was afterwards permitted to do; and the almost Apostolic character of her letters to the Board and others shows how thorough and clear-cut were her conceptions of what constitutes successful work in mission fields. During the first years of her practical labours at Paotingfu she not only took charge of the Girls' School to which she gave, as it would seem, the full measure of her strength, but she also found time for an amount of evangelistic work that was quite unusual; and both in season and out of season laboured with old and young to bring them to a knowledge of Christ. Later on in her missionary career her heart was strongly drawn to the country work, and as late as 1899 she was still planning to give even more thought and effort to this branch of missionary service, for

which she was so eminently fitted. In a letter under date of April the 21st, 1899, she said:

"I have never been so hopefully impressed with our country work as now, and I am anticipating giving more time to it next year. The people in the Chao-chou district, which is the most remote corner of our Paotingfu field, are peculiarly warmhearted and cordial, and I do not think that we who have been there on a recent tour will recall any of the fatigues of the journey,—they are all forgotten in the welcome we received."

It was in part that Miss Morrill might have some relief from the immediate cares of the Girls' School and more time to give to country and general evangelistic work, that Miss Annie Gould, who arrived in China in October, 1893, was sent to this field. The Girls' school was indeed a very hopeful and promising part of the general work of the station, and it had been most desirable that some one should be sent to assist Miss Morrill, and one also who would have the necessary qualifications for such a post.

With the coming of Miss Gould the personnel of the station again underwent some changes. Dr. Merritt and his family retired from the field, and in their place the Rev. and Mrs. George H. Ewing were appointed to take up the work. Then, as Mr. and Mrs. Ewing were just beginning the study of the language, the Rev. J. H. Roberts, from the station at Kalgan, was tempo-

rarily assigned to the general superintendence of the station at Paotingfu. Dr. Willis C. Noble had been in charge of the medical work since 1892, and so at the time of Miss Gould's arrival at Paotingfu the roster of missionary workers included the names of Mary S. Morrill, Dr. Noble and family, the Rev. J. H. Roberts, the Rev. and Mrs. Ewing, and Miss Gould, together with Pastor Meng Chang-chun, his brother Meng Chang-so, his sister Mrs. Tu, as first Bible woman, and other native helpers.

Miss Gould was certainly a noble and valuable addition to the working force of the station. Born into a home of Christian culture and refinement, a child of much prayer and of the tenderest parental solicitude, from her earliest years she gave evidence of gentle breeding and of those qualities of heart and mind which so eminently qualified her to be a teacher and guide of the youth. An intimate of the family, writing since the tragedy of Paotingfu, says:

"Annie Gould's parents exemplify the highest type of Christian living and thinking. The mother came from a representative family of one of our best towns. She went to South Carolina as a teacher of the Negro refugees during the Civil War, remaining a long time when her life was in imminent peril from the lawless hordes about her, —Ku Klux and others of that stamp. However she kept on at her post so long as her services were needed with no thought of leaving although her northern friends were much concerned about

her. During those long trying months of anxious waiting for some reliable message from Paotingfu she gave no outward sign of the intense agony of a mother's heart. She bore her grief calmly and was strong in the face of what would have crushed a less valiant soul.

"John M. Gould, Annie's father, is cashier of one of Portland's soundest banking institutions, with which he has been connected for probably more than forty-five years,—during the past ten years as cashier. His father likewise was cashier for about thirty years and connected with the bank, before he assumed its management, for a period of about twenty-five years. In all these years these two men have stood for the highest business principles and integrity. Wherever their name is known they are respected and admired. Of the elder gentleman, Annie's grandfather, it might be said that his piety was of the old school type, a trifle rigid. He gave to his church, the old Payson Memorial, of Portland, its strongest impulses in missionary and other activities. He was very much interested in the American Board and gave largely towards its support.

"At the farewell service held for Annie when she was about to start for China he was asked to make the consecratory prayer. Nothing could have been more impressive and beautiful. He was then about eighty-seven years old, yet with natural strength unabated.

"In the early years of the married life of Annie's parents they saw the need of work in the Sailor's Bethel situated in a most unfashionable locality and itself a most unfashionable church. They at once cast in their lot with this organisation and worked untiringly for its interests. When Annie was old enough she took up the

work with the same zeal and devoted her activities and strength to the work of the Christian Endeavour Society, Sabbath School and Mission Circle. The social position and influence of the family would have given them open sesame to the best churches, but in this one they saw a great need and accordingly went where they felt they were most needed.

"Their home has ever been a centre of brightness. Nothing is too good to be used. The best papers, magazines and books are always in evidence and read and discussed by the whole family.

"I do not think the household had any distinctively missionary principles laid down,—I mean to say, dogmatically laid down,—but the whole atmosphere of the home was so missionary in its influences, that Annie imbibed them as unconsciously as she did the ozone of the air she breathed. Annie was consecrated at her birth to the work in the foreign field and grew up with that thought and purpose in view. Everything she did was done to prepare herself for this end."

On November the 18th, 1867, Bethel of Oxford County, Maine, was in a very peculiar sense the "House of God." In a select home, chosen indeed from all the homes in that Northern New England town, God came in the mystery of a hidden purpose to honour John Mead Gould and Amelia, his wife. His presence was not seen, and if felt, the joy of the precious, wailing life come to sweeten the trials and lighten the burdens of their earthly pilgrimage filled their hearts so full, that they wist not that it was He. No one then dreamed of the distinguished honour which

BIRTH-PLACE OF ANNIE ALLENDER GOULD, BETHEL, ME.

was to be conferred upon their home, or ever thought of any peculiar sense in which God would make His presence known. They truly had received a loving treasure from the hand of God and in the fulness of a living joy they dedicated the child to Him. She was a child of the covenant, and in the sweet sunlight of a Christian home as pure and ideal as can be found in all New England she grew up to be in maidenly grace and high ideals all her father and mother could possibly desire.

Removing with her parents to Portland, Maine, when yet a child, she entered the public schools of that city, and later Mount Holyoke College, from which she was graduated in the class of '92. A writer in the college magazine, referring to her college career, says:

"It could not have been within the expectation of any of that little band of 'Yokefellows' who used to meet in some quiet corner of old Mount Holyoke, that any of the number would be chosen to stand in the rank of Christian martyrs. That little band was enthusiastic and self-forgetful; it was fired with a zeal for service; it was pledged to teach Christ and his redemption somewhere, if possible in foreign lands.

"Those who knew her will realise how little it really matters to say, that she was an accomplished girl and an unusually good student. She was this and much more. There were perhaps others who were brilliant in a given subject; others who shone more for the moment in our daily recitations; but there was no one who in the long

course from Freshman to Senior so well mastered every subject, so well understood and retained, and so well triumphed over those tests of character that the college as well as the world continually supplies. Annie was always a good student; it was not so much because of a facile and quick apprehension as because of conscientious and severe labour. Often she had to work hard; sometimes against great odds, as when weakness of the eyes made it necessary for her to learn lessons simply by hearing them read aloud. In spite of this, or perhaps because of it, she came to be the best equipped brain among the forty-two and was happily so recognised when Commencement Day came.

"But it is of less importance that Annie possessed accomplishments and learning, than that she possessed character. I speak of her as she was in those college days; but can we not see along what lines those seven years of service would have developed the sweet and generous impulses of her heart? Indeed even in those days Annie seemed more developed and fixed in character than any one else I knew. She was a girl in her love of simple pleasures and companionship, but a woman in principle, in poise, in a calm stability of purpose that knew no wavering. She was ruled by a few simple but lofty motives. She knew her mission from the first and steadfastly went to work to prepare herself for it. She knew that her German and her Music and her Mathematics were all a part of her equipment, and so to a natural love of study there was added an incentive far more powerful. She knew her faith and her blessed Christ; and no vicissitudes, no subtleties of argument could for a moment cloud that image in her heart. She took her way

calmly, without haste, without antagonisms, I had almost said, without mistakes. And if hours of discouragements or of homesickness came she met them and conquered them alone, never even hinting of them in her letters. Though her sympathies were always ready for another's sorrow, she herself was not given to much talk over personal matters.

"Perhaps the best thing one can say, from our poor human standpoint, is that the friends who knew Annie best loved her best. She was one who wore as pure gold. She loved cheerful talk and music,—of which she understood far more than the ordinary amateur,—and she loved to see the sunlight and the joys of a tramp in the mountains; she loved good books, and as New Englanders say, a good time. She was religious and deeply serious with never a shade of affectation, and never a thought of intolerance towards those who thought differently. She was efficient in practical work, as well as diligent with her Bible. One who in the circle of 'Yokefellows' has heard Annie's simple, earnest prayers,—pleas for wisdom and strength, not orations to God,—can only feel that her seven years of work as a missionary were but a continuation and illustration of those prayers.

"Annie was remarked for her quiet uprightness of character in a place already hallowed by the lives of many noble Christian women. She was loyal, faithful and wise in friendship; unostentatious and consistent in religion, womanly, clever, affectionate and good.

"On the day when she sailed away from home to be gone, no one knew how long, and to encounter, no one knew how many, troubles, those who loved her were sustained by the belief that 'the Lord is

mindful of his own.' The day came, alas, when that belief was the sole comfort of mourning hearts. Nevertheless who can doubt that a faith so strong, so untrammeled, so buoyant, so much a vital point of character, found in the hour of thickest darkness the Christ who said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee?'"

Miss Morrill and Miss Gould were indeed true "yokefellows." No two missionaries ever worked with more concentration of purpose and aim and in truer harmony for the realisation of a common end than they. The Rev. Mr. Ewing, of the same station, in a recent article written for the *Missionary Herald,* says: "The complementary nature of their relation was beautiful. What one lacked the other made up from her fulness. Beneath an exterior apparently lacking in emotion Miss Gould carried a warm and sensitive heart." "Dear, loving, unselfish friend" writes Mrs. Dr. Noble, a missionary associate at Paotingfu. "She would have yielded everything, if in any possible way she could help another. Everybody, save herself, appreciated her noble qualities."

Mrs. Cole, of Portland, Maine, speaking of the return of Miss Morrill to China after a much needed rest in America, says: "We have to rejoice with pure delight at the description of her return to her chosen people in China and their common joy in meeting. Dear Annie could not wait to welcome her in Paotingfu, but with a

MARY S. MORRILL.

ANNIE ALLENDER GOULD.

company of Chinese friends went as far as Tientsin to join the loved traveller. There in pure abandon of joy they embraced and re-embraced much to the discomfiture of the Chinese escort. for such public demonstration violated their sense of propriety. 'They were obliged to turn their backs,' said Annie.

"It was a triumphal procession that entered Paotingfu that long looked-for eventful day. How the happy weeks flew, as together they talked over friends and scenes of the homeland, as together they trod the same paths of labour, working and praying for their beloved people; as together they reaped the precious fruits of their labour in that souls were converted."

Speaking of Miss Morrill's return to America in 1897, after eight years of exhausting toil, Mrs. Cole says: "Her eight years of unremitting toil, for a constitution never robust, brought about the inevitable result, a breaking down in health, and she was obliged to return home for rest and recuperation. But her indomitable energy did not allow her to rest. The calls from all our churches were urgent. Our ladies were eager to see her, to hear her, to learn from her own lips the story of her missionary work. I wish I could describe those meetings and Mary's talks, as she told of the needs of the Chinese women and children, and the joy of Christian service. She did not need to talk of sacrifice, her dear worn face and emaciated body told this.

"I wish I could describe the social joy we had in my own home,—the quiet, confidential talks together, the reluctantly told story of the inner life and habits of the unregenerate Chinese woman and child, brought out by judicious questioning, —facts too revolting to place before any audience. Never before did the foreign missionary's life seem so noble, so heroic in its almost complete self-abnegation."

On Miss Morrill's return to her station, she wrote:

"How glad I am to get back. Everything looks and seems the same. Dear old Mrs. Kao, the Bible woman, was so glad to see me and so were the girls. I need not say how glad I was to see them and be with them again, you know, don't you? And dear Annie, too, who has had to work so hard in my absence! how we have talked, and we are not nearly talked out yet. There is no work so blessed as the missionary's is there?"

Miss Morrill was far advanced in missionary labours and triumphs when our story finds her in the month of November, 1894. Miss Gould had also made great advances, for in the one year of her residence in China she had gained a working knowledge of the language and was already doing service in the Girls' School which Miss Morrill had successfully established soon after her appointment to this field.

VIII

DR. TAYLOR AND THE PRESBYTERIAN COMPOUND

EVANGELICAL Christians in the homeland, where denominational lines are somewhat closely drawn, can scarcely appreciate how insignificant such differences become on mission fields. It was no barrier to the most friendly intercourse and the truest friendships that two of those who shared in the general life of the Compound of the Congregational Church at Paotingfu during the winter of 1894-95 were Presbyterian in faith and had come to this field to labour under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Indeed it must be said that the presence of Presbyterians at Paotingfu was with the consent of the American Board and practically at the instance of its own missionaries who invited and welcomed the cooperation of Presbyterian missionaries. The Rev. J. L. Whiting, D.D., who established the Presbyterian station at Paotingfu says:

"About 1890 Dr. Ellinwood, the Secretary of the Board, then corresponding with the Peking Mission, intimated, that the Board would look with favour on an effort to open a new station.

As my family was in the United States I was designated to make investigation before making recommendation of a location for establishing a new station.

"In making such a movement the Mission wished to observe the principles of comity with other societies; therefore the members of other missions were consulted in regard to their work and plans. A member of the American Board's Mission suggested that Paotingfu would be a good place for a station, and said he thought the majority of that Mission would be glad to have us establish a station there. He was of the opinion that a station of our Board in the same place would not be a hindrance to their work, which had been in operation twelve or fourteen years, but on the contrary would be a help in many ways.

"The question was referred by correspondence to the American Board Mission many of whom approved, and but a single one offered any objection; but as that objection found its way to the American Board, that Board communicated with the Presbyterian Board in the same tenor, which for a time blocked all progress in the enterprise. However those objections were withdrawn after further correspondence with their missionaries on the field. In the meantime Dr. Atterbury and myself had paid a visit to Paotingfu and had received a warm welcome from Dr. and Mrs. Merritt then in charge of the American Board Mission at that station. They expressed an earnest desire that the Presbyterian Board should open a station there to help them in the overwhelming work, as well as to be a comfort to them in their social isolation and an assistance in case of need.

"Early in September (1893) Mr. Whiting in company with Dr. Coltman again went to Pao-

tingfu, completed the purchase of the site for residences, about a mile from the north gate of the city, and rented a small place for temporary residence. In a few days Dr. Coltman returned to Peking, and Mr. Whiting set about making such changes in the premises rented for chapel and dispensary as would fit them for the purposes designed.

"In October Mr. and Mrs. Fenn, Mr. and Mrs. Simcox, and Mr. Miller arrived at Tientsin. Mr. Whiting met them there and accompanied them to Peking, where it was decided that Mr. Miller should go at once with Mr. Whiting to Paotingfu, the other new missionaries remaining in Peking for the study of the language. Subsequently Dr. Taylor was also transferred to Paotingfu. As soon as the necessary changes were completed the chapel was open for preaching and was thronged by the curious for many days. Daily addresses at this chapel in addition to the general superintendence of the station affairs served to keep one fairly well occupied.

"Soon after the opening of the chapel for preaching the repairs on the dispensary were finished and it was also opened. Very little ill will was ever manifested, and before long a friendly attitude on the part of many was shown. The literary Chancellor, who formerly had been treated at Chinan Fu by our physician there, from the first exerted his influence in our behalf.

"An earth wall around the residence site was beaten, lumber for a house and some outbuildings was purchased at Tientsin and brought to Paotingfu, and sawed into planks by hand, bricks were bought and hauled, lime contracted for, and a cellar dug. Early in the spring (1894) some of the minor buildings were erected and tem-

porarily occupied, and the building of the house pushed as rapidly as the slow movement of Chinese workmen rendered expedient. The building was completed in the early autumn.

"Two native assistants had been employed and two colporteurs supported by the Scotch National Bible Society had been superintended. The evangelistic labours had resulted in gaining fifteen to twenty inquirers, of whom two had received baptism. The Rev. J. W. Lowrie with his mother returned to China and was located at Paotingfu. Mr. and Mrs. Simcox also requested to be transferred to that station, and Mr. Miller and his bride were located there as well. Mr. Whiting's family returning to China he was placed again in Peking.

"Since that time three additional houses, a dispensary and chapel and some rooms for a hospital have been built on the purchased site. Several out stations have been regularly worked from Paotingfu resulting in a wide dissemination of the truth, the winning of a goodly number of inquirers of whom a fair proportion have already united with the Church. The outlook was most encouraging."

George Yardley Taylor, M. D., the "American gentleman," who met the Simcoxes and their companions in travel in the dusk of the evening, Thursday, October the 19th, 1893, at a little Chinese inn two days out from Tientsin, was the Dr. Taylor to whom Dr. Whiting refers, as having been transferred to Paotingfu. He had been commissioned as a medical missionary of the Presbyterian Church in 1887, and by the following New

GEORGE YARDLEY TAYLOR.

Year reported at Peking, China, as assistant to Boudinot C. Atterbury, M. D., then in charge of the An Ting Hospital of that City. For almost five years he had been identified with this hospital, daily adding to his practical knowledge and skill as a physician, and making such advances in the study of the Chinese language and character as would fittingly qualify him for independent service, when, as has been said, he was transferred to Paotingfu to take charge of the medical work at that station.

It is because of the conspicuous part he had in the work of this new station and of the really high character of his professional services, as well as because of the singular beauty of his life, that space is given in these memoirs to a special tribute by his old friend and pastor, the Rev. Edward B. Hodge, D.D.

On the title page of a programme published by the Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook, pastor of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, Pa., in which Dr. Taylor was an active worker during his life as a medical student in the University of Pennsylvania, are these words:

A MEMORIAL SERVICE

Commemorating the Life and Death
of
George Yardley Taylor, M. D.,
A GRADUATE IN THE ARTS
OF PRINCETON COLLEGE; A

GRADUATE IN MEDICINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA; A RESIDENT PHYSICIAN OF THE PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL IN PHILADELPHIA; A MEDICAL MISSIONARY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CHINA, WHERE HE SUFFERED MARTYRDOM, A. D. NINETEEN HUNDRED.

He was a member of the Young Men's Association of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, a teacher and organist in the Sunday-School, and this service is held by the Pastor and Congregation in Memory of his devoted and useful life.

October 28, *A. D.* 1900.

It was at the memorial service held in the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, that the address from which large extracts are here made was delivered. It was the tribute of one who had known Dr. Taylor from his youth. In Burlington, New Jersey, where Dr. Hodge enjoyed a ministry of thirty years, Dr. Taylor was reared and partly educated. Under that ministry young Taylor had been brought into fellowship with God's people and into the communion of the Church.

No one can read this address without feeling that he who spoke these words enjoyed a more than casual acquaintance with Dr. Taylor, and that the bond between them was one of more than ordinary friendship. Speaking on the occasion referred to Dr. Hodge said:

"'It is a beautiful instinct,' said the preacher when he began his sermon on the occasion of the death of Elisha Kent Kane, the famous Arctic explorer, 'it is a beautiful instinct which leads us to lay a flower on the grave of a friend.' It is with the wish to enjoy a privilege of this kind, that I have consented to speak at these services to-day, held as they are in memory of my dear friend, George Yardley Taylor of Burlington, New Jersey.

"He and his sister formed part of a most attractive group of young people, children of three sisters who had come to our Presbyterian Church in Burlington from the Society of Friends; a society for which I have many reasons for cherishing a great respect and a warm affection. It was undoubtedly the death of George's only surviving sister in the bloom and beauty of early youth, that led her mother to apply for baptism at my hands and to present her sons for the same holy ordinance.

"George was at this time very young, but he early set his heart on becoming a physician, and entered on his studies at the Van Rensselaer Seminary with the distinct intention of fitting himself for the noble profession which so powerfully attracted him. The school where he received his preparation for college is under the care of the Session of the Presbyterian Church in Bur-

lington, and is named in honour of its founder, the Rev. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, who laboriously devoted the latter part of his useful life to the cause of Ministerial Education as Corresponding Secretary of the Board which has that work in charge. In the ardour of his zeal he had hoped to carry out plans by which the children of the Church might be trained in Church schools under Christian influence, with a knowledge of the Bible and of the Shorter Catechism; and he hoped in this way to secure an unfailing supply of suitable candidates for the holy Ministry. The school in connection with the church in Burlington was designed only for instruction in the common branches of education. About twenty-five years ago, however, it was reorganised and put under the care of two capable New England teachers who continue in charge to the present day. It was made a fitting school for college, and a number of its graduates have entered Princeton University, and have without exception, been distinguished for scholarship and high character. In the first class which was graduated from the Van Rensselaer Seminary under the new régime was George Yardley Taylor. I cannot make you fully understand the feelings I entertained with regard to him during the years he spent in making preparation in Burlington and in Princeton for entrance upon medical studies. I have, as a pastor, felt the deepest interest in many individuals; but upon this young man I had set my heart in a peculiar manner. If I had told him just how I felt towards him for perhaps six or seven years I should have been tempted to express myself in the language of intense feeling employed by St. Paul in addressing the Galatians:

"'My dear child, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you.'

"My anxiety was not with regard to his conduct. He was a model of exemplary behaviour. During all those years however he did not come to the Lord's Table or make a public profession of Christ as his Saviour. He was nevertheless all this time not only moral but devout. He was most faithful in attendance upon religious services, a most serious and thoughtful listener, most scrupulous in the discharge of duties assumed at the school or the Church or the home. No minister ever had an organist upon whose fidelity he could more implicitly rely than I had during the time when he was filling that position in the Burlington Church. I have reason to believe that during the four years of life at college he kept himself unspotted in reputation and character, resisting the strong temptations to which young men away from home are subjected in a college town. I kept carefully in touch with him by correspondence during those years, but they all passed away without his feeling prepared to take his stand as an avowed Christian. I do not think I shall ever forget the joy I felt, not to say surprise, when he came literally in the deepest humility and unfeigned modesty to the Manse to tell me that if I thought the Session would be willing to accept such a one as he was, he was prepared to apply for admission to the Lord's Table. He was not, I think, like many who make the mistake of looking to their own personal conduct as the ground of hope for acceptance before God, and who hesitate about confessing Christ because they are conscious that they personally deserve acceptance. George Taylor was well instructed. He knew that he was expected to con-

fess himself sinful and undeserving in coming to Christ. He had been long ready for that. But he knew also that a soul renewed by the Holy Spirit and living in vital union with the Holy Saviour is not only justified, regarded and treated as righteous before God through relationship to Christ, but is indeed a 'new creature,' fashioned anew after the image of Him that created him. He regarded this transformation as the test and evidence of a true relationship to Jesus Christ. In his deep humility of spirit he could not for a long time be assured that this transformation had occurred in him, and so he knew (or thought he knew) that he was not a Christian.

"I was particularly glad that he took the important step which I have described, before going away from home to the city of Philadelphia where he was to get his medical education. The result was that he could present himself promptly at the Tabernacle Church and engage in active duties as a professed Christian. I do not think that I ever entertained a thought of anxiety with regard to him during his somewhat prolonged absence from his Burlington home. I had entire confidence that he would, under all circumstances, walk consistently as a devout Christian. There was on the other hand some reason to apprehend that he was undertaking a task greater than his physical strength would bear. His purse was not a long one, and the expense of a medical education heavy. He undertook therefore to teach while pursuing his studies, and in this way earned the money necessary for his maintenance. He was not so independent as never to be willing to receive a favour from others, but on the other hand he was characterised by a quiet manliness, self-reliance and industry, which would not allow him

to be leaning upon others, when he was conscious that he was able to stand alone.

"It is not for me to speak of the relations which he bore to the Tabernacle Church, nor of the assistance he was able to render in the various departments of the Church's work. I need only say that he pursued his course at the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, with success and credit to the end and got his diploma without breaking down in health. His life in the city had increased the circle of his friends and enlarged the sphere of his influence. He was so favoured at the close of his studies at the University, as to get the position of Resident Physician at the Presbyterian Hospital of Philadelphia. I need not say that he filled the place to the satisfaction of the authorities of the Hospital and gained an experience which was of incalculable value to him as a preparation for his subsequent life of usefulness in the medical profession.

"You will be asking of me what influences were at work to turn his attention and interest to the foreign missionary's work. My reply is, that I look upon the tender which he modestly made of his services for this great work as God's direct answer to prayer. The Burlington Church was founded by Dr. Van Rensselaer, a man who consecrated his social position, his wealth, his talents, his life-long labours to the work of the kingdom of God and to the raising up of men to carry it forward. He was a man of prayer, one who laid special emphasis upon the prayer to the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth labourers into the harvest. The Church which Dr. Van Rensselaer founded, was during the period of his brief pastorate, exceedingly small and very feeble.

The material from which he obtained labourers was far from abundant. Nevertheless it was Dr. Van Rensselaer's privilege to inscribe in the short roll of communicants with his own hand the name of Levi Janvier, who went out as a missionary to India in 1840 or 1841. He too was destined to wear the crown of martyrdom. A native slew him who had vowed to kill the first foreigner he might chance to meet. The first one who crossed his path was Janvier of the Burlington Church.

"It was my lot to care for the Burlington Church at a later period, from 1864 and on for about thirty years. I often wondered why a Church founded under the ministry of a man so devoted to ministerial education as was Dr. Van Rensselaer should have produced in its lengthening history so few ministers or missionaries. Of course I preached on the subject and of course I was constantly directing the prayers of the people; and this was the burden of the prayers which were offered: 'Lord, be pleased to take the choicest and the best of our sons and daughters and consecrate them to thy special service.' God evidently harkened to that oft-repeated prayer. He looked down upon us as we appeared before Him from Sabbath to Sabbath in His house. And He made His selection according to the terms of our request. He laid His hand upon the head of George Taylor as though He had said, 'This man then will I choose; for have you any better than he?'

"You will still press the question, how did God say that? How did He reach the heart of the young man whom He had chosen, and how did He incline him to offer his services for the foreign field? It may have been partly by means of the prominence given to the work of

foreign missions by the faithfully observed Monthly Concert of prayer, and the instruction given on those occasions on the duty and privilege of carrying the blessings of the Gospel to the heathen, and partly by the influence exerted by personal acquaintance with the foreign missionaries of whom quite a number came from time to time to visit Burlington and to tell the people in intensely interesting addresses of the manners and customs and the deep degradation and spiritual need of the people in heathen lands. Such men as Hunter Corbett of Chefoo in China, Wynkoop, Kellogg, Heyl, Brodhead and Tracy of India, and Nassau of Africa, doubtless made deep impressions on the young candidate for Christ's service; and the eloquent addresses of secretaries of the Board like Dr. Ellinwood served to confirm the feelings which were aroused. I remember, that one day I said to him, after I had been reading the work which Dr. B. C. Henry wrote on China, 'George, here is a book which may interest you, particularly in the section which tells of the medical work in China.' I think we had no further conversation on the subject. He simply took the book home and after a time returned it to me with thanks but with no comment whatever. The years passed on and at last when his term in the Hospital was concluded, he called one day in the fall of the year and sat down by the bright fire in my parlour and talked with me until a late hour about his duty for the future, where he might wisely settle and enter upon the practice of that profession for which he had so long and laboriously been making preparation. He told me of friends who were earnestly urging him to settle at Salt Lake City, at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and other places. I listened to the

somewhat long recital and advised that, so far as it was practicable, he visit the places suggested and determine what was best after careful, personal investigation.' About midnight, as we sat by the light of the fire, he suddenly turned to me with the quiet but to me, startling, because utterly unexpected question, 'Mr. Hodge, have you not had in mind some other plan for me?' Before I could well recover from my astonishment he added, 'Did you not intend that I should be a foreign missionary?' I feel sure that I had never given any hint or suggestion on the subject, except to call his attention to the description given by Dr. Henry of medical work in China. I had not the least idea that he had taken the subject into serious consideration. I thought at once of his mother, a widow whose heart was wrapped up in this son. I wondered whether there was really a call from God, and I did not dare to do more than say that we would test the matter, by writing to Dr. Ellinwood, to ask whether there was at that time an opening on the foreign field for a medical missionary, and if so whether the Board had funds sufficient to send out such a missionary. I wrote to Dr. Ellinwood without mentioning any names, only assuring him that I had in mind a man in whom the most implicit confidence could be placed. The reply came to the effect that the treasury of the Board had not been in so impoverished a condition for many a long year, that there were therefore no funds for the purpose suggested, and even if there were funds, there was no place in particular just then to which the Board would feel disposed to send a medical missionary. When Dr. Taylor heard that letter read, he said at once, 'That settles the matter.' I said nothing, but I thought otherwise. I believed that

the hand of God was in it. Soon afterwards I was with Dr. Ellinwood at a meeting of the Synod of New Jersey, and asked him whether he remembered our correspondence. He replied, 'Yes, I do; and after I wrote to you, I received such a pathetic appeal for a medical missionary to be stationed at Wei Hien that I think we shall have to send one to that place even if we have to borrow the money to enable us to do so.' When Dr. Taylor heard this he said that he would not act anonymously any longer but would go on to New York in person to see Dr. Ellinwood. Just before his arrival at the office of the Board another application for medical help in China had been received,—this time with an offer of money to carry out the wishes of the applicants. The friends of Dr. Boudinot C. Atterbury, who had for some time been carrying on hospital work in the city of Peking, near the An Ting Gate of the North Wall, had become alarmed for his health, believing that he was carrying a burden far too heavy for the shoulders of any one man. They accordingly came to the Board to say that, if that body would find a well-equipped man who proved acceptable to them when they came to meet him they would provide his outfit, pay his travelling expenses to Peking and his salary for one year. Here was evidence that I was right in my judgment that the hand of God was in the whole matter.

"I could of course assure the Board and the friends of Dr. Atterbury that in George Taylor they would find a man in whom the most implicit confidence could be placed. The more they saw of him the more they seemed to be pleased, and the result of all was that he sailed for China and reported for work at Peking.

"His name first appears in the Board's Annual Report for 1887. In the report of 1888 we find the following mention made of the early promise of success in his calling: 'Dr. Taylor, who arrived about the beginning of the new year for the purpose of assisting Dr. Atterbury in the hospital and dispensary work and in the instruction of the medical class, has made such progress in the language, as to be already able to dispense with an interpreter in the prosecution of his medical practice. He opened a dispensary during the summer months at the "Hills" some fifteen miles from Peking, where once each week he prescribed for the sick.'

"I have had conversation with Dr. Atterbury with regard to Dr. Taylor's subsequent attainments. He said to me that Dr. Taylor became a superior linguist, well versed in the written and spoken dialects of the people. 'He is only too modest,' said he, 'about himself. His skill as a surgeon is of a high order.'

"Dr. Taylor never married, and his friends both in this country and in China were sometimes quite anxious, lest he might not take sufficient care of his health. A wife would have exercised some control and restraint when in the prosecution of his labours, particularly in his journeys into the country, he was tempted unduly to expose himself to the inclemency of the weather and the peculiar inconveniences of travelling in China.

"His mother maintained a constant correspondence with him and wrote so fully, that we used to think that he was more fully informed of what was transpiring in Burlington than were most of the inhabitants of the place. His own letters were as faithfully written in return.

"The time came for an advance and the im-

portant city of Paotingfu was selected for a new station. The money for the buildings was obtained, as I understand, by the personal exertions of Dr. Taylor when he came to this country on furlough. The ground selected was about two miles outside of the city wall away from its bad smells and unsanitary condition. A wall of grey brick was built around it and four dwelling-houses of the same material were erected near to the North Wall for protection from the wind. Another inclosure, or Compound was enclosed with a wall of sun-dried bricks immediately adjoining the other. In this was the chapel, the dispensary, with Dr. Taylor's study, and the two hospital wards. The dwelling-houses were occupied by Mrs. Lowrie, widow of Rev. Reuben Lowrie, who died at Shanghai in 1860 after six years of missionary labour in China, with the Rev. J. Walter Lowrie her son, Rev. F. E. Simcox and family, Dr. B. C. Atterbury and family and Dr. George Yardley Taylor. The Atterbury house was left vacant by the return of Dr. Atterbury to America two or three years ago. The state of his health was found to be such that he was forbidden by his physician to go again to China and he is now labouring for the Chinese in San Francisco. Dr. Taylor was greatly favoured in his association with such able and delightful people. He could not say enough in his letters of the brotherly love which subsisted between Dr. Atterbury and himself through all the years of association in medical work. Of Mr. J. Walter Lowrie Father Endeavour Clarke wrote, after his recent visit to Paotingfu: 'Surely he is the St. John of North China.'

"When my son and his wife dedicated their lives to the foreign missionary field I was ex-

tremely anxious that their novitiate should be spent with Dr. Taylor, and when all difficulties were removed out of the way and the arrangements completed I felt very happy about it. I little knew to what a post of danger I was sending them. The arrangement would, I knew, be mutually delightful. Dr. Taylor, from the hour he learned that this plan could be carried out, seemed to devote himself to the task of providing for their comfort and happiness, seeking to shield them from every trial that could be avoided, and trying by every means to discover from us and others if there were any things that gave them annoyance which had not fallen under his observation. A letter of welcome must greet the newcomers at Shanghai, and at Taku he must present himself to offer escort, save them from the host of coolies all clamouring to be employed and conduct them safely to their house which he had put in order for their reception. How happy they were in each other's company! What large prospects of useful labour opened before the imaginations of the two young physicians who were bravely uniting their efforts for the healing of China's suffering millions!"

Dr. Taylor arrived at Paotingfu some time near the first of December, 1893. With Dr. Whiting and Mr. Miller he found congenial fellowship. It was a new station and in its formative period. They had such quarters only as they could rent. The accommodations were not the best, yet they were able in Chinese quarters to enjoy a fair measure of comfort and to inaugurate a work for which the Church will have continued reasons to

WEST GATE OF PRESBYTERIAN COMPOUND.

PRESBYTERIAN CHAPEL.

be especially thankful. Dr. Taylor immediately entered upon his duties in connection with the new dispensary and the large outdoor practice which naturally comes to a physician of his skill and reputation. Dr. Whiting was instant in season and out of season in the preaching of the Word and in the labours incident to superintending the entire work of erecting and equipping buildings on the site for this new station. In the spring Mr. Miller returned to America and on the 26th of July was married to Miss Mary McGaw of Elvaston, Illinois, and in the fall, with his bride, again returned to take up the work of the station. A dwelling-house, some outbuildings and suitable quarters for a dispensary had in the meantime been erected. The work was progressing and the station was quite well established in its new quarters when these four were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Simcox and little Paul, and a short time after by the Rev. J. Walter Lowrie and his mother. It was at this point in the Paotingfu work that Dr. Whiting retired, and with his family who had now returned from America, resumed his duties at Peking.

The story of the first winter spent by this little band and of the anxious hours experienced at the other Compounds of Paotingfu during the same winter is a very thrilling one. It was a winter of very great anxiety, when for weeks at a time they scarcely knew a day free from startling rumours and dark portents; yet they lived on from day to

day, trusting God, but when the summer came, they began to feel a measure of safety and began to renew their efforts to advance the work along all possible lines. There being but one dwelling-house at the station the Simcoxes, as already said, accepted the kind offer of Dr. Noble to occupy a vacant house at the American Board Compound, while Dr. Taylor, the Lowries and the Millers managed to make the one house serve the uses of all. Then follows the busy year of 1895. On the 8th of April of that year Dr. Taylor left Paotingfu for America to spend a year in special studies, and the other members of the station gave themselves to the work for which they had come to the field, with a zeal which makes this year stand out as one of very special activity in the building up of the station. Mr. Lowrie and his mother, who were really veteran missionaries, found their hands full of evangelistic labours, and Mr. Miller and Mr. Simcox with their wives were earnestly striving for the mastery of the Chinese language without which they could not hope to have power as heralds of the Cross. It was also during the summer of 1895 that Mr. Simcox, having been previously authorised by the Board, erected a large and beautiful brick dwelling-house, the pride and joy of Mrs. Simcox, and which was to be their dear home for almost five years and the altar upon which they would one day seal their devotion to China.

That was a precious home! In that dear house

REV. AND MRS. J. ALBERT MILLER AND THEIR CHILDREN.

whose image is graven on more hearts than one, there were spent almost five years of domestic life as sweet and pure as ever sent fragrance out over spiritually barren wastes. It was a home, where husband and wife in the very perfection of mutual love and trust, at the close of many a trying day of missionary service, gathered the little ones about them, glad for what was and thankful for all the loving kindnesses of God and the special favour of His choice of them to do the work He had marked out before them. It was not a cloudless life however even in the Simcox home. If the men found oppositions and revilings as they went about their duties in the city and the villages, the women also had their trials, often of a domestic nature, and yet with all and more they were willing to battle for the precious joy of doing something to lift those about them into the light of the faith they so much loved. If but for the light it throws on the domestic side of a missionary's life, especially the side of petty trials, a letter by Mrs. Simcox under date of November the 3rd, 1895, deserves a place in this chapter:

"I have almost constantly little trials with the servants, as every one here has. It tries me dreadfully. None of them will do perfectly right unless constantly watched. They take it for granted that they know everything and go ahead, and do things without asking and nearly always wrong. Our boy one day lifted hot ashes in a new sheet-iron water bucket which Frank had carefully painted and burnt the paint all off. The

same day my woman sewed two fronts of two different flannel garments together instead of a back and a front. The same day Frank found a coolie who was working for him lying in the parlour on our lounge with a fur rug thrown over him. He said he had a chill; I guess he was tired working. And so it goes; no one knows what will happen next. The clothes are often very poorly ironed, sometimes scorched dreadfully. The boy slights the sweeping and dusting, and if I don't go and do it myself I get a shamed face when some one comes. We have to trust servants to buy our food, coal, cloth, horse feed, milk, matting, or whatever we want, and he of course gets a 'squeeze,' and if we are not sharp will get a poor quality and charge for a good, or will cheat us in the weighing or measuring, or will deliberately charge two or three prices.

"I give out so much soap for washing, the boy comes and says, it isn't enough. I have to give more or my clothes won't be clean, although I feel sure, he uses it for himself. The same with starch, etc. The boy fills the lamps. I cannot stand and watch him, and I cannot tell how much oil he steals. I don't know how much of my flour, meat, sugar, tea, fruit and vegetables they eat themselves. But I must not tell anything more or you will have a very poor opinion of the Chinamen. It will give you some idea of our domestic trials. Frank is considered hard on his servants but I just know they cheat him anyhow, although not so much as they do some people. Still it is impossible to do without them. People at home do not understand the customs of this country, and how it would be absolutely impossible to do without a cook. A foreigner could not go on the street and buy. The sellers would charge him

sixteen prices; besides he would be hooted. Then a table boy is indispensable for the houses are so arranged, that the food is brought some little distance and a cook would not and could not very well bring the food to the table. Food is served in courses and while one course is being served, another is being prepared on the one small hole in the stove. Our table boy is also washerman and houseboy and hostler and does whatever we ask him to do. Some are too independent to do so many kinds of work. A woman is also necessary where there are children, for there are many times when one is obliged to be away from the nursery, and then the other servants would be shocked, if the Tai Tai were to go out to the washroom to do baby's washing and a boy would leave in indignation, if he were asked to do baby's washing or any badly soiled articles, if they had not first been washed by a woman. Then the climate here is such that it is absolutely necessary that a child be out in the open air at the proper times,—when it is not too hot in summer and not too late in the evening in autumn and not too cold in winter. etc., and the mother cannot always go just at those times.

"We have a third boy now and I suppose he could be gotten along without, but he is a very useful fellow to have around, and his wages are almost nothing, and we don't like to send him to his home where he will not have enough to eat, and then he is such a nice young boy, and lastly he is a special friend of Paul's, and for his sake we like to keep him.

"When Paul gets well and his little express wagon comes, they can have great times together. You see it means a great deal to Paul here where he almost never sees another child, to have a play-

fellow of some kind. Besides we need him for errand boy very much. We are three miles from the South Suburb, and of course we have dealings with those people, and then all of our mail has to be brought from and sent to them.

"Well, besides these we have a share in the gate-keeper and the watchman. They are employed by all the people in the Compound, and they also have other duties besides keeping gate and watching at night. The gate-keeper makes our gardens, goes to the city to call workmen or a cart, or anything we want. The watchman carries all the water for all the families. Besides these every family employs a teacher. Mrs. Lowrie has a boy here whom she has taken to bring up, and so on until as you see we have a good many people about us, but all quite necessary.

"There is a great deal of talk among certain classes at home that missionaries live extravagantly. I do not think there is any truth in it whatever. Of course we do have some things that might be counted luxuries at home, but we have to do without many things that are counted necessaries at home. Our fruits might be counted luxuries at home, but their cost is almost nothing, when compared with what they would be at home. Then if missionaries do have a few luxuries, I say, 'Let them have them;' for there is not one of those people who talk so at home, who would come here and live in the midst of smallpox, cholera, fevers and malaria, besides lots of others, for three times the sum given to missionaries, and without doing all the hard work and awfully tryings things a missionary is expected to do."

IX

FRUITFUL LABOURS

When Miss Morrill, on the 12th of April, 1897, left Paotingfu for a rest in the homeland, she was in a real sense a veteran missionary. Eight years had elapsed since she bade good-bye to her friends in Portland, Maine, to go forth to the foreign field. She had been a diligent worker and made such progress in the mastery of the Chinese language, in the first two years, that in the third year she was qualified to take her full share of responsibility for the work then under the care of the American Board at that point. She was a fruitful as well as tireless worker, and, whether in the management of the Girls' School, or in the instruction of Chinese women in the surrounding district, she seemed to those conversant with the needs of the station a very indispensable member of their working force. It became however imperative that she should remit her duties there for a time and enjoy a season of rest and relaxation. It seemed that she could hardly be spared, and yet her enforced vacation was not without its compensation to the work and workers. Miss Gould, who had arrived in October, 1893,

and who in less than a year was able to take her place among experienced workers in the discharge of the practical duties of missionary service had not until Miss Morrill left for America felt the full weight of responsibility for the Girls' School and the other duties of her post. More or less she had depended on Miss Morrill for counsel in deciding the many perplexing questions which were constantly arising, and though eminently qualified for every requirement of the School and the other interests with which Miss Morrill was accustomed to deal, she had not hitherto felt the necessity of taking the initiative in the management of affairs. Now she was left in charge of very important interests and practically to her own resources.

Miss Morrill's vacation was of inestimable value to Miss Gould. She was face to face with a great work for which she must plan and in which she must now take the lead. So far as Dr. Noble and Mr. Ewing could advise and assist her in the general management of affairs they were always ready and their help was greatly appreciated; but in the thousand matters of detail in dealing with the internal concerns of the School and in meeting the daily problems, which in such a work require patience and good judgment, all these devolved entirely upon Miss Gould. Daily she grew in experience and power, and more and more proved her preeminent fitness for the responsible post. It was a heavy load to carry; and there is no doubt that when Miss Morrill returned after

HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY PATIENTS AND ASSISTANTS
(MISS MORRILL SITTING IN THE DOORWAY).

an absence of more than a year and a half, the joy of their meeting at Tientsin, on Miss Gould's part, was very largely deepened by the sense of a heavy weight henceforth lifted from her shoulders, or borne as a common burden by Miss Morrill and herself.

It was a time of intense activities. Indeed from January, 1897, until October, 1898, when a great change seemed to come over the spirit of the Empire, missionary labours in all North China were abundantly blessed. At Paotingfu the officials had never seemed more friendly than during this period. At both the North and the South Suburb there was joy over the success of mission work. Dr. Noble's hands had perhaps never before been so full of exacting, yet fruitful services in the constantly enlarging field of medical work, and Mr. Ewing both in the city and environs as well as in distant villages of that large district found his itinerating labours crowned with gratifying success. If in the two previous years there had been serious interruptions incident to the unsettled state of the country growing out of the War of '94 between China and Japan, now there was comparative quiet from distracting rumours, as well as from persecutions, and it did seem that henceforth the Gospel would have free course.

At the North Suburb the Presbyterians were no less active and successful. The systematic instruction of all seekers after the truth was in vogue at both stations. In the itinerating tours

which the missionaries regularly made even to quite distant points many were found who were desirous to learn more of the doctrine, and these were often brought to the Compounds in very large classes and kept for a week or ten days at a time to be systematically and faithfully taught. The purpose was strong among the workers in this field, that the work should be a self-supporting work, that under no circumstances should inducements be held out to men and women to seek the communion of the Church save the great good and joy which come from the acceptance of Jesus Christ, and Mrs. Simcox in writing under date of January 12th, 1897, only voices the settled purpose of those with whom she was associated:

"Frank has been working hard all day long for ten days with a new class of inquirers,—about fifty, and it takes all of his and Mr. Lowrie's time to teach them. Some of these are very promising indeed, but some are entirely worthless,—so it seems now—but we hope they will all get enough of the truth to save them.

"We are starting on the self-supporting plan, and although it is a slow way to fill up a Church, it is certainly a more permanent way than that followed heretofore. It is good to get in even one or two who are really genuine. The greater part are only 'rice Christians.' The majority of our inquirers are from Man Ch'eng, about fifteen miles from here, where Frank, Dr. Atterbury and Mr. Lowrie all work. But the sad part of it all is that the Catholics are working there now too and are sending women to work in the homes and are

paying money for followers. Some of our inquirers and friends there are very much exercised over the way they are doing. We do need a lady evangelist to send into those homes to keep what we have gained."

"January the 26th.

Mr. Simcox said: "During this month we have had a class of over forty for ten days. Some of them are earnest seekers after the truth. What China needs is that God shall raise up out of her own sons those who shall be fully consecrated to Him, as foreigners can never convert China. The better classes all hate us, and despise us and have nothing to do with us, except a few who know something of foreign lands and customs.

"The local official who would rank above a country judge did a brave and noble act the other day by destroying a temple. It was the Temple of the Five Animals,—rabbit, fox, hedgehog, rat and wolf,—and where a large number of people worshipped, high and low. The place had become unusually filthy and he threatened to destroy it some time ago but was persuaded out of it, but the other day he again heard of its vileness, and went and knocked down the idols, smashed up things in general and arrested the priest. It created a big excitement among its devotees as something unheard of. Oh, that more of it might be done in the interest of truth!"

"February 20th, '97.

"Dr. and Mrs. Atterbury and the children, Boudinot and Daisy of our Mission, Miss Morrill of the Congregational Mission here, the Aments of Peking and the Misses Wykoff of Pang Chwang all go home in April. It will be lonely for us after the Atterburys leave.

"I went with Mrs. Lowrie to call on the Fu T'ai, or Prefect, in the city. His office is almost the same as Governor at home. We went especially to see his old mother, who is over seventy years of age, and on whom Mrs. Lowrie had called before. I took Francis along and the nurse. They were delighted to see the baby; but oh, the crowd of people! There were at least sixty women, girls and boys, all relatives, wives and concubines of the Fu T'ai himself and the wives and concubines of the Fu T'ai's younger brother and their children. They almost frightened Francis to death at first. They made such an uproarious fuss over him. All wanted to take him but he just wouldn't go to any of them, and resented it when they would take hold of his hands and feet. They could not keep their hands off him. They can't understand how he can be so white without powder.

"We stayed a full hour and it was pretty tiresome to the little fellow. They served us with a very nice luncheon; gave us tea to drink when we arrived, hot condensed milk with a very bad taste to drink at lunch, and horrid coffee when we left. They went to a lot of trouble for us. And now two of the leading wives say they are coming out to see us next week. MAY G. SIMCOX."

Here follows a letter to the ladies of the Clearfield, Pa., Church, of which Church Mr. and Mrs. Simcox were the missionary representatives:

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*February the 22nd*, 1897.

"DEAR SISTERS IN CHRIST: As I look out of my window to-day towards the South, South East

and South West, I see hundreds of white tent-like objects. As far as the eye can see they are in rows, in groups, and by ones and twos, and I am almost certain that if you, dear friends, were to be transported suddenly to this place, and for the first time viewed the white display, you would exclaim. 'We must be living in olden times and it is the Children of Israel encamped upon the plain before us!' But it is not an encampment that is dotting the plain and which greets our eyes by moonlight as well as by the light of the sun. It is nothing more or less than graves!—Graves of the ancestors of this people,—graves here, graves there, raised to the height of four or five feet, and conical in shape. The warm sun has melted the snow from every other spot save the north side of those desolate heaps which now stand out in dazzling whiteness against the surrounding earth, and reveal to us the fact that we dwell in a land of graves.

"I sometimes wonder as I see the farmer carefully tilling the land that lies between these sacred heaps, and which he must necessarily avoid, if the time will ever come when there will be no room for crops. But it is true that many of the graves are neglected and allowed to become level with the ground. Our plain is also dotted here and there with pretty little groves of pine where sleep the ancestors of the wealthy.

"The people at this season just following the New Year festivities are spending much time, strength and money in worshipping at these graves. They weep and wail as they bow and knock their heads upon the ground. Feasts at fixed dates are carried to the graves, and after being offered to the ancestors are eaten by the worshippers.

"At the beginning of the winter, on a set day, every family burns small paper garments, holding them in the air on the end of a stick at the height that the ancestor's form was supposed to measure, and the said ancestor's spirit will have a warm garment of proper size and fit to keep him comfortable during the winter.

"A short distance in front of our house is a small grove of trees under which are graves similar in shape to those in our own land. It belongs to Mohammedans who win my heart to the extent that they give children a burial place in their cemeteries. No children's graves are seen in Chinese burial grounds in all China. No matter how wealthy the family, or how dearly beloved the child, when it dies its remains are simply thrown away,—some coolie given a few cash to carry it away somewhere from sight, and the mother, father, sister, or brother will smilingly tell us, that the child has been thrown away, and no sign of loss or grief is shown, even if the heart *is* sore. Cruel, wicked custom! I *cannot* forgive China for *this*. Simply because a child has not arrived at the age when it can become a progenitor, the body of the little one is thrown away. Surely you will agree, that this the chief form of worship in China is not only wicked in itself, but that it leads to cruel and inhuman results.

"If the mothers in America could witness the sights missionaries see,—if they could see the bodies of little children dragged about by the scavenger dogs, could they rest until they had done all in their power to send the Gospel to this lost people? We *do not* grow accustomed to such sights. They make the heart sore and fill our nights with awful nightmares.

"But this is not to be compared with the fact

that living babies are sometimes thrown out to die, because the families think they are too poor to keep them. How sweet the thought to us is, that when we trust our Heavenly Father, He will provide for us and ours; and how we long to teach this people that He will care for them too!

"The local magistrate of our city, who before his transfer to this place has in different ways shown his hatred of idol worship, has destroyed with his own hands the gods that were worshipped in two different temples in the city. It is not so far as we know, because he has been influenced by Christianity, that he dared thus defy the people but because he is a fearless and just man and would not suffer the corruption which he found to exist in these temples. This event shows advancement. God does use unrighteous men to advance His Kingdom. Thanks to His holy name!

"Yours most sincerely and with loving remembrance, MAY GILSON SIMCOX."

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,

"*March the 1st*, 1897.

"MY DEAR MRS. REED: We are all well at present. Mr. Simcox is in the country and it is most desolate without him. He will be out most of the time until hot weather. One comfort is in the fact that he is not more than a day's travel away from us most of the time.

"The morning that he started this time he received word in the mail of the death of his youngest sister, Bertha, who had been married less than two years. She died on Christmas morning in one hour after giving birth to a baby girl. He received news also of the death of a little nephew of six months. The trials seem to come upon us

so heavily here, for being so far separated we don't seem to be able to receive or give the sympathy that would be possible if we were among our friends. It is one of the hard crosses to bear. It is also beginning to appear that the going home on furlough will be a trying time on account of the many changes that will meet us; but the dear Lord is drawing us away from earth and closer to Himself by these bereavements. They teach hard lessons but they are what we need.

"A dear old lady who comes every Sabbath to a little service I hold for women and girls seems to be a true Christian as far as her knowledge goes. Mrs. Lowrie has taught her to read a little and she is able to read the first six chapters in Mark's Gospel herself and she seems to read so intelligently. So many are so taken up with the character that they do not get any meaning out of what they read. I chanced to speak of a miracle which Jesus had performed, and her old face brightened up and she exclaimed with her hand raised, 'Mark tells about that.' And then she told the miracle of Jesus healing the withered hand so simply and so earnestly. It is so pleasing to note her progress. I sometimes ask her to offer prayer. At first I had to tell her when I thought she had prayed enough (no doubt you will smile), but she could only repeat and repeat a few phrases; but now she can offer a very nice and apparently earnest little prayer. How blessed to know that the Lord does hear and does bless, when his children pray out of an earnest heart, even if the language is not well used or beautiful to hear.

"Do not cease praying for us, that we may be enabled through His grace to lead many of these poor people to a saving knowledge of Him.

"Paul wants to send hugs and kisses to Aunt Beckie. Hugs: O O O O O O; kisses: X X X X X X.

"With much love to you all,

"MAY G. SIMCOX."

Sabbath, April the 4th, was a precious day at Man Ch'eng. For more than a year Mr. Simcox with Mr. Lowrie and Dr. Atterbury had been labouring in this field. At first the way of access to the hearts of the people was not easy, and the sowing of the seed seemed for the most part to be on stony places or where there was not much depth of soil, but by and by when class after class had been brought to the Compound for instruction, and after months of faithful itinerating in all that region there was manifested a decided response to their prayers and labours, and on the day above mentioned Mr. Simcox had the great joy of baptising a number of Christians who gave proof in their changed lives of the power of divine grace, and on that precious day held the first communion service ever held in that field. It was the first formal recognition by the little Church of Man Ch'eng of the death and sufferings of Christ. At that table where they celebrated the love of the atoning Saviour there were some who were to be called at no distant day to walk through the deepest waters of trial and persecution, and the one who broke the bread and poured the cup to give up his own life for the faith he loved.

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*May the 9th*, 1897.

"MY DEAR MRS. REED: I promised to write you soon but as usual have not much to write regarding mission work. You see I don't do very much. Mr. Simcox is in the country now and oh, how I would love to be with him trying to do something for the women where he is teaching the men. But God has given me two little charges at home which demand care and attention, and lively charges they are! I scarcely get five consecutive minutes to myself. But I guess you know what boys of this age are like. They are both well and as happy as they can be. They play out doors a great deal. Paul is passionately fond of flowers and gardening. He is digging most of the time but the results of his labours do not appear, as he takes everything up he has planted, either to change the location or to see that it is growing. Francis is just as cute and bright as he can be. He runs about everywhere after Paul. They make a lively team.

"I have just been hearing my little class of girls, and I do enjoy them so much. I have learned to love some of them very dearly. They are just as sweet and pretty as they can be. One of the largest who is just thirteen years of age was betrothed day before yesterday and will be married in ten days. When we remonstrated with the mother, she said there was no help for it as they were too poor to support her. They had no covers for their beds all winter. This is the first time that this has happened to any one whom I cared for, and it makes me feel what a dreadful custom it is. Poor girl! She will be the slave of the mother-in-law who no doubt wants her

simply for the work she can do. It makes my heart very sad, but the day has been set and there is no help for her. We do hope that the light she has received while under the teaching of the foreigners here will go with her and that in some way she may be able to influence the new family into which she goes. Oh, there is so much work to be done about us here that we are unable to do! I constantly long for the time when I can go out among the villages!

"We are expecting a class of women in to-morrow from Man Ch'eng where Mr. Simcox works, and I hope to do something towards teaching them. There are so many, many women that we could reach if only we had the workers and the means. The Atterburys have left for America principally on account of their little boy who lost his foot last summer. There are only four gentlemen and three ladies in our force now; and the ladies are not very efficient workers, excepting Mrs. Lowrie, for Mrs. Miller and myself are rather tied at home. We have some hope of a lady physician the coming autumn who will be supported by friends of Dr. Atterbury. Of course there is no hope of any help from the Board, as they are in such straitened circumstances. We need another house here very much when the Atterburys return (the Millers are occupying their house), but there is not much hope of getting a new house.

"Our work will be crippled not a little even after the members have contributed all in their power, and yet the cut will not fall so heavily on our work as on older work.

"Paul wants to send hugs and kisses to Aunt Becky. O O O O O O; X X X X X X.

"With much love,

"May Gilson Simcox."

In the following letter we have "the cloud no bigger than a man's hand," scarcely discernible in the blue skies (comparatively blue skies), which had looked down on our dear workers at both Compounds from the final settlement of the troubles between China and Japan in 1895. It was "no bigger than a man's hand," troubles, prejudices, enmities growing out of the railroad then being built from Peking to Paotingfu and Southward. Little did any one then know how that cloud would grow; and little did any one outside the walls of the Forbidden City dream of the dark, diabolical, secret machinations only waiting an opportune time to overturn the government of China and sweep from the land the last vestige of foreign influence and power. Little did any one imagine that the cloud would increase in size until the whole heavens would become strangely dark,—the pent-up wrath of a hurricane lowering upon the devoted missionaries and so soon to break forth a swift besom of destruction and death.

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*May the 16th,* 1897.

"MY DEAR MAMMA: I have been expecting a letter from you ever since the news of Grandma Ketler's death came. I knew you would write whenever you could, and I only fear that you will be sick yourself after waiting on her. I know how lonely you will feel and how you will miss her. I never thought when I bade her good-bye,

SOUTH SUBURB, PAOTINGFU.

that I should not see her again on earth. She was always so young and made herself one of us. How much she seemed to enjoy young folks! It does not seem possible that she is gone. She was always so good to us all. When I think of how much she was to you, I do feel for you so much, and how terrible it must have been for you to witness her sufferings. So many, many of our friends have gone over since we came away. It seems that if they keep on going we will be strangers in our homeland, when the time comes to go home; but we won't be strangers in Heaven, will we? Still I know, we won't feel like strangers in every sense in America, for there everybody will be our friend and we will enjoy Christian fellowship so much. Oh, you don't know how much we miss that privilege here! We are in the midst of enemies here. Nearly all the faces that we meet aside from our little circle here are unfriendly.

"The new railroad is in progress near us. They are building the road-bed, and the rumours among the people are something terrible. You have no idea the stories they tell and believe regarding the foreigners. They say, that at every curve in the road a Chinese boy and girl are buried, that the foreigners have a medicine that they puff into a boy's nose and he immediately follows the foreigner who eventually kills him. They have some superstition regarding the burying of bodies underneath the road, good luck, or some such thing. They tell that there is a man's body buried under every corner of our houses here.

"For several days a couple of little boys followed Mr. Lowrie out of the city. They would run along close to him clear outside of the walls

evidently to arouse suspicion. He finally got them to stop it.

"The Emperor has dismissed a lot of soldiers from a large encampment to the south of this city in order to save some money to put in the railroad and they are very angry and are telling false stories on the foreigners. You see that all the Chinese believe that we are here for political reasons, or for business of some kind, and simply because we are foreigners we get the blame for everything. The farmers are angry that their land is being cut through and on the whole you see, we at present receive very unfriendly treatment. We do not expect any disturbance from these people. Still there's a possibility of it, and Mr. Lowrie thinks we ladies should not be left alone in the Compound. I have no fears of any unless it should be the soldiers; but when this has all passed over and we can go on a railroad to Peking, we will feel repaid for any unpleasantness now.

"We will leave for the sea-shore in about three weeks. Frank is in the country; will be home this evening. I am thankful to say that he took a revolver with him this time. I was so frightened when he was out two weeks ago, for he intended coming home on Saturday evening, and did not come until Tuesday morning. I thought he had been murdered. He travels all alone and I feel a good deal more at ease, if he has a revolver with him. There are some outlaws everywhere. Of course in the place where we have a few Christians he is all right, but it is when he is on the way to and from there, that I have fears for him."

"May G. Simcox."

X

FOUR SUMMERS BY THE SEA

If there was a really green spot, an oasis, in the life of the missionaries of Paotingfu, that green spot was Pei-tai-ho, and especially during the summers of '96, '97, '98, and '99. On the coast, one hundred and sixty miles by rail, north of Tientsin, it was the place of all others in North China, where overworked missionaries might find rest and recuperation, and where most delightful fellowships with those of their class might be formed. The location being on the sea coast and at a place favoured by nature for delightful recreation and the promotion of health soon led many missionaries of different denominations as well as many tradespeople to avail themselves of the unusual advantages of the place, and in the summer months it became the temporary home of a large and influential Christian community. The missionaries erected cottages at their own expense and thus made an investment which brought large returns to the Church in the way of physically invigorated workers, who under the stress of exacting duties are often in great danger of being invalided, if not permanently, at least for long periods. It was an investment for the Church

in the increased missionary enthusiasm awakened by contact with other consecrated workers from various parts of China, and a really bright spot in missionary experience was made against the sometimes dark background of trials and discouragements incident to the daily routine of the mission field.

Before attempting to paint the picture of Pei-tai-ho, it seems well to introduce some letters bearing on the theme of this chapter and containing some history which may be of interest to the friends in the homeland and suggestive to missionaries of matters of very tender reminiscence:

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*June 21st*, 1896.

"MY DEAR MAMMA: The Millers go down to Tientsin to-morrow and I must write you a little note to send along. We are going to have Francis Raymond baptised to-day. Paul has malaria, poor little fellow! It makes my heart ache. He has no appetite and he is falling away so rapidly; his little arms are just like pipe-stems, and he is as white as death—no blood it seems. Isn't it too bad for so small a child to have it? I am so anxious to get off to the seaside, for I think it will surely benefit him. Our house there is not yet done; I do hope it will be soon.

"I am not sorry we are spending the money now since Paul is sick. If we had not done so and decided to stay here, I should have felt we did not do right—that the money came at the right time and we were too penurious to use it. We did hesitate a long time and thought perhaps we

might need it more some other time, but I am glad now that we went ahead.

"The Hayners have lost little Dorothy. You know the Hayners, the Fenns and we came out at the same time and are friends. The first summer we all had little babies. I think I wrote you about our all being together so much, and how they called us 'the three little girls with their dolls.' We three young women seemed to be like sisters, —and now the dear little girl of our party is dead! It *does* seem *so sad*. We all feel it so much. It is especially hard for such things to happen out here away from friends. But this is one of the crosses we must bear for Christ. She died of dysentery. Mrs. Hayner had a little boy just a week old when Dorothy died.

"Paul talks all the time,—says, 'Papa has gone to Man Ch'eng.' He says, he wants to send you some kisses; X X X X X X, kisses O O O O O O, hugs. Paul made these and wants to send more, thinks these are not enough. He sends to 'Gra'ma': O O O O O O; X X X X X X.

"With very much love to you all from us all and always remembrance of you all in prayers,

"Lovingly yours,

"MAY G. SIMCOX."

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,

"*June the* 30*th*, 1896.

"DEAR SISTER: We had hoped to have our summer house at Pei-tai-ho done before this, but it is not finished yet, and we don't know when it will be. This month has been very hot, much warmer than last year, and the next two months will be of course hot and rainy.

"Paul has been troubled with malaria for some time. He would have a high fever one day and night when he would perspire dreadfully; the next day he would be better. He is now much better, but we are afraid he will not be entirely well until we get away to the sea-shore.

"Little Francis is well and strong. He is so good and cute, laughs and plays all the time and is growing so fast. He is much larger and stronger than Paul was at his age. We had him baptised on the 21st and call him Francis Raymond.

"Dr. Atterbury is building a house joining ours on the west, and it will soon be completed. He is doing it with his *own money*, or we would not have gotten it. Dr. Taylor is on his way back from America, and we look for him here by the middle or the last of July. We will have two physicians, one to do country work, and one city work.

"We received two into the Church last Communion day, making in all five this year. There are several others who wish to enter, but we have to use more care than at home, for experience has taught us in China, that often people enter the Church from sinister motives, that is they seek help in this way. We first instruct them in the truth; then if they show by a new life signs of true conversion we take them into the Church. Some places they are not so careful and the result is the Church has many false disciples.

"I came back yesterday from a trip to Man Ch'eng where we have several inquirers. There are now several families who are interested in the Gospel and are studying the way of salvation. They have given up idolatry and worship God as best they know. The work in this place is very encouraging, as whole families are studying in-

stead of one of a family as so often happens. It is joy to see them all kneel and pray to God, and sing His songs of praise when one year ago they were still worshipping idols.

"We hope to get off soon to Pei-tai-ho, especially on Paul's account, but know it will do us all good. May and Paul and Francis all send love to you all. Paul and Francis send kisses. Remember us in prayer as we do you. O O O O O O; X X X X X X. Paul made these.

"Your loving brother,

"FRANK."

"PEI-TAI-HO, CHINA,

"*August the 1st,* 1896.

"MY DEAR MAMMA: To begin with we had a slow trip down the river to Tientsin, spending four days. Then our house here was not quite finished, so Frank came on up to fix some kind of a place for us, while Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham who had met us at Tientsin waited three days more in Tientsin together with myself and the boys; then we came up on the train on Saturday (July the 25th). We went into two unfurnished rooms in another house,—no doors, no windows, no plastering,—for a few days, then moved into our own house which we think very nice indeed. It has a lovely wide veranda, and although there are other houses in front of it, they are far enough away, that we can see over them, and our view is *perfectly lovely.* The great blue Ocean as far as the eye can reach stretches out before us! Oh, it is too good to be true, that we have such a lovely place! Every fine day we go down to the beach and go in bathing in the briny blue water. The waves are quite high sometimes and we have

great fun jumping as they strike us. I can scarcely tear myself away when I go down to the beach. Paul enjoys the shells and sand very much. He has a little bucket and shovel.

"There are thirteen houses up now, all something like ours, and there are about fifty lots in all sold, so that in a few years there will be fifty houses. Oh, it is a lovely place, cool nearly all the time and the water is so pretty both by day and night. Oh, but I *do* wish you could see it! Won't you come to see us and spend a summer here?

"I don't know when we can get the boys' pictures taken. I wish we could soon. They are so cute. Francis, we think, is about the smartest boy that ever was. I blame Frank with being partial to him; still we can't resist Paul's cute sayings and funny doings. He *does* say and do the *sweetest* things. Francis is a very 'taking' baby. He has such roguish eyes and ways. Every one is drawn to him. The little cap you sent him never came.

"There is a strong ocean breeze to-day, so cool and pleasant. Francis is now sleeping out in the hammock and the wind rocks him. Oh, how good our Heavenly Father is to permit us to have such a delightful place.

"May G. Simcox."

For four consecutive summers Pei-tai-ho was the summer home of many of the missionaries of North China. In 1896 there were but thirteen houses, but when the hot, sultry days of 1897 came the number had increased to thirty. From that time forth until the Boxer uprising in 1900 the growth of the settlement was quite phenome-

nal. Writing under date of July the 12th, 1898, Mrs. Simcox said:

"You have no idea how popular this place has become. Everybody in North China wants to come here, and lots of people are here from Shan Tung too. There are a great many business people here this year,—Germans, Belgians, French, Russians, and English as well as Americans. They are all so grateful for the place. So often these people have a sick child in Peking or Tientsin, and they would pay almost any price for a place here. A number of them have bought houses already."

In the very short space of four years the place had grown to be a Summer Resort of no small or trifling proportions. Missionaries of almost all denominations having a work in China were seeking lots for the erection of summer cottages and a most delightful community was growing up along this northern coast where every advantage for health and social pleasures could be enjoyed. It was in every sense an ideal place for summer cottages. Within one hour's ride by rail to Shan Hai Kuan and the great Chinese Wall, and in easy access of many other (intermediate) points of interest along the coast and inland, with the cool, refreshing ocean breath, as at night the cooling land invited the incoming breezes, all conspired to make Pei-tai-ho a place of intense delight to the wearied missionary while tarrying by the sea in the hot summer months, and the day-dream of

all for the remainder of the year. Rising gently and at points abruptly from the ocean beach the land furnished most beautiful and varied sites for summer homes, so that almost every family could have an unobstructed view of the beautiful, and when lashed by storm, sublime expanse of water sparkling jewel-like in calm sunshine, or white-capped and boisterous in storm, always the never-tiring object of interest and delight. Here in the very abandon of joy Mrs. Simcox with her precious family spent four delightful summers, and here with the freedom from the exacting duties of her life and work at Paotingfu she literally gave herself up to her children, and in numerous charming letters to friends at home discoursed on Paul and Francis with such perennial, inexhaustible, interesting incident and story, that Paul and Francis became to all who read her letters veritable little heroes with personalities as distinct and clear-cut as their parents could possibly be; and when late in the summer of 1899 she commenced in the superlative ecstacy and sweetness of a transcendent joy to record the daily life of baby Margaret, all knew that her cup of blessing was full.

The last summer at Pei-tai-ho was the high-water mark of the dear mother's happiness and joy. Remote from distressing and distracting rumours, again and for the last time free from the hard, stony, threatening stare of those who hated the "foreign devil," in the midst of a large

MRS. SIMCOX AND HER BOYS AT THEIR COTTAGE, PEI-TAI-HO.

circle of true friends and agreeable acquaintances, surrounded by her children and shielded from petty annoyances by a devoted husband, it was her heaven on earth, and her pen never tired in telling all the many delightful experiences of life at Pei-tai-ho. It is for the most part in brief excerpts from her letters that the attempt is here made to interest the reader in the story of four summers by the sea:

"*September the 4th,* 1896.

"Frank will start in a few days for Peking to attend the Missionary Conference, and will be gone three weeks. I dread to have him leave, for I will be so lonely, and he is such a help in caring for Paul who is constantly in mischief. I have an English lady, Mrs. Clarke, staying here now, and she will stay most of the time Frank is away. She has a baby, and her little girl is coming to-day who, I suppose, will be a playmate for Paul.

"She says she is glad to stay and enjoy everything. I have afternoon teas, etc., and try to make it pleasant for her. She is *very* nice and I like her.

"Paul is learning to talk so fast, and he jabbers all day long. He does say such cute things, talks just like an old person. He has taken a passion to-day for running to the kitchen and getting potatoes, etc., from the boy to play with. His papa tried to make him stop it and went out after him, when Paul said, 'Don't you come here, go *back,* I don't want you to come here.' He sometimes shuts up all the doors of the dining-room and then gets into the bread-box or sugar bowl.

It is so funny to see him shut the doors. He tells his papa now, 'Me make kisses for Gran'ma, papa.' His imagination is just beginning to develop, and we do laugh so at the stories he tells, and the things he does in his play. One day I had laid him down in his bed to take his P. M. sleep. I heard him spanking his leg and heard him say, 'Now you be a good boy? No? I spank you more den.' I cannot think now of the very funny things he has said, but I just put these in to give you a little idea of how he talks.

"MAY G. SIMCOX."

"PEI-TAI-HO, CHINA,

"June the 22nd, 1897.

"MY DEAR MAMMA: We reached this place one week ago after a rather pleasant journey. I believe I wrote you while on the boat. When we reached Tientsin we found the whole foreign part of the city quite exercised over the spirit the Chinese were manifesting toward the foreigners.

"On the preceding evening two gentlemen of the American Board Mission had started by boat to Pang Chwang, a station South of us, when just outside of Tientsin a mob gathered and stoned them and treated them very badly indeed. They managed to send word to the consul and other friends in Tientsin, and soldiers were sent to protect them, and to escort them beyond danger-point. Having heard that we were on the way our consul sent soldiers to meet us too, but as we knew nothing of the danger, we were not looking for them especially, and although we saw some at a distance out on a lake, we did not know they were looking for us, so passed on oblivious to every thing relating to danger, and landed safe in

Tientsin. While there we stopped with Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, of the China Inland Mission. There was much ill-feeling toward the foreigners in Tientsin. One helper had been beaten because he preached on the street. A business man had been attacked by a crowd of men after dark on his way home, and many threats had been made. One reason is the ill-feeling caused by the railroad's being built and the fearful stories that are being circulated against the foreigners of which I wrote in a recent letter. Another, and I think the great, reason is the opening on yesterday of a great Catholic Cathedral which was destroyed during the massacre of '70 and for which the Chinese have been obliged to pay. It was all destroyed at that time excepting the tower which has always confronted us as we went up the river. It occupies a most imposing site and I believe was obtained in the first place by no too honourable means. Many fear the repetition of the massacre of '70, but I hear that the Chinese magistrates have issued very stringent proclamations, and whoever makes any disturbance will lose his head; so I suppose things will quiet down for a time at any rate, but no doubt the bitter feeling will last for some time.

"This place is still very charming, and we are very glad to be here. The children are especially happy I think. Francis begs to be allowed to go down to play on the beach. He says, 'Down beach,' very plainly. He is so lively, is much farther advanced than most of the children of his age. The Coltmans are here with their five children. There are at least thirty children here now, and there will be a lot more. Paul enjoys being with other children so much, and I think it is good for him. Dr. Coltman started to drill the

children to-day and we all laughed until tired,—all sizes and styles! Oh, it was funny. Paul saw them; and I supposed, of course, he was too small, but he said, he wanted to march too, and the horn and drum and waving flags excited him wonderfully; so after supper when they drilled again Dr. Coltman took him in. Alice and Eva took charge of him and helped him to do the proper thing. He could not do right of course, but he is very proud of the fact, that he is a soldier, and said to me, 'When you speak to me, you must say, "*Soldier.*"'

"There are very many new houses going up and none are finished yet. This place seems to be very attractive to business people, as well as to missionaries. I wish you could see the children,—they are so happy here.

"May G. Simcox."

Speaking of the native Christians Mr. Simcox wrote, June the 27th, 1897:

"We have some Christians here who experience a deep Christian life, and in many cases are full of the life of the Spirit, but the temptations are greater and the helps fewer than in Christian lands. So many are weak and fail to reach as high a standard as we would like to see, but the power of Christ's life is just as effective here as at home when one is brought into fellowship with Him.

"We came here to our summer cottage last week and are enjoying ourselves very much. It is so cool and pleasant and we all enjoy the sea so much. We came earlier on account of two ladies of our Mission, Dr. Leonard and Miss McKillican. They live in Peking, and it is always advis-

able to leave there as early as possible, as the city is so filthy and unhealthful. At our station it is healthful and pleasant, excepting the heat.

"I hope to put in my summer in study and thus the time may not be lost; besides I hope I may spend much time in Bible study, and so receive much help in my spiritual life. It is hard to pump a dry well, and unless there be a filling up constantly. that is where one soon finds himself. Building houses, studying Chinese, etc., are not very conducive to a deep spiritual life, and the few years we have been here have not been as helpful as I should desire. I had the privilege of baptising nine men and women this spring, all of whom I believe know the joy of trusting our Saviour for eternal life. It was a joy to sit down with eleven of His children at the Communion and partake of that life of which those who partake never die; and I thought though they were few yet they were as many as the Saviour had on that last night when he instituted the Supper."

The foregoing celebration of the Lord's Supper has been related in the Chapter on "Fruitful Labours," a precious incident of April the 4th, '97, at Man Ch'eng. Here follows a graphic account of the celebration of the 4th of July, and the first mention of the Rev. Horace Tracy Pitkin, who henceforth must have a conspicuous place in our story. He and his wife (formerly Miss Letitia Thomas of Troy, Ohio) had just arrived after a tour of the world. Their good fame had preceded them and all were anxious and delighted to meet them and form an acquaintance with

two young people so splendidly equipped for missionary service and of whose labours among them they had reason for expecting much.

"PEI-TAI-HO, CHINA,
"*July the 8th,* 1897.

"MY DEAR MAMMA: Well, we celebrated the 4th of July on the 5th here quite successfully. We had at five o'clock an elegant supper consisting largely of sandwiches of many kinds, rolls and bread, deviled eggs, ham, tarts, cakes, candy, coffee, cocoa, and lemonade made of course of some acid. Dr. Coltman then conducted a race for the children. There was first a short program of drilling and singing by the children, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, etc. You know that we have English people here as well as Americans, and we invited the English to come as our guests. I trembled when the Declaration was read, for I feared the English would think, we had invited them and then insulted them. In the evening we had a musical and literary program which was most successful and happy in the outcome.

Speeches were made by a number of Canadians, Englishmen and Americans (U. S.). An old gentleman is here visiting his niece who has been here for fifteen years, and as he is from Charleston, S. C., he represented the South, etc., etc. The gentleman who represented England made a most witty and happy address, showing that it was the Government that made 'the mistake of long ago,' and that the hearts of the English people sympathised with the Americans, and that now all right-thinking people think the Americans did right, etc., etc.

"The music was fine. Mrs. Pitkin, just out from America, has a wonderfully fine and cultivated voice. By the way, Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin are to be located at Paotingfu under the American Board, and so will add to our little circle.

"Paul wore a tiny American flag as a badge which some one gave him. This place is very delightful. We bathe in the ocean very often, not quite every day. Dr. Leonard and Miss McKillican, of Peking, are with us. The Cunninghams who were with us last year and the Coltmans, each built a house this year. There are as many new houses this year as last year. We expect a bride and groom up here this evening. Miss Stanley, of Tientsin, was married yesterday to Mr. Gammon. On to-morrow evening Mrs. Pyke holds a reception for them to which all are invited."

"*July the 22nd,* 1897.

"More people are coming all the time. One would suppose that every house was full, but it seems that there is always room for more. Mrs. Whiting and Mabel of our Mission in Peking came this evening to be with the Cunninghams whose house is just next to ours.

"Paul was invited to a birth-day party this evening from five to seven at the Coltmans'. It is Charley's birthday. Dr. Coltman drills the children in military tactics, and they enjoy it so much."

"PEI-TAI-HO, CHINA,

"*August the 23rd,* 1897.

"MY DEAR MRS. REED: Your most welcome letter together with the pretty cards and the seeds reached us some days ago. You cannot realise how much a cheery letter from home does for us.

There are so many things here that weigh us down, and we sometimes feel that it is hard to be cheerful even, but letters from home always are most helpful.

"The pretty cards are most acceptable, and I shall feel so rich when I go back home and have them to give to the poor little people who never see anything from foreign lands excepting what we give them. I hope that the cards together with the message which we give with the cards may be the means of influencing many to come and seek after the truth.

"We all thank you so much for the seeds. I assure you they shall be cared for most tenderly. My mother sent me a few pansy seeds last year. We planted them in pots in the house in mid-winter. They grew very slowly, but I had in all about eight sturdy little plants when spring came. These we planted by the steps, and in a short time the very small and stunted plants were putting forth buds; and when the pretty flowers came out there was great rejoicing. The Chinese were especially enthusiastic over the blossoms. They would say after looking at them for a time, 'Why, they have faces! See the eyes and lips!'

"The mission meeting is held in Peking the middle of September and I would like very much to be there, especially as Mr. and Mrs. Speer are to be there. I have not quite decided whether to go or not. At this meeting there will be great efforts made towards self support. In truth we scarcely talk about anything else, than ways and means to increase self support. I sometimes get so tired of it all. It involves so much and so many petty and trying things, but it is a living question, and the younger members of our Mission are very much in favour of self support. I

only fear that they in their zeal to establish it will be too radical and will adopt too stringent rules, and also cast reflections upon the older missionaries who have been working under the old régime. I sincerely hope that there will great good come of the meeting.

" Since leaving Paotingfu the soldiers who have been camping there for three months (about 3,000) have been taking things into their own hands. A couple of subordinate officers with a few soldiers went to the Catholic Compound and when refused admission forced an entrance and beat the gate-keeper, also the French priest. The priest had the officers bound and sent off to the Yamen. The soldiers returned to Camp where the officer in charge, who is a rascal, ordered the soldiers to sack the place which they at once proceeded to do, destroyed the property, bound the French priest and took him off to camp with threats of taking his life. Here he was rescued by the magistrate, but refused to go, saying, 'They say, they will kill me; let them kill me, I want them to kill me,' and he meant it. He finally went to the Yamen with the magistrate and stayed several days. They gave him a large sum of money and escorted him back to the Compound. The soldiers the next day went about eight miles and destroyed a chapel of theirs. It is a big affair, and will cost the Chinese some hundreds of thousands to settle it and the guilty will lose their heads besides. It is now in the hands of the foreign minister in Peking and it will be pushed to the bitter end,—perhaps a few more concessions of territory, or a big Cathedral in Paotingfu. This all happened in sight of our Compound, but they have not disturbed us yet.

" Mr. and Mrs. Miller and Dr. Taylor are still

there. They had the report that a rainstorm hindered them from attacking our place, but I doubt that. The officials and soldiers know the difference between us and the Catholics, who are mostly hated by the officials. It may hinder the work for the time. We are thankful that we have been so mercifully protected thus far and trust for the future. It will frighten our Chinese people very much, but in the end all will work good to the cause. There are several places in rebellion in the South, and poor old China has more than she can do to handle her people without any outside pressure, but what the end will be no one knows. She is being stirred to the depths.

"MAY G. SIMCOX."

"PEI-TAI-HO, CHINA,
"July the 8th, 1899.

"Clearfield Presbyterian Church, Clearfield, Pa.:

"DEAR FRIENDS: A year has come and gone, and once again we are enjoying a respite from our labours by the sea. I can't begin to tell you how glad we are to get into civilisation once again, or at least out of the midst of heathendom.

"The community here is growing so rapidly, and so many of our colabourers gather here that we almost feel we are in our own native land, especially did we feel this when on the 4th of July we gathered to celebrate the birthday of our nation in our newly-erected chapel. The chapel was beautifully decorated with the flags of all nations. The programme consisting of children's exercises, songs, instrumental music, and addresses, was very enjoyable. All these helped us to recall many memories of the past. The importance of the occasion which we celebrated was more deeply

realised from the fact that we were celebrating our freedom in the midst of a people who are at present about to cast off an oppression manyfold more crushing, and gain a political and religious freedom much greater than the one in which we on that day rejoiced. May that day soon come!

"The year just past has been full of many blessings, and we have great reason to praise our Father who has led us all the way. We believe it has been an answer to your many prayers. As a station with but one unimportant exception all have enjoyed good health. I doubt if this would be possible without the change and recuperation which are afforded us here during the trying months of the summer.

"Our little Francis was most mercifully spared to us on our way to this place. Travelling by boat in the midst of a broad, deep stream he fell overboard and was under water quite a long time, but was rescued by our servant assisted by the boatmen. How thankful we were to receive him back!

"We have been permitted to welcome several new workers into our midst who not only strengthen our force but bring new life and encouragement. Dr. and Mrs. Inglis joined the Peking station last October; Dr. and Mrs. Hodge joined the Paotingfu station in May and Mr. and Mrs. Killie, tried workers from our mission in Shan Tung joined the Peking station also in May; and now we rejoice in the appointment to our station of Dr. Maud Mackey from California who hopes to join us in the early autumn. She comes as an evangelist for which we have long been praying, being greatly needed to work among the women.

"Steady growth has been made in the church,

yet unorganised, at Chia Chwang, which is under my care. Four have been added to the membership, while one I am sorry to say has gone over to the Catholics having been offended by some trifling matter. She left us and joined them where already some of her relatives were members. Also the son and two grandsons of one member joined them because we refused to support the worthless fellow.

"The attendance at this place has increased until we have over thirty, including several women. They have maintained a Sabbath School during the year and have made commendable progress in Bible study. Two schools have been started from the children of this church. The Boys' Day School in the little chapel was carried on during the winter months with seven in attendance, four of whom are young men and we trust Christians. Four of the girls were brought into our Compound and formed the nucleus of a Girls' Boarding School under the care of Mrs. Simcox. They paid more towards their support than those of any of the long-established schools of any mission in China. This is the beginning of our school work, and although small as yet, we trust it is upon right foundations and will develop into large Christian schools, strong factors in the evangelisation of the community. No doubt the numbers could have been greatly increased had we been more liberal in our terms of admission, but we feel that the burden of the schools must be borne by them as soon as they are able to do so, especially when funds are not sufficient to carry on the evangelistic work.

"At Ku Ch'eng and Wan Hsien there are small Christian communities which have made no little progress during the year. Another step in

DR. TAYLOR AND SOME FRIENDS. (MR. LOWRIE AND MOTHER IN THE FOREGROUND.)

advance in connection with our country work is the opening of two preaching chapels in the county seats Ling Hsing and Wan Hsien. The former was opened in October last, the latter in May. Each place with surrounding country has a population of about twenty thousand who are to receive the Gospel mainly from these centres. Mr. Miller and myself with helpers visit these chapels for several days each month. They are well attended on market days and thousands have heard the message gladly but few as yet have believed,—many are called but few are chosen. How we wish it were possible to keep them open every day, but with our present force it is impossible.

"The opposition met at Wan Hsien was very strong. We quietly rented a room from an opium eater, which was formerly a storeroom. He had known something of foreigners and was not suspicious but his former renters objected and tried to hold the building, but by patient perseverance we secured possession. After repairs were made we opened up and as customary we went to notify the magistrate and humbly ask him to issue a proclamation and make known to the people our business. He refused to receive our cards or us. We opened on the day set and waited developments. The fact of his refusing to see us soon spread through the city and at night we were molested by stones, filth and placards on the chapel doors, no one daring to meet us openly. All this we meekly bore until a friend, a man of influence in Paotingfu through the higher officials, compelled the local magistrate to issue the proclamation and restore order. Our last visit to the place was very pleasant and we hope peace will continue.

"Of the ten county seats in our field only three have preaching chapels, but most of them are visited on preaching tours. I have made several such tours during the year on which I have proclaimed the Gospel in many places and sold many books. The people listen and purchase books, but as yet there are only a few who are hungering and thirsting after the truth.

"Our work has been with individuals, concerning many of whom it would be interesting to write. One young man, Tien, was converted while working in a yamen (official court) and was getting a good living. He gave up his position and went home to tell his father, brothers and sisters, of the joyous salvation he had found, and to labour with his hands for a livelihood, but only to meet the severest persecution from all. His father beats him, burns his books, and follows him day and night to keep him from reading, but he is bearing it in the right spirit and praying for his persecutors. He walks every Sabbath seven miles to meet with a few believers, and would put to shame by his joyous life many Christians who complain of their lot as being hard. He says, 'The more they persecute me the happier I am.' They are many who are thus persecuted but few have his faith and forbearance.

"We held four classes for inquirers of ten days each with an average attendance of over twenty. They came from many villages and four counties. Many had attended before and we rejoiced to see the progress they had made in knowledge and Christian character. These classes are very fruitful and most of our members have attended them. After one or two years of study and faithful attendance on Sabbath service, on profession of faith, they are received into the

Church. Miss McKillican had one class for the women.

"Mrs. Simcox has visited in the homes of several of the higher classes and has received calls from a large number of all classes and conditions in life. This is trying work and not very productive of visible results. They soon look upon us as 'harmless' and 'good,' but see nothing they can get (unless a loose article). They like to see people 'good,' but as for them it is quite impossible. Mrs. Simcox spent no little time caring for and teaching the girls of the Boarding School who made excellent progress.

"The year has been a very joyous one to us and full of blessings among which we greatly prize the loving fellowship and kind interest you have shown to us in many ways. Above all we rejoice in your prayers for us and the Lord's work which have sustained us in all our labours and trials. Dear friends, you don't realise what it means to us to be sustained by your love and prayers.

"I have only mentioned the parts of the work in which we are engaged. Continue to remember us in your prayers. May the God of all comfort keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ in all knowledge and holiness until the day of His glorious appearing.

"Servant in our Master's vineyard,

"F. E. Simcox."

XI

LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN

THE children of the missionaries had a large place in the social life of Pei-tai-ho. The summers spent by the sea would have been very dreary and spiritless without them. From the hot, filthy cities where the greater part of the year was spent, as well as from distant inland places almost beyond the hint of civilisation, the children came with their parents, and their physical upbuilding and improved moral tone demonstrated the exceeding value of a holiday by the sea. The little men and women who filled the cottages with life and joy, ranged the shell-strewn beach, splashed in the surf, and in Dr. Coltman's mimic army, with banners waving, marched and countermarched to the music of horn and drum, found at Pei-tai-ho just those conditions of a healthy and joyous life their isolation at distant mission stations for so much of the year made very necessary. It was a holiday for the children. It was more. Deprived for long periods of the companionship of children it became a school in which from association with others in games and sports they learned the thousand needful things and de-

veloped many graces born of good fellowship with those of kindred race and life. Dear little Hope Cunningham spent two of those precious summers at Pei-tai-ho. In 1896 she had come with her parents, who as the guests of the Simcoxes, enjoyed to the full all the new and wonderful revelations of this newly-discovered Mecca of North China, and again in 1897, when the Cunningham cottage was ready for their use she was found with the children, gathering shells, bathing in the "briny blue," a sunbeam in the home, the life and joy of the cottage, daily striking the tendrils of her sweet, precious, winsome self into the very core of her parents' hearts. She was there just two summers, and it cannot be told how much she was missed the third and fourth! God in His inscrutable providence called little Hope home before the third summer came, and Mrs. Simcox, writing near the time, said:

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA, *Jan.* 3, 1898.

"Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham have lost their only child, Hope, aged five years, of diphtheria. It is a very sad blow. She was the picture of health. This makes the second child in our Mission that has died within a short time of diphtheria. Dr. Whiting's lost their only boy, Everett, aged about seven, a few weeks earlier. I am so thankful we are not obliged to live in Peking. It is a terrible place full of filth and disease. Little Hope died a beautiful death. She was so happy in going to be with Jesus. She told them not to cry for her, for they would see her again. She

sent good-byes to all her friends, and in her sufferings would often pray, 'Lord Jesus, help me.' Her mother would ask her, 'Hope, you won't forget to thank Jesus for the way He has loved you?' And she would answer, 'No, mamma.' I think her faith and trust were wonderful for one so young."

The summer of '98, therefore, found one missing in the joyous band of little men and women by the sea. Hope had been dropped, say rather promoted from the ranks of the brave little marchers, and Everett who had not been to the seaside that year but remained at Peking had also been called,—the one an only child, the other the only son, had heard the Master's call, and two newly-made graves in the foreign cemetery outside the walls of Peking strengthened the ties which bound faithful missionaries to a heathen land. The Whitings had five mounds to cherish, for Everett was laid by the side of the loved forms of three brothers and a sister. It was not strange that this new bereavement in the Whiting home should call forth from Mrs. Simcox a touching and tender word of sympathy and love:

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA, *November*, 1897.

"DEAR MRS. WHITING: My heart has ached for you; and I long to say or do something to help you bear the load. I was not only helpless physically, but being so much younger in experience in the Christian life, I feared I should only cause you to grieve the more. I did want to speak, if

EVERETT WHITING.

HOPE CUNNINGHAM.

it were only to say, he will be there to meet you. I know there must be a great aching void in your life, and yet I know that you are able to trust all to the loving care of the Saviour who loves the little ones more than we mothers can; and is it not blessed to know, that our loved ones are with Him?

"I have lost a company of dear ones since coming to China, and I often think, that if we are ever permitted to return to America, it will be a sad home-coming, but when we reach our dear Heavenly Father's home, there will be a joyful company to meet us. I know that you are leaning hard on the Master's arm. Believe me, my heart goes out to you very lovingly, and we all pray for you, that the dear Lord will give you His strength.

"With very much love,

"May Gilson Simcox."

Only those who have passed through similar experiences in a foreign land, far from the sweet ministries of kith and kin, can truly appreciate the touching pathos of these stories of bereavement. The loss of the dear little children was irreparable. With the mysterious change which death had ushered in all seemed changed. The land, the sea, the sky, all sadly harmonised with a mental tone in which the minor chord was ever noticeably reverberant. Pei-tai-ho could never be the same to the parents whose sweet little son or daughter would now no longer share with them the delights of the outings by the sea. It was the same and yet it was not the same restful, quiet summer

home, for there was the indescribable longing for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." The sense of loss is best made clear in a letter by Mrs. Simcox written in August, '98:

"The Cunninghams are here, but poor Mrs. Cunningham! It is almost too much for her. You know little Hope said before she died, 'Mamma, when you go to Pei-tai-ho, I won't be there.' And now every little girl who appears reminds her of Hope, and how they played together last year. They are so lonely without her."

Dr. Eliza Leonard and Miss McKillican were guests at the Simcox cottage the last summer the interesting family was permitted to spend at Pei-tai-ho. They were friends tried and true. From the first of July until the middle of September they had dwelt together in most loving fellowship. Both at Paotingfu and at Pei-tai-ho Dr. Leonard and Miss McKillican had found a home as occasion might require with the Simcox family and the intimacy of their relations but served to deepen the mutual regard and tender affection which was so often the theme in the letters of Mrs. Simcox. Writing since the tragedy, Miss McKillican says:

"The Simcox family became very dear to me. They received me into their home and made me feel so much at home; then we worked and prayed and planned together, I always feeling sure

of their sympathy and interest, and readiness to help in any way in the work I took up there. In that way they seemed like a real brother and sister, and in many respects even more than an ordinary brother and sister, because our work and aim was one, and my work among the women was in Mr. Simcox's field.

"Mr. Simcox was recognised by all who knew him to be a man unusually well fitted for the work to which he had given himself. He had so much practical common sense, shall I call it? And was so fully consecrated, so ready to do anything and everything in his power to advance the cause. We all felt that his country work was going to prove a very encouraging and successful one.

"Mrs. Simcox longed to be able to take up country work among the women, but found it was impossible to leave her home cares for any length of time. She very much enjoyed one visit she made to the Man Ch'eng district while I was there. She enjoyed meeting with the women who came in and it was evident that she could soon win her way into their hearts by her kind, pleasant manner and the genuine interest she took in them as she listened to their tales of sorrow and trials. The country women often asked about Mrs. Simcox and hoped she could go out and visit and teach them. The children were always an attraction. Paul and Francis could speak Chinese so well and were so fond of the Chinese. They were great favourites with them.

"I wish I could give you a picture of the home life, the frolicking, happy children who kept the mother's hands pretty full, even before the coming of the sweet, dainty little sister they welcomed with such delight. The home-coming of papa from country trips was always hailed with delight

on the part of all. The children had so many things to tell their father, while he could be a boy again and take an interest in all that concerned them. He often put Paul, Francis and Zenos Miller on the back of his horse, while he led him around the wall of the Compound. This was a great treat to the boys, and they looked like a row of 'brownies' perched up there. Each boy was very proud of his papa, and there was an occasional dispute, and on one occasion after Paul, Francis, Zenos and David Lyon had evidently exhausted their resources in thinking up the virtues of their papas, little David, who was younger and evidently getting behind in remembering the points in which *his* father excelled, broke the short silence by piping out, 'My papa can spank harder than yours can.'"

Paul and Francis had been teasing for a little sister for some months prior to the birth of baby Margaret. Henry Fenn had a little sister and they could not understand why they should not have one also, and so with the practical Christian sense which would do credit to older ones among Christ's children they decided to make it a matter of prayer, and every night their earnest little prayers were sure to contain among other things a direct petition that God would send them a baby sister. Dr. Leonard among other things also refers to their simple, perfect faith that God would give them the desire of their hearts:

"Mrs. Simcox was a woman of very sweet spirit, of delicacy of feeling and of gentleness of

ZENOS AND RALPH MILLER.

PAUL AND FRANCIS SIMCOX.

nature. There were many things in China that were hard for her, that grated and jarred on her nature. The uncleanliness, the untruthfulness, the insincerity, the foulness of speech of heathen peoples touch a mother's heart as they do not others. She had an intense love for her children and a profound sense of a mother's duty. The responsibility of raising a family in heathen surroundings is something that home friends can never appreciate, but one which Mrs. Simcox realised to the full. She endeavoured in every way she could to make up to her boys what they lacked in surroundings. She kept a constant watch over them.

"When I joined the family, Paul was the only child, but a month later he rejoiced over the arrival of his little brother Francis. He was very fond of the little brother, and gladly yielded him the baby's place in the family.

"I left the family when Francis was three months old and did not see them for more than a year, when he had grown to be quite a boy walking about and was Paul's constant companion. The boys were fast friends and very loyal to each other. Francis grew very rapidly, was a very determined little fellow and soon thought himself equal to anything his big brother could do. He was an inveterate tease, quick as a flash, and always up to some mischief. He could find a candy bottle if there was one in the house. His brain seemed to be particularly active at meal time. All of a sudden a mischievous idea would strike him, you could almost see it working, his eyes would twinkle, he would ask to be excused, and off he went to mischief, no one knew what, till his confessions were made afterwards, or you saw the results. To his mother's inquiry, 'Francis, what

did you do upstairs?' he would with a twinkling eye and a knowing look reply slowly, 'Nothing,' expecting the question to be repeated with a reproachful emphasis. It might be that he had broken the old woman's glasses, found the candy bottle, donned a fresh new pair of trousers, a waist or neck-tie, anything that his active brain had suggested, and after tormenting his mother awhile he would tell her. He made no pretensions of being a 'goody-goody' boy. People expected him to be into mischief and he would not disappoint them.

"Later the boys became possessed of the idea that they wanted a little baby sister. Henry Fenn had one and they thought it would be quite the thing for them to have one also. Night after night they prayed that God would give them one, till they were almost discouraged. Other boys had baby sisters, but none came to them. Finally God sent the baby sister and they were two proud, happy boys that looked upon the sweet little girl, when I carried her out in my arms for them to look at. I said, 'What shall we call her, boys?' Almost in unison, and without a moment's hesitation or thought they replied, 'Mary.'

"Very quiet were they all day, so as not to disturb the little sister. They were possessed of the idea, that a little sister was a much more delicate piece of humanity than a little brother and entitled to much more consideration than a boy would be. They were very gentle with her. Francis was rather disappointed at first, that God would send him such a tiny baby. He had in mind Martha Fenn who was eight or nine months old. The boys were exceedingly fond of the little sister and most gentle with her. They were big, hearty,

romping boys and might be rough with one another but never with her.

"Mrs. Simcox greatly joyed and rejoiced in the little girl that came to their home. She was such a sweet little girl. No one would have thought of calling her a boy. I bade the family good-bye when Margaret was a little over a month old, and little did I think it would be our last good-bye.

"The winter, I think, must have been a hard and trying one for Mrs. Simcox. She was far from strong, and she seemed to have a presentiment of the impending trouble. It seemed to be borne in upon her as it was not on others. For all this she was very brave, never seeming to think of abandoning the work. She felt more for the native Christians than for herself. All during those long days and weeks of uncertainty my heart went out to her more than to any one else at that station. I knew her thought for her children and how she would suffer for them forgetful of self."

Francis was the tease. A handsome, strong, active boy he was not only an object of admiration on all sides, but he was also the problem of the home. Just how to manage him was frequently the uppermost question. He had a mind of his own and he had ideas. Writing on the 10th of May, 1899, his mother said:

"Francis keeps Paul stirred up all the time. He is a terrible mischief. He is just too full to contain himself.

"He said yesterday, 'Mamma, why doesn't God send us a baby? I am a good boy these days and he doesn't send it.' Then he said: 'Does God have coolies?' I said, 'What would God need coolies for?' 'Why to do things for Him and to send babies.' He is the funniest child! He is always putting something away in his drawer and saying, 'When God gives me a baby, I will give that to my baby.' Or he will carry his baby, or bathe his baby, or take it out to ride, when God gives him a baby. He talks about it every day, though we never mention it to him. He just loves every baby he sees and wants it."

It is not strange, that the mother who loved her children with such intense love, that not the slightest circumstance in their daily life escaped her notice, should be solicitous for their moral and spiritual welfare. Mrs. Simcox realised the responsibility of child-rearing to a degree that is perhaps not common. Writing under date of June 8th, 1899, she said:

"I so often think, that I would like to have a teacher, or a governess, for the boys next winter. You see they have no one to go to aside from us. When they go out they are always among Chinese servants, and their influence is bad. Children need influence outside of father and mother. I should like some one with a sweet disposition and a good character. The boys will imitate anyone so closely. But I suppose we cannot afford it.

"You see what influence it would have on small children. They will take to a habit most readily, and habits are hard to break. So I am trying to

tide them over this period. I don't know how long this period will last. I know it is pretty hard on me, but it is better that I should suffer now, than that they should always suffer. It is only the grace of God that can make them good boys in the midst of this wicked, deceitful people. But since God makes me feel, that it is my duty to put forth all my energies at this time to shield them, I think it *is* my duty.

" Some argue here, that children know that the Chinese are heathen, and will not follow after their example and that God will bring them out all right. But I believe in doing what I think to be my duty, and then leaving the rest with God, and not leaving *all* to Him."

Here follows a sketch written January the 7th, 1900:

" Margaret is five months old,—was yesterday, and weighs seventeen pounds, that is seventeen pounds *baby* (we weighed her clothes separately). She weighed fifteen when four months old. Paul weighed sixteen at four months, and I don't think he was as fat as she is. His bones were perhaps larger. Baby is just like a beautiful doll now. She has such pink cheeks and white skin, and she seems almost as broad as she is long. She is just now sitting propped up in her carriage, playing with her rattles. Yesterday was the first time she sat up in that way. Of course I will not let her sit long alone for fear of her back's being hurt.

" She is so fond of her brothers. It is just too funny to see them together. They talk to her just like older persons would do, and she just thinks

they are fine. She will always laugh for them, and crow and talk (?).

"The boys just now rushed in from Sabbath School. They recite to Mrs. Hodge. The first thing they said was, 'We didn't get any candy to-day. Had to have cookies,—cookies that Dr. Hodge's cook in America made and sent out here.'

"They are getting to be big boys. Francis and Zenos Miller fight a good deal. It is very funny sometimes, but the other day Francis struck Zenos with a switch and Zenos immediately threw a sharp little cake-turner that he was playing with and struck Francis on the cheek just below the eye. It is a pretty deep cut. Dr. Hodge plastered it up for him. It bled terribly. Francis is a little scamp, but of course, a very dear little scamp. Paul is quite a good deal of help to me, —they both like to do things for mamma. Paul sometimes holds Sister awhile for me. I am going to put a very poor picture of the boys in this letter. It was taken last summer before Francis' curls were cut off. It is not as good of Francis as of Paul. But it is miserable any way you take it. Francis' screwed-up face is mostly due to self-consciousness. His papa told him to sit up and look at the camera, but he felt shy of Dr. Noble and could not be persuaded to behave."

(*Jan. 9th.*)

"Francis will be four years old to-morrow. He said to-night, he wanted to hurry and go to sleep, for he wanted his birthday to hurry and come. Poor little fellow! He expects some gift and I have nothing to give him. I will try to buy some Chinese thing for him to-morrow."

Mrs. Cunningham, to whom reference has already been made, in a letter dated, Peking, January 23d, 1901, indulges in very interesting and tender reminiscences relating to the subject matter of this chapter:

"About the last of September, 1895, there was talk of a place up near Shan Hai Kuan being made a summer resort, on the sea and near the mountains. It seemed too good to be true; but as spring came on and people began putting up cottages there we came to believe that there might in time be such a place for others, but we were not prepared for Mrs. Simcox's letter that came one day, saying that they were planning to build, and inviting us to spend the remainder of the summer after the house was finished with them. Oh, with what joy and delight we read and re-read that letter! We were greatly run down and had spent five summers at the Hills where there was much of discomfort, so that it was a wonderful pleasure that these dear friends were able to give us. Oh, those long, happy summer days in that beautiful spot! How little Paul and Hope did enjoy the bathing and the playing along the beach! Not more, however, than their elders it may be said. I well remember how Mrs. Simcox and I would wander along the beach gathering up the shells and exclaiming over them like children!

"At that time little Francis was a few months old,—one of the sweetest of children! I well remember the first time I saw him. It was when we met the Simcoxes in Tientsin on our way to Pei-tai-ho. As I looked into his face I said, 'Why, how like his father he looks!' And then in a second, as I looked again, I saw in the dear little

face the face of his mother as clearly as I had seen that of his father. So he was a splendid combination of both.

"The next year we built next to them at the seaside and had another happy summer together. There was quite a little community and the property owners were well organised to carry out all measures protective and helpful. In all these matters Mr. Simcox had a prominent part, and his judgment was often deferred to as that of a clear-headed, sensible, spiritually-minded man.

"Mrs. Simcox always held her place among her friends. She was so sweet and dainty, and such a good mother. She entered so fully into the joys and sorrows of others; and she had such high aspirations. We all loved Mrs. Simcox and Mr. Simcox too."

A precious letter written to Mrs. Cunningham during her vacation in America gives a glimpse of the tender joys of the dear home at Paotingfu and the shadow of the unspeakable events of June, 1900:

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA, *Jan.* 21, 1900.

"MY DEAR MRS. CUNNINGHAM: How many times have I thought of you and planned to write to you since you went to America! But you know one's time flies, and how many little things come into the days that *must* be done and that take time although they don't seem to amount to much.

"Now, of course my baby takes lots of my time. You know too how much time that can occupy,—but such sweet moments as they are spent with the dear baby! God has been so good to us! It al-

most makes me tremble sometimes when I think of His goodness and my unworthiness. We have the dearest little Margaret,—the joy of the house! Her brothers almost worship her. It is very beautiful to see their love for her. She has quite an influence over them already.

"I sometimes see, or fancy I see, a resemblance to Hope. She is quite plump and sturdy like Hope was. But I never said to anyone that I saw any resemblance, for I thought it was my imagination, and it would be flattering my baby too much; but to-day Dr. Taylor said, 'Why, she quite looks like Hope Cunningham to-day!' I think it is her red cheeks and blue eyes. I used to think last summer that Martha Fenn looked like Hope sometimes. I suppose you perhaps would see no resemblance between them at all.

"Of course you have heard of the Boxer trouble. It is dreadful. So many, many are suffering from their outrages! As you no doubt know the proclamation put out after Mr. Brooks' murder is not of any use. The Boxers are still increasing in numbers and keep on with their drilling right under the eyes of the officials. They are even beginning in our city here. They have had a camp for some time not many li away. It makes me nervous when I think how unprotected we are here. But then I remember how the Lord protected us in former times, and I rest my heart.

"Won't you give my love to your mother? I feel as though I knew her. How happy you must be to be with her! (And all the others too.) I so often think of your nieces. You will have lots to tell me when you come back. I think it will be next best to be home myself to hear you tell of your good times, for you know I know more of your home and home people than of almost anyone

else in China. You used to tell me so much about them."

Dr. Maud Mackey, who went to China in the fall of 1899 and who made her home in the Presbyterian Compound, Paotingfu, till April 12th, 1900, writes charmingly of the home as she saw it and enjoyed it:

"PEKING, CHINA, *Jan.* 20, 1901.

"During the last two months of my stay in Paotingfu I made my home with the Simcox family. Mr. Simcox was away much of the time on his country tours and Mrs. Simcox and I were alone with the children and we learned to know each other well. Mrs. Simcox was a very faithful and anxious mother. She studied her children's dispositions and tried to treat them according to the special characteristics of each, for they were all as different as possible. She kept them with her much of the time and never could be content if she could not see them from her window. Paul was her comfort. She trusted and depended upon him. Francis was the handsome, mischievous boy,—so full of his mischief and pranks that it was hard to keep pace with him. He never pretended to be what people call a 'good boy,' though his practical little prayers were full of faith and trust, and his feeling of responsibility and his love for his little sister went beyond his love of mischief, for he *never* teased her. He was a very interesting child, for one never knew what to expect of him and he was bright and original. He used to spend a great deal of time in my room amusing himself very quietly while I studied with my teacher. He was very bashful and would never

come unless Paul would bring him in, but would not object to being left there when once in.

"Both boys were devoted to little Margaret who loved them and admired them and enjoyed all their antics. She would laugh and crow and play as long as they were with her, and they would amuse her for hours allowing her to do anything she chose with them. I've seen her pull Francis' hair till his mother rescued him without a murmur from him. Margaret was a typical little girl. She had a sweet face and a very sweet, loving disposition. She was the only girl in the Compound among five boys, and, baby as she was, she seemed to know and claim her right to be petted and every one was anxious to give her her share. She would not be happy alone with the Chinese ama. The old Chinese woman would bring her in to me each morning for a little visit which I am sure was as pleasant for me as for the little lady. She would cry to come and would smile at me through her tears as I opened the door.

"Paul and Francis sang a good deal, and their favourite song was 'Dare to be a Daniel'; but they would often forget that they were not really 'Daniels' themselves, and would let their imaginations run away with them, and would come home from their walks up the railroad track telling of the 'many giants great and tall' they had seen stalking through the land, and how Paul had killed one with his toy pistol. Paul was the recognised authority on all subjects among the boys (unless his ideas happened to conflict with those of the father of one of the other boys). It was the ambition of Zenos Miller and Francis to be as big and wise as Paul. One day Zenos spoke of someone's teaching him and Francis something,

adding 'But Paul doesn't need to be taught. He knows everything already.'

"Mrs. Hodge had a little Sunday School class every Sunday afternoon for the three boys. She always had many amusing things to tell us about their wise remarks in the class. They were always comparing her teaching with that of their homes, and often when she would tell them something, they would nod assent or even say, 'Yes, that's what I think too.'"

It was in September, 1897, just after the return from Pei-tai-ho, that Mr. Simcox was obliged to go to Peking to attend a meeting of the Mission. The wife and children were left alone, and the mother writing of it told of Paul's interest in all things physical and spiritual. She said:

"Paul talks a great deal about his Papa. We were praying for him the other evening, and asking God to go with Papa and keep him in safety, etc. When we finished Paul said, 'Who is going with Papa?' I said, 'our Heavenly Father;' and he immediately asked, 'And is Jesus going with him too?'

"The other day he said, 'The sun is out, Mamma. God just shoots and the sun comes out.' Yesterday he asked, if God has a gun. (He was associating thunder with the report of a gun.) I said, He did not need one. He replied, 'Yes, He does need one, mamma,—He needs one to make it rain.' Oh, he talks all the time. I cannot remember the sixteenth part of what he says, and Francis is beginning to say things after Paul."

In November, '98, the family were invited to a Thanksgiving dinner at the Ewings' of the South Suburb. It seemed that but the one family was going and Paul with a show of importance communicated the fact to his little friend Zenos Miller. He said that he and Francis were going over to the Ewings'. Zenos said, he was going some day too. But Paul said, "You are not going *this* time. We are going to have 'the Lord's Supper,' (meaning Thanksgiving dinner), and we are going to have lots of fun."

Mrs. Lowrie, who left the station in the early part of May, 1900, for a short visit with her daughter, Mrs. Atterbury, then residing in California, writing under date of January, 1901, mentions a number of interesting incidents some of which relate especially to the children:

"I well recall one morning, Mrs. Simcox's calling from her bedroom window, 'Send for Dr. Taylor.' I quickly went up to find Francis in convulsions. Mr. Miller mounted Mr. Simcox's horse and with all speed galloped off to the city, giving the horse to Dr. Taylor. The horse seemed to catch the idea of the necessity of haste and tore back not heeding carts and impediments in his way, but imperilling Dr. Taylor's life and limbs by going at full speed up the sides of embankments, but at last brought him safe to the Compound. Well do I remember how quietly he came into the room, as if he had only stepped across from the next door. The little fellow came near dying from the effect of eating the seeds of the datura

arbora. Dr. Taylor worked over him every moment the entire day until by main force keeping open his mouth and tickling the palate with a feather he was compelled to throw up the miserable seeds that had nearly cost him his life. Consciousness gradually returned, but Dr. Taylor would not leave him all night.

"This incident made Dr. Taylor very dear to the family. Mr. Simcox was absent from home, but as the child's life seemed to hang on a thread he was sent for and great was his rejoicing and gratitude to learn that his dear boy had been spared to him through the assiduous devotion of the beloved physician. It was long before Mrs. Simcox could forgive herself for allowing Francis to play with these seeds. She had no idea that they were poisonous, and when she saw him with a mouthful, only advised him to spit them out which he partially did, but swallowed enough to nearly kill him.

"Mrs. Simcox was a most devoted and faithful mother, never neglecting her children even when accomplishing most missionary work. It is impossible for any one human being to do the work of two people, but I often wondered how she was able so faithfully to look after her school when it was in session, always meeting the scholars every morning for family worship, always hearing the weekly examinations on that busiest of days of the week, Saturday, being most prompt in her attention to her Sunday School class, even when dear little Margaret was a very young baby. Above all with utmost patience she received the long calls of Chinese women, often of the better class from the city, but sometimes humbler ones from adjacent villages. Her one desire was by any means in her power to guide them to know

the God whom she loved and served. On one occasion she rode twelve miles to Mr. Simcox's out station, Man Ch'eng, returning apparently not in the least fatigued but exhilarated, so happy at having accomplished the feat; Miss McKillican was at the time at Man Ch'eng to receive and help her in meeting the wives and daughters of the church members.

"After Dr. and Mrs. Hodge arrived in May, 1899, it was proposed that Mrs. Hodge give the missionary children an hour's instruction every Sunday. The little fellows were very shy, and it was quite a question how they would conduct themselves, but it was not long before it was evident that the lovely teacher had captivated the scholars. They were most ambitious always to have committed to memory the verse for the day and nothing could induce them to be late. One Sunday as soon as the class was dismissed Paul and Francis with Zenos Miller devoted their energies to pulling up an entire bed of radishes that were about an inch above ground. When dear Mrs. Hodge heard of it she said, 'If this is the fruit of my labour, I had better discontinue our Sunday School,' but it was explained, that it was not unmitigated mischief, but the trio were under the impression that those radishes sooner or later were to be pulled up; and it was too much fun to give it into any other hands to do.

"Mrs. Simcox was very successful in the cultivation of flowers and had a bay window of glass built out from her nursery where her pet plants got a wealth of southern sunshine and prospered accordingly. Indeed it was the pastime in each home to have winter violets and mignonette and flowering verbenas. These were always a source of interest to the many Chinese guests, some of

whom had decided floral proclivities, and were anxious to get seeds and slips of imported plants. The Chinese have so many kindly interests; they love flowers and little children and their own homes however humble they may be.

"Mr. Simcox was in the habit of riding around on his bicycle after a day's work with the Chinese. He often took one of his boys with him having imported a child's seat which cleverly carried the boy in front of the bicycle. This was a most wonderful sight to the station class which gathered for ten days about every two months. The whole class of twenty or thirty men would watch the kind father as he spun around taking his own exercise, at the same time giving pleasure to his children. A thousand times I have been inquired of, 'How is it that you Americans bring up your children to be so obedient and so happy?' The little fellows a few Sundays before I left walked two miles in to church and sat through the Chinese service.

"Dr. and Mrs. Hodge for about six months had walked the two miles in to the city church and after the services Mrs. Hodge took a class of little Chinese girls which was growing in interest and numbers. How could it be otherwise? Her lovely, gentle ways with them, with her ingenious devices for keeping their attention made that hour the happiest of their week.

"It had been our custom as a Mission to meet at noon for prayer, and finally we continued to meet daily in the Simcox parlour instead of going from house to house as formerly. It seemed more convenient for Mrs. Simcox with her very young daughter. How many heart cries have gone up from that room, longings for the conversion of individuals, longings for an outpouring of God's blessing, longings for the baptism of the Spirit,—

praise and thanksgiving when God in a wonderful manner did draw near to us, when back-sliders from among the Chinese were reclaimed, when half-hearted church members were set on fire by the Holy Ghost, determining to obey to the uttermost, one man rising up early in the morning and plowing up his entire field of several acres of poppies because convinced that it was wrong to reap an income from them.

"As a station we had some rather unusual musical interests. Our weekly prayer meetings were often followed by singing delightful hymns, each one choosing his favourite. Perhaps no hymn was oftener sung than 618 in the New Hymnal, 'The sands of time are sinking,—and glory, glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land.'

"We must be content to leave our beloved ones there, until in our Father's own good time we too may hear the summons 'Come; in my Father's house are many mansions.'"

When she who wrote the foregoing left, as has been said, for a short visit in America, her departure was not without genuine sorrow and a deep sense of loss on the part of all who remained behind. They expected her to return to them, and yet her absence even for a few months they all felt to be a great loss to the Compound and to each one personally. Her counsel, her thoughtfulness for the health and personal welfare of every one at the station, her important work among the Chinese women and children of the city, her cheery optimism and her strong faith seemed to make her indispensable to the well-

being and happiness of all. When, therefore, she boarded the vessel at Shanghai with a sealed envelope, the gift of friends at Paotingfu, it was not surprising that it should contain nineteen letters from her friends of both Compounds,—beautiful and tender missives from her dear associates and others expressly intended to convey their tender regard and to comfort her on the way. Among the letters were kind remembrances from Miss Morrill and Mrs. Simcox, and a sweet little missive from baby Margaret Simcox:

"My Dear Mrs. Lowrie: I want to tell you that I don't think I have been as nice to you as I ought, and my Mamma says, I may write a note of 'pology to you. You see I have hardly gotten used to grown-ups yet, and 'cause I didn't see you very often and you had white hair, I didn't quite understand; but when you come back I'll be so glad to see you. I know, that I'll just love you lots; and won't you please tell Daisy and Olive, that I wish awfully that they would come out here and live with us; but if they can't, won't you just give them my love and tell them, I am going to see them sometime? And now, good-bye.

"I hope you will have a lovely time on the big ship, and won't get sick, and won't get drowned, and will come back to us for we are dreadfully lonely here since you are gone. You'll see lots of things in big America, won't you?

"With lots of love,

"Your little friend,

"Margaret Simcox."

Read the fifth day out from Honolulu.

XII

HORACE TRACY PITKIN

In the story of Four Summers by the Sea reference was made to the first appearance of the Rev. and Mrs. Horace Tracy Pitkin at Pei-tai-ho. They had landed at Tientsin, Saturday, May 15th, 1897, and after a visit at Tungcho whither they had hastened to be present at the Annual Meeting of the North China Mission of the American Board, they went to Pei-tai-ho for the hot summer months where we found them on the fifth of July taking part in the celebration of the natal day of their native land.

It was not strange that their appearance at Pei-tai-ho excited considerable interest. They were the latest arrivals from America, and so well favoured in personal appearance and in literary and musical accomplishments, that their presence was felt to be a large factor in the social life of the dwellers by the sea, as well as a valuable addition to the working forces on the mission fields. They had sailed from New York on November eleventh, 1896, and after six months spent in England, the Continent of Europe, Egypt, Palestine, Ceylon and India, arrived, as has been said,

in the following May in China. The tour thus taken was not only a delightful wedding journey, but it furnished the young missionaries the best possible means of becoming acquainted with missions in general, missionary methods and workers, and enabled Mr. Pitkin, whose mind was unusually well furnished with missionary knowledge, to deepen long cherished ideas and convictions and correct such impressions as had been hastily and erroneously formed. When they arrived in China thoroughly consecrated to the work of saving souls, they came with an equipment in character and culture and knowledge of means and methods which augured for them a successful and brilliant career. The reception they received from missionaries of all denominations was a proof of the large expectations generally entertained of their qualifications for the work to which they had given themselves.

Letitia E. (Thomas) Pitkin was born at Troy, Ohio, September 7th, 1873. Reared in a home of comfort and refinement she was afforded the very best advantages of education, and living from her infancy in a social atmosphere the purest and best she became in every way fitted and worthy to occupy any station in life to which she might aspire. A graduate of the High School of Troy and of Mount Holyoke College (Class of '95), to the natural attractiveness of a comely face and a pleasing personality she added a well cultivated mind and literary and musical accomplishments

MRS. LETITIA THOMAS PITKIN.

much above the average of those who go out from the colleges of the land. It was as leader of the Mount Holyoke Glee Club invited by Mr. Moody to the Y. W. C. A. Conference at Northfield, Massachusetts, in 1895, and entertained there, that Miss Thomas first made the acquaintance of Tracy Pitkin. It was during this Conference that Miss Thomas gave herself to foreign work, and in the autumn, filled with a new purpose entered the Woman's Medical College at Philadelphia, that she might better equip herself for the varied duties of missionary service. It was not, as she said herself, until she had plighted troth with the handsome, manly, consecrated Travelling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement,—in her own words, "until God put into my heart and into the heart of Mr. Pitkin a love for each other that I understood for what great things He was preparing me. I dread to think of all the wealth of riches I should have missed, if I had disobeyed the call. A whole lifetime of joy and love was crowded into these four short years."

Before many months had passed they were lovers with but one thought and one ambition. At the time of their meeting at Northfield he had completed his studies at Yale and the first two years of his work at the Union Theological Seminary, as well as a subsequent year's work for the Student Volunteer movement in the capacity of a traveling secretary, and was now at

Northfield in charge of the Mission Study Class of the Y. W. C. A. Conference. He had yet before him the Senior work of the Union Theological Seminary, and when he went forward in that work with the pledge of the girl of his choice, there can be little doubt, that the energy, buoyancy and enthusiasm with which he performed all his duties were largely increased by the inspiration of a newly found joy. On the sixth of October, 1896, they were married at her parents' home, and on the following day left for Toledo, Ohio, to meet the American Board at its Annual Meeting held at that place, but left on the eighth for Cleveland, where on Friday, October ninth, Mr. Pitkin was examined and ordained to the Gospel Ministry.

The Pilgrim Church of Cleveland has special reasons for feeling the relation of Mr. Pitkin to its work to have been a very great privilege; for when she adopted him as her special representative to carry light into a heathen land no one dreamed of the way in which he should be led or of the distinguished honour that church should have in its intimate relation to one in the glorious company of those of whom it is said, " The Noble Army of Martyrs Praise Thee."

Horace Tracy Pitkin was born in Philadelphia, at 1824 DeLancey Place, October 28th, 1869. His parentage was of New England stock, his mother being a daughter of the Rev. Cyrus Yale, a lineal descendant of Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale

University, and his father was one of a long line of Pitkins, a branch of which had settled in Manchester, Connecticut, and from this branch he came. From childhood he was gifted with rare graces, and without effort won the love of all with whom he came in contact. As a boy he respected himself and seemed to know instinctively what was right to do and he had the disposition and courage to do it. Yet he was a boy through and through and full to overflowing with fun and humour that made him a very agreeable companion. He hated meanness and everything that was underhanded and could not understand how anyone could be mean.

Young Pitkin could not be called an intense student. He did not love books for books' sake. Indeed he never applied himself to study because it was a delight to him, but both as a boy and as a man, when he found that there was anything he ought to do he applied himself to it with energy and determination until it was done. He had very strong convictions but was considerate in urging them upon others. It was his ambition to take up Electrical Engineering for his life work, but, as he afterwards said, some words spoken by his uncle, the Rev. Elias R. Beadle, turned his thoughts to the Gospel Ministry as being the highest vocation to which any man could aspire, and it was borne in upon him that it might be God's will that he should give up his ambition and take up this work in God's service. He gave

the matter much thought, and after many questionings with himself and much prayer, that he might be guided to do just exactly what God wanted of him, he came to the conclusion that he must enter the Ministry. While at this preparation some word dropped by a cousin, also a minister, turned his thoughts to the foreign field as the place where his work ought to be. The part of the field which seemed to him the most urgent was Africa, but he put himself into God's hands and held himself ready to go anywhere in all the earth to which God might call him, and when the needs of China were pressed upon him he was willing and ready to go there. It did not matter to him where the field might be, if only he might do God's will and work. Many of his friends were opposed to his giving himself to foreign work, and pleaded with him to remain at home, giving many good reasons, but he was true to his convictions and kept quietly on in his determination to go.

In his summer vacations spent at the old homestead at New Hartford, Connecticut, he was accustomed daily to withdraw himself from the groups of friends about him for an hour's study of the Bible and for meditation and prayer. The Rev. H. H. Beadle, a cousin of Mr. Pitkin, to whom we are indebted for much of the foregoing, says that the picture of Mr. Pitkin under the great ash alone with his Bible will be a living one in many minds for many a year. After this hour

he would come back with a shining face ready for anything he might be wanted to do. He did much in the way of driving over the hills of New Hartford, arranging for Sabbath afternoon services to be held under the maples, or anywhere he might interest those unaccustomed to attend the churches. He never tired of this, and when he spoke, he compelled the attention of old and young as few were able to do.

Tracy Pitkin's mother died when he was a mere lad, and her sister, Mrs. Elias R. Beadle of Philadelphia, took the mother's place in his early training. In 1884 he was sent to school at Phillips Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire, where he completed his academic studies in 1888, and in the following autumn entered Yale University. It was at Phillips Academy that he made a personal confession of the Lord Jesus Christ, and was received into the communion of the Second Congregational Church in the spring of 1886. While a member of this church he was active in Christian work and was instrumental in the organisation of the Christian Endeavour Society of that congregation. His pastor in a letter to the Board of Foreign Missions, at the time of his application for appointment to the foreign field, said: "Of all the precious young men who have been under our church-care here I can think of none who has been among us a more beautiful and helpful presence."

The Rev. O. H. Bronson of Simsbury, Connec-

ticut, a classmate of Mr. Pitkin during the four years of his career at Yale, and an intimate friend from the day of their matriculation to the end, kindly furnishes a sketch for which we who did not have a personal acquaintance with Mr. Pitkin are most grateful: "We entered Yale together as Freshmen and were in eating clubs together. Three successive summers I was with him at the Northfield College Conferences. In the Sophomore year I joined the Volunteer Band which he had organised a few months before. Together we studied the Bible and Missions, spoke on Missions, worked and prayed for our classmates and the less fortunate in the City Mission and Bethany Sunday School. In Union Theological Seminary in New York we roomed near each other and night after night met in his room, or in mine, for prayer at the close of the day's work. How simple and direct and real his prayers were! For a large part of his life in China he and I were connected with the same church (the Pilgrim Church, Cleveland, Ohio), he as missionary and I as assistant pastor at home. I believe that I owe more to Pitkin than to anyone outside of the circle of my nearest relatives. In speaking of him it is with the prayer which his brave wife beautifully expressed in a recent letter, —'God bless his memory to us all and help us to pass on to others the blessings which were given to us through him.' There are other classmates who owe to him as much as I, and who

would testify to the same effect, but they are in the dark places of the earth sent there by the influence of Pitkin. May their lives be blest in the work for which he gave his! His roommate Trumbull Huntington, is a missionary under the Episcopal Board at Hankow, China, Harry Luce and Sherwood Eddy (who were intimately associated with Pitkin in college and seminary and as travelling secretaries of the Volunteer Movement), are both missionaries in the East, Luce under the Presbyterian Board in North China and Eddy under the Young Men's Christian Association among the colleges and universities of India. Keller (who like Luce and Eddy and Pitkin spent a year after graduating from college as travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement), and Lasell (who was associated with Pitkin on the Yale Glee Club), these two are medical missionaries in China, Keller under the China Inland Mission and Lasell in connection with the Presbyterian Board. Then there is Shaw in Brazil, and Whittemore in Corea. But it is dangerous to begin to mention all those whose lives are being wonderfully blessed in various parts of the world, and who would, I believe, gladly attribute much of their usefulness to the impulse received from Pitkin's whole-hearted devotion. I have heard grateful words from men who realise that Pitkin helped them, when they were in the professional schools and he was still in college.

"Of Pitkin's preparation for college there is time to say but little. He belonged to a family of high social standing. I have heard it called wealthy. His home advantages and opportunities were certainly great and they were well used. Of his life at Exeter I know little. It prepared him for the larger college life, and all who remember him in his Freshman year know with what enthusiasm he entered into the joys of Yale. His strong religious nature was at once evident. To be active in making others happier was not second nature with him,—it was first nature. At the beginning of his course he became a teacher in the Bethany Sunday School and was later its superintendent. From the first he was interested and active in the work for men then being carried on by the college students in the Grand Avenue Mission. He was one of the organisers of the Boys' Club which in our Freshman year reached a membership of a thousand. He attended regularly our class prayer meetings, Wednesday evening and Sunday noon, and almost invariably said something helpful. At these meetings he was one of the three who acted as organist in turn. He was surely no one-sided Christian. In a letter written to the Pilgrim Church of Cleveland on the seventh of May, 1900, after Mrs. Pitkin and the baby had started for America, and only eight weeks before his death, he said: 'This life out here isn't much like martyrdom; and we don't believe in martyrdom anyway.' He had no thought

of dying for Christ; he had every thought of living for Christ.

"In athletics he excelled as a tennis player and took an active interest in foot-ball and rowing. Doubtless had he been somewhat more mature physically in the early part of his college course he would have taken a prominent place in athletics. He was physically strong and well developed, increasingly so even after leaving college. Like Paul he kept himself in training. His musical ability was a great joy to himself and his friends. His room always contained a piano and many a jolly song and many a good time did his friends have there. During part of his course he was a member of the University Glee Club. As the secretary of our class told me, 'everbody liked him.' So proverbial was his success in overcoming difficulties, that a phrase containing a very bad pun on his name, but many times found to be true, became current among his classmates early in his course,—'If anybody kin, Pit kin.' (He was usually called 'Pit' by his classmates.)

"His resolve to become a foreign missionary was made at the Northfield College Conference in the summer of 1889. He was one of a delegation of thirty from Yale to attend the Conference. From the moment he made the decision Missions was the enthusiasm of his life. It was the 'one thing' he did. From that time onward studies, social life, athletics, music, all his religious activities at home, were thought of in relation to the

one absorbing ambition. Even during the first Northfield Conference he did much to interest the other delegates in missions. Through his influence I was one of those who carried missionary literature home in my bag, resolved to study missions and the foreign missionary work as my possible life-work. It was largely due to Pitkin's persistent interest in the subject that I continued this study through the next college year and the following spring became myself a volunteer for missionary work.

"Immediately upon graduation Pitkin entered Union Seminary in New York. During his first year he did much for the Mission Bands and Study Classes of the city colleges and professional schools. He also found time for occasional addresses on missions, but not the least part of his work was the winning of such men as Luce and Eddy for the foreign field. When I entered the Seminary a year later these three were exerting a strong influence for missions among the students through the Volunteer Union of New York and vicinity. This was accomplished through study classes and conferences and through frequent speeches in the churches. These three especially, of whom Pitkin was naturally the leader, became widely known as forceful and interesting speakers on missions and were in great demand. The next year, '94-'95, all three visited the colleges as travelling secretaries of the student Volunteer Movement. Mr. J. R. Mott, who has

been prominent in this work from the first, regards Pitkin's secretarial services as ranking second in importance among the scores of secretaries who have served the organisation. It was during his Senior year in the Seminary, that the American Board met in Brooklyn and Mr. Pitkin made a short speech which received far-reaching, even world-wide notice and praise. His influence abides in his Seminary and in all the student organisations of the city of New York.

"When the time approached for his sailing for China he was ordained in the Pilgrim Church, Cleveland, Ohio, and he and his wife went out as the missionary representatives of that church. This was at his own suggestion in the belief that it would be a blessing to the church to support missionaries of its own on the foreign field. In that he was quite right. I went to the church as assistant pastor just a year later. In every good thing the church was blessed through its relation to the Pitkins. His ordination, from the descriptions which have reached my ears, was an instructive illustration of his character. He had been rushing all about the country making missionary addresses and preparing for the departure and had not taken time to prepare a written statement of his belief. There never was a man who had stronger beliefs in the great eternal verities,—God and Christ and prayer were as real to him as his own life or that of his most intimate friends. At the same time there never was a man who had

a greater dislike of cant and insincerity. He had supposed his beliefs were enough to satisfy the Council. He saw no need of hair-splitting and so some thought he was insincere in his beliefs, whereas I am sure there never was a man more firm, and some thought he held accurate scholarship of small importance, while I believe few have cared more for it. I have wondered, sometimes, since news of his death came to me, how many of those who were dissatisfied with the extent of his knowledge of some of the less important theological theories would have been willing to bear the Cross in the way he has,—as gladly as he has. Gladly I say, for I believe, if he were back again to-day on the Hill at Northfield at the beginning of his career and were choosing again his course in life, and if he could see the outcome as he sees it to-day, or as we see it, he would choose as he did, and I do not see how he could choose more wisely. In the words of his wife,—'May God bless his memory to us and help us to pass on to others the blessings which have been given to us through him.'"

The Rev. Dr. Mills, pastor of the Pilgrim Church, Cleveland, of which church Mr. Pitkin became a missionary representative in China, in a recent Memorial Service said: "While a secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement Mr. Pitkin and Mr. Eddy came to Cleveland to speak, Mr. Eddy speaking in our church, May 26th, and Mr. Pitkin to the Christian Endeavourers at

their Annual Tea the following week. There an attachment to the church unknown to us sprang up in his heart. It had been his desire to have back of him a church which would share his work and support him by its gifts and prayers, though he paid an amount equal to his salary into the treasury of the Board. A year later, on the 6th of May, 1896, Mr. Pitkin wrote to the pastor of the Pilgrim Church a letter which was the beginning of that blessed connection between him and us which has been so fruitful of help to us all here. I quote from this letter:

"'The Lord has given me enough money to support myself through the Board on the field. But I have no living Church back of me as I go, and on the other hand no body of people will be particularly influenced through my being on the field. It has been my conviction for years, that no one ought to go to the foreign field without having a society back of him which should be deeply interested in his work, but this interest can only come in the fullest measure when that society is helping in a very direct way to support the said man. His interest in them is also deepened largely from the fact that they are supporting him.

"'Since my visit to your Church last spring the thought has often come to my mind, would it not be possible for your Society to have such an interest in my work and in me? I think that you see my point. I dislike writing such a letter. It would be tenfold easier for me to go out and support myself, and have nothing to do with the churches at home, but the work of a missionary

it seems to me, is twofold,—he has a duty to those with whom he works, and a duty to the constituency at home; and if he has no such constituency, it is only pleasing to the Master, that he get one as soon as possible.'

"In due time negotiations were completed, and on October 9th, Mr. Pitkin was ordained here as the representative of Pilgrim Church in foreign missions. On October 24th, Mrs. Pitkin was adopted by the Woman's Association as their foreign missionary, and on the following day, Sunday, Mr. Pitkin spoke at both services and he and Mrs. Pitkin were received as members of our Church. Was there ever a day that meant more? How deep the emotion at the farewell service, yet how little we knew, that we should see his face no more! How Mrs. Pitkin's song at the Friday service thrilled us all,——

The Homeland! O the Homeland!
The land of the free-born!
There's no night in the Homeland,
But aye the fadeless morn;
I'm sighing for the Homeland,
My heart is aching here;
There is no pain in the Homeland
To which I'm drawing near.

* * * * * * *

My loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come;

* * * * * * *

Christ, bring us to the Homeland
Of Thy redeeming love.

HORACE COLLINS PITKIN

"How can we begin to thank God for what has been wrought; for the great result has been, not merely more money for foreign missions, but more heart, more life, more manhood, more womanhood, more of Christ in our homes and prayer and worship. Of what it meant to them, a word in a letter written from Athens about Christmas time, '96, on their way out, illustrates: 'How much the words, "Pilgrim Church" mean to us, as we pray for you all, night and morning. * * * * One peculiar thing we noticed on the tombs of departed heroes and saints in the Catholic churches in France, and that is the sentence "Orate Nobis,"—"pray for us,"—that is for the dead; but we translate it, "*your fellow pilgrims,*" and for us living, we say to you, Orate Nobis! Orate Nobis! And may we who are absent in the body have place with you all in the Spirit before the Throne of Grace!'"

In September, 1897, when the missionaries who had been spending the summer at Pei-tai-ho began to return to their various fields. Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin went to Paotingfu, and in three rooms of Dr. Noble's house, at the South Suburb, took up the delightful task of housekeeping. Here they lived almost three years, and here on the 29th of March, 1898, their little son, Horace Collins Pitkin, was born. It was a glad day in the Pitkin household, and their domestic joys were complete. Dr. Noble, speaking at the Yale Memorial services held in honour of Mr. Pitkin,

said: "In his domestic life he was one of the most beautiful characters I have ever met. My association with him won my esteem, and then my love. His judgment was good and his executive ability of an high order, and he gave promise of a missionary career of the highest and noblest kind." Later he said: "I esteem it a privilege to have had the opportunity to speak in honour of such a good and true man, and I rejoice every day of my life, that I knew him and loved him as a friend and fellow worker. His courage and fortitude and his preparation to meet the coming storm, all through that long, last, terrible night, is an example we are all proud of. Truly God loves China very dearly and holds her redemption at a high point, when her ransom demands such choice ones as Mr. Pitkin, the two ladies and our Presbyterian friends!"

The first two years of Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin at Paotingfu were silent years, for the language was to be learned, which in itself is a long and laborious task, yet they were busy and likewise fruitful ones. They could not engage immediately in the work of instruction, yet there were many useful services which they could render. From the first their part in the music was a contribution to the helpful agencies of missionary work which was greatly appreciated both by the veteran workers and by the native helpers. A man with such natural adaptabilities and brimming with energy

will easily find opportunities of making himself very useful and helpful, and it was not long until Mr. Pitkin found very many ways of giving practical assistance to his fellow workers in the Compound. The music was almost immediately committed to his direction and in the early fall of 1899 he took the entire control of the Boys' Boarding School and the responsibility of looking after the church accounts, the arranging for the prayer meetings,—topics, leaders, etc., besides teaching in the Sunday School and on Sunday afternoons devoting much time to the boys, talking to them and teaching them to sing and pray,—meetings much enjoyed by him and of great profit to them. Every Friday evening he spent with the boys, and every morning conducted devotional services in the school, and, after Mr. Ewing left in May, 1900, he took general charge of all the work of the station and was very happy in it. In his last letter received in America he spoke particularly of the prayer meetings and how easily his tongue found the appropriate words in leading the services, and the great joy of preparing to preach his first sermon in the Chinese tongue on the following Sabbath. There is no doubt, that God gave him that great privilege.

The Rev. Dr. Chauncey Goodrich of Tungcho, China, under date of December, 1900, makes the following beautiful reference to a visit with Mr. Pitkin in the early part of that year:

"I have fragrant memories of a few days that Mrs. Goodrich and myself spent in Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin's home. We went there right from that wonderful revival in Tungcho, hoping a similar blessing might come to Paotingfu. These dear friends received us as they might have received angels,—not unawares. What a gracious, thoughtful, yet unobtrusive ministry of kindness they gave us! Yet it is not the kindness that comes back to me now, so much as the sweet spirit of the home so fragrant with love and so complete in consecration for service.

"I could not forget what an effective speaker and worker Mr. Pitkin had been at home and what it meant to him of patience and sacrifice to be nearly 'silent' those first years of study, while so fresh and strong and bursting with desire to preach the glad evangel. And then to leave a life of competence and settle down to plodding work among unresponsive and distrustful coolies! I looked to see him give some sign of weakening, especially when we talked of his other self and and of his little miniature self going for a time to the dear home over the sea. But nothing discovered itself more than a slight sensitive movement of the lips,—he talked bravely and sweetly of remaining at Paotingfu during the summer and looking after the church. As day by day I watched his firm mouth, listened to his conversation and his prayers, noted his deep interest in some of the Christians, and his anxious desire for a new life to come to special ones, particularly to the teacher of his Boys' School and to a former unfaithful helper, I knew that missionary work had entered deep into his life and was not a mere sentiment.

"Three times a day around the table we talked,

—how we talked—of everything we pleased betwixt the zenith and the nadir, and there was time to have criticised all the people we ever knew, but they spoke in sweetness and love of all.

"At the church Mr. Pitkin always presided at the organ, and when he touched the keys, his whole soul seemed to play and the organ itself became suddenly possessed of a soul. Not many men ever moved me so in their playing. To some extent the Chinese caught the spirit of the music and sang with spirit.

"When the blessed work of those few days was over Mr. Pitkin with his own hands put up for us a lovely lunch,—Mrs. Pitkin was suffering intensely from neuritis the last two days—and with a beautiful smile and words of cheer he bade us good-bye. How little we guessed that we should never see his face again till within the pearly gates he shall stand to greet us with the smile of heaven upon his brow.

"Oh, my blessed brother! I could hardly have it so, that you should receive the fiery baptism and be caught away, when so in love with life and with your great life work but beginning! And now as I sit half dumb I wonder if some other sons of wealth may catch your spirit of sacrifice and with hearts that leap for joy at the privilege, make a like consecration of time, strength and money, and all to the highest, most difficult and most blessed work on the planet!"

In March, 1900, a nervous breakdown necessitated a change for Mrs. Pitkin. It was decided that she should return to America to remain until October, where it was believed she would be fully restored. It was a testing time for Mr. Pitkin.

With cheerful courage on his part and with a heartfelt sacrifice on hers, arrangements were made for her to leave Paotingfu on the 30th of March, he to accompany her and little Horace as far as Shanghai. Cheerful, unselfish, hopeful to the last he bade his wife and little one good-bye. While he believed they would be reunited in the near future, yet it cannot be otherwise than that he had an indescribable sense of deprivation and loneliness at the thought of separation from the wife and boy who were dearer to him than life. We do not know what he felt, we only know what he said, as they parted at Shanghai: "God will keep you to come to me in October, well and strong."

XIII

DR. AND MRS. CORTLANDT VAN RENSSELAER HODGE

THE appointment of Dr. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer Hodge and his accomplished wife to a place among the missionaries of North China was received by those on the field with great satisfaction. This was especially so at Paotingfu. Dr. Taylor was delighted, and the whole station for months seemed to be in a state of pleased anticipation. They were to come to Paotingfu and spend at least the first year there in the study of the language and in special preparation for their work. All felt it would be an important event in the history of their work, and then the fact that it was such great pleasure to Dr. Taylor gave their coming additional interest to every other member of the station. For a long time previous to their arrival almost every letter which went out from the Presbyterian Compound contained some reference to their appointment to China and revealed the satisfaction with which their coming was regarded. A few extracts from frequent letters will convey a better idea of the interest awakened among those at the station by the appointment of Dr. and Mrs. Hodge to this field. For some

months it had been one of the interesting themes of table talk and the social half hour, or when for an evening they gathered in the home of one or another for conference, prayer, games or an evening of song.

"*Jan.* 16, 1899.

"Dr. Hodge, who has graduated from Medical College, and who by the way, is a relative of Dr. Charles Hodge, and his wife, are coming out in February to remain here one year to study the language, after which they will do regular missionary work. It will be nice to have them come and be with us. We need lady evangelists and preachers more than physicians just at present, but he will fit in some place. F. E. SIMCOX."

"*March* 1, 1899.

"The last of next month we are expecting a young physician and his wife to come and live in Dr. Atterbury's house for a year to study the language. His father's home was in Burlington, New Jersey. You may imagine we are pleased at the prospect of some new people.

"Mr. Lowrie and Dr. Whiting of our Mission made a tour southward not long since and visited some cities and a great deal of the country where we are very anxious to open a new station. Some of the places seem to be so promising and we are all anxious to extend the work in that direction. If we only had the money it would seem th t in another year one of the families might be spared from this place and together with a new physician or an older one open up a station in that region; but a recent letter from the Board says that they are so cramped for funds they cannot

furnish the means to open the station for some time to come. It is a pity. It ought to be done soon. *Would that we had a millionaire friend!*

"MAY G. SIMCOX."

On the evening of May 2nd the long-expected friends of Dr. Taylor came. They received at Tientsin a sincerely hearty welcome from the cultured and kindly physician, and not one thing was omitted to protect them from the disagreeable and harassing importunities of countless wharf loungers, beggars and coolies, and the thousand other annoyances which most foreigners experience on their first landing at a Chinese port. No one could have been more thoughtful or attentive than Dr. Taylor. For months prior he had been planning to make their first year in China as free from annoyance and care as it is possible to make it. He had faithfully superintended the repairing and refitting of Dr. Atterbury's vacant house, and, when the time came to meet the long-expected young physician and his wife at Tientsin, no brother could have anticipated the arrival of a brother from the distant homeland with greater pleasure. Indeed every one at the station had been planning,—constructing in their imaginations ways and means for adding sunshine to the lives of those who must spend so many "silent months" in China, and who but for the kindly ministrations of those among whom they would spend the first year would find life almost intolerable there.

It is really a beautiful story Mrs. Simcox tells in a letter written May 10, 1899. It was not intended to be more than a casual reference to the reception tendered to Dr. and Mrs. Hodge on their arrival at Paotingfu, for she had been describing Mrs. Hodge, and then, as if by a mere afterthought, with a few touches gives us in outline a picture of the missionaries' striving to sweeten the first hours of these young people in a heathen land:

"Frank is again in the country. He was home for a week after Dr. and Mrs. Hodge came, but has gone again. A Mr. and Mrs. Hinton of Tientsin also came the day the Hodges arrived and we entertained them for a few days. He renovated our organ and all the other organs and pianos in Paotingfu. They are English people.

"Dr. and Mrs. Hodge are very lovely people. Both are quite young. She is of light complexion, tall and straight and quite pretty. He is dark. Both seem like very sensible, nice people. They are hard at work on the language.

"Mary McKnight, now of Philadelphia, an old school teacher of whom I was very fond, and who used to call me her 'little Maybud,' sent me a book by Mrs. Hodge. She sent it to her 'little Maybud of former years.' Wasn't it sweet of her? I have not seen her since I was a child.

"Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin have just come over to call on the Hodges. They walked three miles. They walk over every once in a while in the afternoon to call. By the way, we had a nice little reception for Dr. and Mrs. Hodge last week. We had quite a fine musical program. Dr. Tay-

CORTLANDT VAN RENSSELAER HODGE, M.D.,
PAOTINGFU, CHINA.

lor played on his organ, Mr. Pitkin on the piano, and Mr. Hinton on the mandolin. Mrs. Pitkin sang three songs. She is as fine a singer as I have almost ever heard. She was leader of the Glee Club at Mount Holyoke College before coming to China. Then we had ice cream, cake and coffee after the music. Dr. and Mrs. Hodge do not profess to be musical. There is a lady in America who wrote to me and sent some money to buy flowers to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Hodge. We secured four pots of elegant roses, two of red and two of pink, and I had some money left to give to Mrs. Hodge to do with as she liked. I thought it was such a pretty idea."

This is certainly an artless tale. Here in the heart of a spiritually dark and desolate land was a small band of American Christians vying with each other to brighten the first hours of the young missionaries. It was certainly a "pretty idea," as Mrs. Simcox expressed it, that prompted the American lady. The lady's name Mrs. Simcox did not give, but the sweet, kindly deed, inspired as it was by a heart in closest fellowship with the Master, deserves to be remembered and told as a memorial of her.

Dr. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer Hodge was the son of the Rev. Dr. Edward B. and Mrs. Alice C. Van Rensselaer Hodge. He was born at Burlington, New Jersey, July 1st, 1872. On the paternal side he was closely related to a family of men distinguished in scientific and theological circles as among the foremost of their day. His

grandfather was Hugh Lenox Hodge, a celebrated physician of Philadelphia and professor in the University of Pennsylvania, while his father's uncle, the Rev. Dr. Charles Hodge, was a theologian of world-wide name and fame. On his mother's side he was descended from a long line of men and women illustrious in the colonial and later history of New York, his great-grandfather being Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer, a patroon in the family of Dutch Barons who had established and ruled the "Van Rensselaerwyck," a feudal estate once comprising the counties of Albany, Columbia and Rensselaer. His grandfather, Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, being a younger brother of the last recognised patroon (Stephen Van Rensselaer IV), of New York, early consecrated himself to the Gospel Ministry, and as a graduate of Yale, and (after spending two years in theological studies at Princeton), of the Union Theological Seminary, Virginia, entered upon the duties of the Ministry with the full weight of centuries of social prestige and with a character as unsullied and pure as his ministry was eminent and faithful.

It was the daughter of the last named, a woman of singular beauty of face and form, and of a presence indicative of gentle breeding and of ladylike carriage to the manner born, that on the first of July, 1872, gave birth to the young missionary whose fate at Paotingfu enrolled him among the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown."

To-day a beautiful portrait, in a home doubly bereaved, of a woman of almost angelic face and form, greets the casual guest with a queenliness of character and depth of purity such as bespeak a noble ancestry.

It was during a concert of prayer for missions, at that time being held in the Presbyterian Church at Burlington, of which the Rev. Dr. Edward B. Hodge was pastor, that Cortlandt was born; and when the father returning from the service was met at the door and by his own aged father, Dr. Hugh Lenox Hodge, congratulated on the birth of a son, it was not strange that the coincidence or providence should strengthen his desire, that that son might one day become a foreign missionary.

Dr. Hodge, the father, is a preacher of the Word who thoroughly believes in foreign missions, and in whose home at Burlington the missionary from the foreign field was a frequent guest, and from whose pulpit also distinguished missionaries from all fields visiting in the homeland were not only permitted but encouraged to speak. It was no surprise to those who knew the family, that Cortlandt should early manifest a decided preference for the life and work of the foreign missionary. The atmosphere in which he lived from infancy was permeated with the rich fragrance of lives and services devoted to the great work of sending the Gospel to heathen lands. Baptised on the 29th of September, 1872,

by the venerable grand-uncle, the Rev. Dr. Charles Hodge, he was truly a child of the Covenant. So that when on the 3rd of December, 1886, by a vote of the Burlington Church, on his public profession of faith, he was admitted to the Lord's Table, it was but the promotion of a child of the Church to the full privileges of God's own dear children.

Receiving his preparatory training at the Van Rensselaer Seminary he was immediately thereafter matriculated at Princeton College and was graduated in the Class of 1893. In his choice of academic schools he followed in the footsteps of his good friend, Dr. Taylor, and when he commenced his medical studies, it was but natural that he should enter the University of Pennsylvania where his grandfather, Dr. Hugh Lenox Hodge, and his uncle Dr. Hugh Lenox Hodge, Jr., had greatly added to the reputation of an already famous institution of learning. He was graduated from the University in the Class of '97, and after fifteen months spent as resident physician in the Presbyterian Hospital of Philadelphia, was ready and anxious for the missionary life upon which his thoughts had so long been centred.

Dr. Hodge was a young man of fine physical presence, six feet tall and weighed 180 pounds, well proportioned, erect, active, sinewy, muscular, and moving among his fellow students conscious of his strength, he could have taken high rank

as an athlete, had he cared for athletic honours. A frank, manly countenance of somewhat swarthy complexion, his face was one to excite a second glance, and in every lineament reveal the strong, pure, interesting character that he was. When he entered the University of Pennsylvania he found a congenial companion in a fellow student whose mother and sisters had come with him from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to Philadelphia, that they might be together during his student life at the University, and where also the sisters might enjoy the advantages of Eastern schools and the home-life they all prized. Of a Sunday it was frequently young Hodge's privilege to spend the afternoon in the home of his student friend. Sometimes an invitation to dinner lengthened the visit, and perhaps before any one fully realised it except the young visitor himself, he was deeply in love with the eldest daughter, Miss Elsie Sinclair.

When first introduced to the mother and sisters of his student friend, young Hodge was not an entire stranger, at least so far as his family was concerned. Years before, when Mrs. Sinclair was a child, in her father's home in Philadelphia, the celebrated physician, Dr. Hugh Lenox Hodge, was the family doctor, and so cherished was his memory, that his portrait continued to have a place in the home.

On the morning of July 1st, 1900, just one day after the terrible tragedy at the Presbyterian Compound, Paotingfu, an article in one of the

leading daily papers of Philadelphia gave a sketch of Mrs. Hodge and was the first warning which the general public had of the imminent perils surrounding the Presbyterian missionaries of this station. The triennial reunion of the Class of '97 at Bryn Mawr College of which Mrs. Hodge was a member, had just been held, and it was not strange, that the startling announcement that she and her coworkers at Paotingfu were in great danger from the Boxer uprising should awaken more than ordinary interest and anxiety among her many Class and College mates as well as among a very large circle of friends and acquaintances both East and West. In Philadelphia where the families of these two missionaries are so well and favourably known, and especially in Presbyterian circles, where the family name of Hodge for generations has been associated with scientific and theological learning, the interest in these young people and the anxiety manifested over their perilous situation were widespread and intense. Mrs. Hodge was especially the centre of human interest. Beautiful, talented and of a lovable personality, she had made an enviable record in college as well as in social life. Born at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, December 15, 1874, she was in her twenty-third year when she left college with her plans largely made for a life of missionary service. A lover of athletic sports, such as are regarded adapted and proper for young ladies in colleges for women, a sound body, a cheery dis-

MRS. CORTLANDT VAN RENSSELAER HODGE
(ELSIE CAMPBELL SINCLAIR)
PAOTINGFU, CHINA.

position, and a face bright and interesting, it was entirely appropriate that among her college mates she should have been given the sobriquet of "Bonnie Sinclair." And when Mrs. Hodge and her husband started out for their new home half way around the globe, to live among a heathen people whose language they did not know, and with the noble purpose of spending their lives in missionary service, they carried with them the hopes and prayers of hundreds who loved them.

Mrs. Hodge, as well as her husband, enjoyed the instruction and influence of a home-life which were eminently favourable to the formation of ideals in which a missionary career would be most likely to have a prominent place. Her father, Thomas M. Sinclair, a prominent business man of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and his wife, had for years been prominent in all really charitable and Christian work. In both home and foreign mission fields they had found desirable opportunities for the investment of money. In every feasible enterprise for the religious and intellectual improvement of the North American Indians he had been especially active. A thoroughly Christian man, a pillar in the church, a moral force in the community, active, if not a leader in every work for the improvement of society, his sudden death in 1881, was felt to be an irreparable loss. This event had much to do with the daughter's subsequent career. In 1887, Mrs. Sinclair brought her family to Philadelphia that the children might

have better educational advantages. Elsie was sent to Miss Gordon's school in West Philadelphia and later to Bryn Mawr College, where, as has been said, she was graduated in 1897.

Dr. and Mrs. Hodge were married at the Woodland Presbyterian Church, West Philadelphia, Tuesday, February 14th, 1899. It was a delightful, interesting wedding, and yet it was not so delightful to those who were intercepted in their journey from distant points by the fearful blizzard of sleet and snow, as it blocked the thoroughfares of all the Eastern cities, forced the suspension of ordinary means of travel and sent telegraph poles and wires into hopeless confusion and wreck. Less than sixteen months after, a storm would rage in the Orient dark and dreadful, a storm such as would bring consternation and trembling to the strongest hearts. It was the Boxer uprising in China.

Within a month from the night of their marriage, or on March 8th, the young physician and his bride as the missionary representatives of the Calvary Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia (the Rev. J. Sparhawk Jones, D.D., pastor), left for China, and on Wednesday, May 2nd, arrived at Paotingfu.

The first ten months of their stay at Paotingfu were silent and yet busy months, and the earnestness and thoroughness with which they entered upon the study of the language, and the faithfulness with which they continued their work from

day to day and from week to week were premonitory, if such things may be, of the brevity of their service in China, suggestive of the pertinent fact, that the "King's business required haste." And Mr. Simcox writing on June 2nd, just one month after their arrival, expressed his fears that both Dr. Hodge and his wife were applying themselves too closely, and that they would break down under such unremitting labours.

By the first of November, 1899, the new students of the language had made very good progress. Both were now able to read and speak the language with some little degree of ease and comfort, and time was found for some work, even though of a limited character, which might be called practical and helpful. Mrs. Hodge had at least time to devote to the children of the missionaries and her work for Paul and Francis Simcox and Zenos and Ralph Miller awakens in some hearts the tenderest memories and touches chords of the deepest and sweetest pathos.

It was in the beginning of November that Dr. Hodge in company with Mr. Killie of Peking, and Mr. Lowrie of Paotingfu, left for a journey of some three hundred miles southward spending five or six weeks in looking over the ground for a new station on the line of the projected railroad. It was a novel and instructive journey for the young doctor, and the beautiful and artistic handmade book illustrated with kodak pictures taken en route, with graphic descriptions of places and

events on the way, which he prepared and sent to his father is proof of the really great pleasure the trip and association with veteran missionaries brought him.

A sketch of the trip into Southern Chili and taken almost verbatim from Dr. Hodge's own account cannot fail to interest the reader. In accordance with the wish of the Peking Mission they took this journey south that they might make a study of the people and the country with a view to opening a new station in the near future and which had been also in the thoughts of the workers at Paotingfu. All went on the journey attired in native costume. Each had a two-wheeled cart with two mules harnessed tandem. The plan was to live in true Chinese style, and therefore but little foreign food was taken with them.

The road taken was a little west of south along the great road from Peking to the province of Honan. There had been no rain for fourteen months except a very short and scanty downfall three months before the journey was undertaken. The dust was accordingly thick beyond description. The regular resting-place at night was a Chinese inn. The inn consisted of a number of rooms built around an open court, sometimes divided into two by a shed which afforded accommodation for the animals. The only furniture in the rooms consisted of a table and two chairs and a brick kang, or bed, about six feet broad, built across one end of the room, all else was dirt and

grease. The first Chinese meal ordered consisted of an omelet, some meat hash, a bowl of bean-curd soup and some griddle cakes. Dr. Hodge testifies that he greatly enjoyed this meal, and indeed all of his Chinese meals throughout his trip, and it was not long before he could manage chop sticks almost as well as knife and fork.

The travellers rose in the morning before the sun and had breakfast from their own box of provisions,—a mere anticipation of the real breakfast to be enjoyed after a morning's drive of sixty li (20 miles). The Chinese, as a rule, eat only twice a day, except such as are day-labourers, and the carters in this little caravan often went until the morning stopping place was reached before eating.

A Chinese bridge is sometimes made in this fashion: Piles are driven into the river bottom for a foundation and to these cross-bars are tied (for the Chinese are adepts in the use of rope); stalks of Kao Ling (or very tall corn) are laid across these, and atop of all earth is strewn. The road-bed thus made is very much better than such as travellers commonly have to endure in China.

The bridges over the rivers, made in the manner described above, are taken down in the spring, just before the rains begin, by simply untying the ropes by which the planks, or cross-bars, are fastened, and then comes the turn of the ferryman to make his fortune.

Hardly a mile was passed during the whole trip without the sight of persons busy collecting manure from the road; not a particle being wasted. Perhaps a drove of horses would be met, hardly discernible through the great cloud of blinding dust; and following these would be seen a little army of boys, a basket in one hand and a small fork in the other, taking advantage of their opportunity to make a collection of this kind. Indeed this constitutes the source of the poor man's wealth in China; for some of the fields are called upon to produce three, or even four, crops in the course of a year.

Two lines of telegraph poles were seen running parallel with the route pursued, showing that the science of the West is breaking down the barriers of even interior China. The travellers also crossed the railroad embankment, and saw men working on it as it is being steadily pushed towards the south, and the terminus which is to be at Hankow.

It was exceedingly interesting to observe the manner in which silver bullion is transported to the capital. Few not in the secret, would ever have guessed that the long train of open carts which was met one day, loaded apparently with logs of wood, was carrying a fortune in the precious metal. There were fifteen carts, and each cart carried ten logs. The logs were hollow, and each contained a thousand taels of silver, amounting to about $700. The total amount of treasure

therefore which was under transport in this peculiar manner was about $105,000.

In the fields a novel method of getting water for irrigation was observed. It consisted of a chain pump operated by mule power. The mule is attached to a pole fastened to a horizontal cog-wheel. The teeth of the wheel fit into a perpendicular wheel which is attached in turn to the axle which operates the chain with its little buckets. The parts are all separated at night, put into a cart and taken home. Nothing in China is ever left "lying around loose."

A Sabbath was passed at Cheng Ting Fu. The Roman Catholics have a large cathedral in this city, the towers of which are visible from a great distance. Fully one-half of the space enclosed by the walls is open ground.

There is no completed bridge by which the river to the south of the city may be crossed, and the ferryman can be seen to great advantage at his work. The ferry-boat is a flat barge manned by several men with poles. The barge is brought close to the bank for the reception of the waiting carts. The animals are unfastened, and all the men within hailing distance pull and tug and push until they have gotten the cart aboard.

On the afternoon of their sixth day (the fifth day of travel), Dr. Hodge and his companions were in sight of Shun Te Fu, the end of the first portion of their journey. The China Inland Mission have a station at this place, and the travellers

were most kindly welcomed by Mr. Brown, a young Englishman, and one of his associates, the only ones of the company then at home. These courteously invited the Americans to come and share the field with them.

On the seventh day after leaving Paotingfu they reached Han Tan Hsien after dusk, having passed through two sand rivers on the way. At this place the second Sabbath was spent. There is a temple well in the vicinity, which is full of iron tablets, which have the traditional reputation of being very efficacious to procure rain. Whenever there is a severe drought one of the tablets is fished up and carried to Peking where it is devoutly worshipped by the Emperor himself. If rain falls within a year it is considered that the prayer has met with a favourable response. The drought of the previous fall was so severe that the Emperor sent for a tablet, and made a vow that he would replace it by a tablet of gold in case rain should be vouchsafed.

In the afternoon of the holy day Mr. Lowrie went out on the street to preach and sell books. A good audience gathered at two points where the missionaries took their station. They listened attentively, but did not have enough interest in the subject to buy many books.

The next place visited was P'eng Ch'eng, famous for its pottery. It lies to the west and south of Han Tan, and the road was such that it was

hoped that the like might never be seen again. The city is nestled at the foot of mountains, and it is really a wide-awake place. In the manufacture of bowls alone about three thousand men are said to be engaged. As nothing is wasted in China the broken pottery at P'eng Ch'eng, of which there is a great store, is used for repairing the city walls, which bristle in places with broken or defective water jars, piping, etc., and even for the building of houses. A crowd soon gathered about the inn where the travellers went to lodge, even pressing into the room and eagerly watching every move of the " foreign devils."

They found an inquirer there who boldly made himself known in the midst of the crowd. He had been taught by Mr. Goforth, of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission from Chang Te Fu, a day's journey to the south.

The road from this city lay along the course of a fine stream, and for the first few miles through a remarkable formation. The soil can be ground to an impalpable powder, and, by the combined action of rain and travel, the road is actually worn some thirty or forty feet below the level of the surrounding country. It was a surprise to see in the course of the morning a fine grist mill doing its work with the aid of three or four large turbine wheels.

In the afternoon the southern boundary of the province of Chili was crossed and the province

of Honan was entered. The resting-place at Chang Te Fu was reached about seven-thirty P. M.

The next day they gave a great surprise to the members of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission by calling at their Compound. The welcome received was of the heartiest description. The enclosure contains two foreign houses, a large chapel, and a goodly number of native buildings. The foreign houses are occupied by Mr. Goforth and Dr. Menzies. The chapel is kept constantly open, and there is a continual stream of listeners the whole day through. The foreigners and the native helpers take turns in giving instruction, so that the teaching is incessantly maintained. Dr. Menzies is quite a genius and has instructed his carpenters in all kinds of work. He has made a turning lathe for them, and fine specimens of their work were to be seen in the shape of chairs, roller-top desks, etc. Dr. Menzies had been building the chapel and his new house during the previous summer. As this work has occupied practically his whole time the medical work has of necessity been small. The new house is full of interest to the Chinese, as it is built with a cellar and is heated by a furnace. The furnace was made by the Chinese at Chang Te Fu in a large bell factory, and practically consists of two large bells placed lip to lip, overlapping each other, and sealed by a shoulder containing sand. Dr. Hodge and his companions felt greatly refreshed by the

privilege here enjoyed of sleeping in a Christian bed.

Chang Te Fu marked the extreme southern limit, and the road lay due east towards Ch'u Wang, another station of the Canadian Presbyterians. At the noon-day resting-place the travellers attracted a great deal of attention, and indeed from this time, until they regained the "great road," wherever they stopped they were always surrounded by a curious crowd, and they were hardly able to perform their ablutions on account of the interest taken in the proceedings. If they were successful in getting the room cleared and the door closed, they still were not free from observation. The windows are all made of wooden lattice-work covered over with paper. The Chinese find it an easy matter to wet a finger and punch a hole, and presently each little division has a pair of eyes peering through it in the hope of seeing the marvels of an act of ablution. The temptation was great, Dr. Hodge tells us, when he was shaving, and his basin was on the window ledge, and suddenly a finger came poking through almost into his face, and a moment later an eye was applied to the aperture with an insolent stare—the temptation was great to flirt some soapy water straight into his eye. Did he do it? If so, did the eye vanish even more quickly than it appeared?

The next day's journey terminated at Ch'u Wang, where Dr. McClure and his colleagues

were waiting to receive the little company as their guests. There is nothing quite so pleasant, Dr. Hodge says, as the reception one gets in a Christian home, after travelling in a heathen country. In Ch'u Wang a fine medical work was found in progress under the care of Dr. McClure and Dr. Leslie. Dr. Dowd has the hospital for women and is doing a fine work. The pastoral work is under the care of the Rev. McKenzie, who itinerates through all the surrounding region. Mr. Killie was not well and required rest, and so he was left with Dr. McClure for a day or two while the others went on to Tai Ming Fu. A large Roman Catholic church in a small village was among the objects seen in the course of the day. In addition two wedding processions were passed, each with a brilliant red chair for the bride. The third Sabbath of the journey was spent at Tai Ming Fu, which is a prosperous place. When the day dawned a crowd of interested people gathered, and Mr. Lowrie began to preach to them, and continued preaching and talking from eleven A. M. until almost ten P. M., stopping only for meals, and for an hour's intermission at sundown, when a stroll was taken through the city. This place is counted the centre of the Rev. Mr. Houlding's work. He belongs to the South Chili Mission. On Monday Dr. Hodge and Mr. Lowrie returned for Mr. Killie, and all turned their faces northward for the homeward journey.

One day in a little village, near the Honan-Chili border, where they stopped for the noon-day meal, an unusually curious crowd were thronging around the door. Probably many of them had never seen a foreigner before. Suddenly they separated slightly and an old "Lai Tai Tai," bent under the weight of years hobbled into the room, and peered into this corner and into that corner, her eyes feeble with age. After looking all around, as if to see some wondrous "foreign devils" with horns and tails, she turned on her heels murmuring with utmost disgust "I don't see them anywhere," and beat a retreat as fast as her tiny bound feet would allow.

The most important stopping-place was Kwang Ping Fu, the centre of the field in which the missionaries hoped to be allowed to work. The city would be, above all others, the place for the new station, were it not for its situation in the midst of a swamp fully two miles in diameter. The city in dry weather can only be approached by causeways, while in the rainy season resort must be had to boats, although a cart can usually get in at the north gate.

The doctrine inculcated by Confucius with regard to "Feng Swei" (Wind and Water) has caused the Chinese a deal of inconvenience, to say the least. What the "Feng Swei" doctor (or omen reader) says is law, and he is consulted about everything. Evidently it was supposed

that the "Feng Swei" of this place was favourable. Certainly there is plenty of water if not of wind, and no little amount of genuine malaria into the bargain. From Nan Ho to Jan Hsien the country took on an entirely different aspect. Instead of sandy wastes there were fields green with cabbage or winter wheat; and instead of hard, bitter water there were plenty of streams and wells of sparkling water. Indeed the people of Nan Ho and Jan Hsien say that they never have need to pray for rain, as their wells are always full. Jan Hsien has no gate to the south. The reason given is to the effect that the "Feng Swei" is at present most favourable, and there is believed to be danger that the opening of the gate to the south would afford a means for its escape. At Wei Chia Mr. Bridge, of the London Missionary Society was found engaged in a very encouraging work. On the Sabbath Mr. Lowrie preached to the most interesting audience which Dr. Hodge had yet seen in China. The service was held in the open courtyard, and there were present about sixty men and about twenty-five women. In the afternoon a service of song was held in the court of Mr. Bridge's house for women. It was led by a blind lad whom Mr. Bridge described as one of the most beautiful characters he had ever seen. Mr. Killie conducted a service for the little company of foreigners in English at five-thirty P. M. It was altogether a most delightful Sabbath.

At Hwei Lu the travellers found a station of the China Inland Mission, important from the fact that to this place all the mail is brought, and also all the goods destined for the missionaries of this society further west beyond the mountains. On the return journey large numbers of carts were seen piled high with bedding, protected by great yellow mats of dried reeds from the dust and the sun. Often there were five animals drawing one cart, and as many as seven were seen. The Chinese do not seem to use a pole to their wagons; almost all being made with only two wheels. One animal is placed between the shafts, then two are put abreast in front of him, and lastly three abreast in front of the two. A low cart with four wheels is indeed sometimes used, but the front wheels are fixed firmly to the body of the wagon like those behind. When it is necessary for the driver to turn out for some one he must needs pry the wheels out of the rut of the road with a crow-bar. Such wagons as these are only met with in the south, and even there comparatively few were seen.

The little company arrived at Paotingfu, tired and dirty, brown with the dust clinging to their hair, faces and eye-brows, on the first day of December, 1899, having been gone just four weeks and one day. During that time they travelled two thousand one hundred li, or about seven hundred miles, and passed through twenty-six Hsien and Fu cities. In five of these they found mission-

aries at work; but what are these to the vastness of the field?

The expedition to the south was one to touch the heart of the young physician. A large district densely inhabited, wholly given to idolatry, where the name of Jesus had perhaps never been heard, was indeed without God, and unless something could be done in the way of establishing a station in that region, was likewise without hope. Mr. Simcox writing of the place selected said:

"It is at least three hundred miles south of here, but on the railroad now in process of construction, and that will make it possible to bring it under the one mission. There is a large field yet without any one to give the message, and we hope the Church will sustain us in reaching out into these as yet barren fields."

The writer must be indulged in saying, that while reading the correspondence of those who perished at Paotingfu, time and again the query has arisen, "Is it possible the Church will permit the sacrifice of such men and women and plod on in the same old-fashioned, half-hearted way? Is it true that the hands of the missionaries were weakened by the constant fear that the Church would not sustain them in their efforts to extend Christ's Kingdom in China, or was the anxiety of Mr. Simcox unfounded, when he expressed the hope, that the Church would sustain them 'in reaching out into these as yet barren fields?'"

It is a grief too great for tears, that young Dr.

and Mrs. Hodge, so splendidly equipped for a life of eminent service in China, so well favoured in personal appearance, and in those attractive graces which under the blessing of God give men and women power to save the unsaved, should on the very threshold of what would have been a brilliant career in missionary labours have been cut down by a heathen mob, and their parents and loved ones made to pass through seemingly endless weeks and months of aching anxiety and suspense. But shall we say that the soldier recruit who falls in the first action is less worthy of honour and crowns than the well-tried veteran of a hundred battle fields? "'Tis not what man *does* that exalts him, but what man *would* do."

Almost all the letters which came from Mrs. Simcox after the arrival of these young people at Paotingfu contained appreciative references to them. As late as May, 1900, and in her last letter save two, with characteristic discrimination Mrs. Simcox put on record her high estimate of Dr. and Mrs. Hodge. They had now been more than a year on the field and had lived in relations of closest intimacy with the members of the station. Mrs. Simcox and Mrs. Hodge had become warm friends. At the time of the writing they were the only foreign women in the Compound. Their isolation, and perhaps loneliness, had drawn them closely together. But now the time was fast approaching, as they thought, when Dr. and Mrs. Hodge would be transferred to Peking to take up

the work which Dr. and Mrs. Inglis would lay down on their removal to the Philippines. Indeed they had been that very month at Peking looking over their new field and Mrs. Simcox's heart was troubled. Her letter of May 24th, 1900, was heavy with many cares and misgivings, and with the dark shadows that were creeping from west to east and the rumours and wild unrest of the hordes of ignorant, barbarous, unreasoning men who almost daily placarded the buildings and walls with strange and ominous warnings. The letter was burdened with the thought of separation and the exceeding regret that the exigencies of mission work would call Dr. and Mrs. Hodge to Peking where she would be deprived of their fellowship in the mission Compound. They were not separated in life and in death they were not divided.

The reader may desire to know more of that year's work and experience. It was a busy year, and by no means monotonous. In the little social circle in which they moved there were the choicest spirits. In the Presbyterian Compound, besides Dr. and Mrs. Hodge and Mrs. Lowrie and her son, the Rev. J. Walter Lowrie, there were the Millers and their three interesting children, the Simcox family, Dr. Maud Mackey, and the pure-hearted, noble Dr. Taylor. Then there were the friends of the South Suburb, Misses Morrill and Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Ewing and little Helen, Dr. Noble and family, Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin and little

Horace, and of the China Inland Mission Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall and sweet little Gladys. They were drawn together by common hopes and fears and often they gathered of an evening in the home of one or another for social prayers and the singing of the sweet songs of Zion. It is easy to imagine Dr. Taylor at the organ or piano and the missionaries and the children grouped about the instrument as they sang his favourite hymn:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

As was said by another: "There were evenings when the missionaries were together, and Dr. Taylor's fingers were on the keyboard of the organ, for they loved to sing together the beautiful music of the new Hymnal of our Church. They sang it through from cover to cover, but when a call was made for some favourite piece, and different ones made choice of one hymn or another there was one which became closely associated with Dr. Taylor." It was the one already quoted. Mrs. Lowrie referring to those evenings of song among other hymns mentions No. 618 as a general favourite, and as especially a favourite with Mrs. Hodge:

The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of Heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes:

Dark, dark has been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

* * * * * * *

The bride eyes not her garment
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He gifteth,
But on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

And Mrs. Simcox had her favourite. She loved music. In her home at Paotingfu and at the sea-side her friends often gathered about the organ and after singing for an hour she would beg them to join in "just one more song," and in *this* more than any other:

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound prints,
And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

* * * * * * *

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs
Answer, 'Yes.'"

Speaking of the year's work and the experiences which relieve the monotony of life in China during the "silent months," much might be said. Much might be said of the stirring times through which the missionaries passed during the six months preceding the crisis and the general state of affairs in China which would naturally occupy their minds when not engaged in language study or in the other duties of the station. A writer in the Philadelphia Press of July 1st, 1900, gives a graphic and quite reliable statement of the situation:

"The story of the part the railroad plays in this hideous uprising is unknown to the West, and is remarkable evidence of the subtle religious fervour that is beneath all this uprising. You remember Mr. Kipling's story of the Bridge-Builders where the Hindoos were so opposed to

that massive structure of iron and steel that the children of the dominant race were putting up? How they muttered and vowed vengeance and declared that the sinking of the great piles into the river bed was an insult to their great god, Father Gunga, whose spirit dwelt in the Ganges! They declared that some day their god would avenge himself upon the enemy, and rising from his sleep destroy them all in his anger. Well, the great river did rise and nearly swept away their bridge after the awful toil of two years by these Englishmen; and then exuberant in their glad joy were the Hindoos because their own Gunga had proven himself a god. This is the feeling the Boxers have against the railroad. This is the subtle revenge at work beneath all of this horror that the Powers call a political crisis. It is defense of their religion, not of their rights. It is superstition, not progress. The motto behind it is 'Hands off our god.' The Northern Chinese believe, that their great god, the Dragon, sleeps in the earth with his heart beneath the Imperial City, and his body spreading on down to Shanghai. It is for this reason that they never sink solid obstacles into the earth. To do so is to disturb their god. His great spirit broods beneath the soil and his subjects glide along on sandaled feet on top of the earth that no echo may annoy him. The railroad was the final insult by 'the foreign devils' to their great god, the Dragon, whose picture is painted on the red caps of the first little Chinese baby born here on Race Street, that he may be kept from harm. The steel rails and the wooden ties, the clang of metal and the digging down in the earth, the careless men with spades and axes were daily torments to those who saw their god disturbed.

The end of patience came with the rush and roar of the locomotive, with the lumbering, flashing cars behind, on its way from the Gulf to the interior. For a year the Americans have heard the murmur, that some day the Dragon would rise with the wrath of a god and overturn the land and slay the foreigners who had done this deadly thing, and the natives, because they had stood by and let it come to pass. Belief in this day of judgment increased to terror and then to panic. In the black hours of the night, in the long hours of the day, they have watched for the earthquake or flood that would be the beginning of the end. Little by little grew the desire for the natives to defend their god, so if he did rise he would spare them because of their work in his behalf, and with all the secrecy and rapidity that the Mutiny of India was passed from mouth to mouth after the watchword was given by a maid who kissed a man in a bazaar at Delhi, so ran this word of gathering for the mutiny in China.

"Isn't this a remarkable story? Doesn't it make one feel how much more serious the combat between the Orient and the Occident really is, when one has to fight, not men with masks, not principles, but superstition which is the bone and flesh of the nation? 'Foreign devils built the road,' say the Chinese, and 'the foreign devils must go.' This is the verdict from the ignorant classes, and from the travelled coolies comes the word 'They shut us out of their land and their courts; drive them out of ours.'

"In the midst of all this superstition and horrible murder, of uncertainty because of cut cables and fearful silence, in the very centre of resentment and almost over the heart of the Dragon are two young, eager representatives of Philadelphia

whom Philadelphia dearly loves. In thousands of homes in this city has been said the daily prayer that these two young lives may be saved."

Dr. Maud Mackey, who went to China in October, 1899, and in the early part of November following took up her residence at Paotingfu, among other things says:

"Dr. and Mrs. Hodge arrived at Paotingfu about four months before I did; so that in many ways they were companions to me. China was still new to them and they appreciated my new impressions. They were studying, and so we could compare notes and talk over our difficulties together. Their little home was very pretty and attractive, and they were very hospitable in sharing it with us all. I am powerless to write of the character of Dr. and Mrs. Hodge. Many have said that they have never seen two people so well fitted in every way for missionary work and life. They had many natural gifts and to these they added education and culture, and the whole was consecrated without reserve to the Lord.

"Dr. Hodge was always ready to take the services in English in his turn with the ministers and always had something helpful to say. But their daily lives showed their beautiful spirit better than anything they could say.

"A year ago this Christmas (1900) Mrs. Hodge devoted herself to the task of making a merry Christmas for all the children, both Chinese and foreign. On Christmas a tree was set up in her sitting room and all helped to decorate it. All of the foreign children from the South Suburb were invited, and with those of our own Compound, we had quite a number. Dr. Hodge

entered into the fun and played Santa Claus. It was the first time most of the children had seen a Christmas tree and they enjoyed it very much. The next day the tree was set up in the chapel for the Chinese children, when they received bright calico bags filled with good things. Mrs. Hodge also gave them a feast and watched them and helped serve them while they enjoyed it. She began to teach a Sunday School class in Chinese when she had been here only about *eight months.*

"A great blessing fell upon North China in March. You know the spiritual awakening throughout the Missions, and how many doubters were strengthened for the fiery trial that they were to pass through. When we were speaking of what a wide-spread and wonderful blessing it was, Mrs. Hodge said that she wondered if it was not an answer to the prayers that had gone up from the churches all over the world for China the month before.

"We had some very helpful services Sunday and Wednesday evenings, and a noon prayer meeting daily when all the missionaries gathered together for worship. I shall never forget the last noon prayer meeting that we had all together, April 11th. It seemed necessary for me to go to Peking to study, as we had tried without success to get a teacher in Paotingfu. I did not expect to return until fall. In the midst of my preparations and packing the bell rang for our noon prayer meeting and we were all there, an unbroken circle. Earnest prayers were offered for the work, for the native Christians and for ourselves, with the petition that, if God's will, we might all be gathered safely together again after the separation and scattering of the summer. Some one started the hymn, 'Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love.'

"The next morning while it was still dark Miss McKillican and I left Paotingfu. Miss McKillican had been holding a class there. Mr. and Mrs. Simcox got up to see us off, and Mr. Miller went part way with us on the train, and this was the last we saw of the Paotingfu friends, excepting a short visit from the Hodges a month later when they came to Peking to plan their work with Dr. Inglis. They were much surprised at that time at the disturbed condition of things in Peking, saying that Paotingfu was very quiet. They were very anxious to get back to their work in Paotingfu and could not be persuaded to lengthen their visit in Peking. It was soon after this that the bridges were destroyed between Peking and Paotingfu, cutting off communication between the two places, except by telegraph. One messenger came through after the train stopped running, bringing letters from Mr. Pitkin and Mr. Simcox. These and Dr. Taylor's telegrams showed plainly that they realised their danger. Nothing could be done for their relief either from Peking or Tientsin; and we hoped and prayed for them until our relief came, and the first question put to them was, 'What of Paotingfu?'"

The baptism of the Spirit which occurred in March and April, 1900, to which Miss Mackey refers, was a preparation against the crowning day. Even the little boys were being instructed and made ready for the Kingdom of God. Certainly no more beautiful incident can be related of the life of Mrs. Elsie Sinclair Hodge than that which was told in almost the last letter of Mrs. Simcox. Mrs. Hodge continued her work with

the children, teaching them much of God's Word and unwittingly preparing them for the crowning day which was so near at hand. She had them memorise Scripture verses and finally had them learn the Beatitudes. The children dearly loved their teacher, and when Mrs. Simcox wrote, she had reached this one: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad for great is your reward in Heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." And the young teacher received her reward; and Paul and Francis, and baby Margaret, the little joy of the Compound, went up with the dear teacher into the presence of God.

XIV

DEEPENING SHADOWS

Of the Court intrigues and the causes leading up to the practical dethronement of Emperor Kwang Su and the inaugurating of the third regency of the Empress Dowager others have written and spoken. It is in place here to recall the effect this revolution had on the work of Foreign Missions in China and in particular the changed attitude of Chinese officials and others towards the missionaries at Paotingfu. There is no doubt that the influence of the Emperor's progressive and liberal edicts issued in July, 1898, and prior, had the effect of greatly encouraging the work of missions, and, at least for a short time, changing the attitude of many Chinese officials and others towards the missionaries. The Emperor's well known feeling of friendliness towards foreigners and his approval of many distinctive principles of Western civilisation were known for some time, and both the missionaries and the well informed Chinese saw in his friendliness a great gain for Christianity. That there was a strong conservative element in Court cir-

cles and elsewhere intriguing to defeat all reform measures, if not overthrow the Government itself, is now perfectly clear. For months the liberal drift of the Government had been quite apparent; and when in addition to guaranteeing to foreigners the largest measure of protection and the converting of temples into schools for the purpose of popular education, there were added the edicts of July, '98, abolishing all superfluous Yamens, Courts and Bureaux, both in the capital and in the provinces, the published policy of the Emperor came like a thunder-clap in a clear sky upon the Conservatives, who saw in it the end of all their sinecures and the ultimate downfall of all the foremost conservatives of the Empire. They immediately set to work to restore the old order and, by the first of October, by a well planned and successful coup d'etat, relegated the Emperor to a very minor position, with the Empress Dowager in the full exercise of an almost unrestricted regency. These are matters of history well known. It is rather the effect these radical changes in the government of China had on missions and the apprehensions of the missionaries that concern us here. This sudden change in the government was a difficult problem for the missionaries. No one could tell just what would be the outcome. Many felt the Powers were very much to blame for not insisting on the restoration of the Emperor to his place as the head of the Empire and could only predict grave consequences to missions

and the missionaries. Writing on the sixth of October, 1898, Mr. Simcox said:

"There is great excitement in Peking among the officials and princes. They have poisoned the Emperor, but not fatally, and have dethroned him. England and Germany have demanded that he be reinstated. Officials are fleeing for their lives and no doubt many will lose their heads. It is hard to find out just what has happened, but it is known that the Empress Dowager and others wish to put him out of the way. He has been trying to bring about some big reforms and the old Conservatives don't want him to do it. Among others he has issued edicts authorising them to use the Buddhist temples in which to open schools of Western learning, that examinations for government positions shall require a knowledge of the sciences, etc., and many other reforms among the officials. He has given his 'last order' that *foreign missionaries are to be protected.* These if carried out mean great changes in China. Dr. Martin has been placed at the head of the Imperial University and is selecting about thirty teachers, or professors, who shall be Christian men and no doubt they will have great influence for good. We are importuned on all sides for instruction in English. The Emperor was planning a trip to Tientsin this month, but will no doubt give that up since the trouble."

On the 15th of October Mrs. Simcox wrote as follows:

"Of course you know that China is in a most unsettled state at the present time. In fact we here know little of what is happening. We know

the Emperor's life has been attempted and we know that edicts have been sent out rescinding nearly all the reforms which he had instituted of late. These last edicts came out under his name, but of course they were put out either by the Empress Dowager, or some one opposed to the Emperor. Eight high officials, friends and supporters of the Emperor, have been beheaded. One official passed through here on his way to banishment. He was Minister to America once,—his wife was liked in America. The common people are aroused and there are terrible rumours. A mob attacked Dr. Lowrie of Peking when he was escorting the Bishop and his daughter from the station. The lady's chair was broken somewhat and Dr. Lowrie was seriously injured, but not fatally. Different countries have stationed marines in Peking. Here we do not hear much and I do not hear all the rumours in *this* city. There are many,—such as that they are going to burn all foreign books, etc. We pay no attention to them, for we are always safe in the Father's keeping.

"There have been hundreds of soldiers stationed here for months. They make it a little unpleasant for us at times by insisting on coming to the Compound and looking over the walls, etc., but usually they are pretty civil. They attacked the Catholics here this summer, beat one of the French priests and dragged him to their Camp intending to kill him, but the officials heard of it and stopped them. Of course the Catholics get the better of them in a financial way when it comes to settling up the affair. The French always do, but I doubt if the soldiers were punished for it. Our physician, Dr. Taylor, has treated a great many of the soldiers and they

mostly feel kindly towards us, I think. I would have preferred having Frank stay at home, or at least near home, now until things calm down a little, but if one waits until everything is just right one will not do much. There are so many questions and trials in missionary life of which one at home would not dream."

A letter under date of October 29th, still further indicates the serious trend of affairs in North China largely the effect of the change in the policy of the government of China. It was now the evident purpose of those who were directing the affairs of the Imperial Government to discourage and discredit every idea and enterprise which seemed to give place or prominence to foreign methods, and as railroads were being built or projected in different places they furnished an excellent object of attack:

"Yesterday I visited the South Suburb. Well, when I reached the Compound the people all asked if Mr. Simcox was not yet home and looked scared, and then on inquiry found that I was entirely ignorant of the latest excitement, and after a while proceeded to tell me, that a telegram had come on last Monday from a man we all know who is one of the engineers on the new railroad which is being built between here and Peking. The telegram said, 'There is serious trouble on the railroad from the passing soldiers. Warn all missionaries who may be out in the country. We are all leaving at once for Tientsin.' This telegram had created the greatest consternation at the South Suburb, and they had that day come

over to see our people here, but Mr. Lowrie and Dr. Taylor would not allow them to tell me for fear of needlessly alarming me. Frank is out in the direction of the railroad but is not at present on the line. The people all asked if we had not sent for Frank, etc., while I did not know. You may imagine I was somewhat stirred up. But I found that Mr. Lowrie had sent out a messenger to a town where one of the foreign engineers lived, who returned, saying, that all was quiet, but the foreigners had all left. Then he wrote to Frank telling him all about the affair, but Frank has not come home. We suppose that the place he is in must be quiet and he does not feel like coming home until next week, when he had planned to come. Of course I feel a little nervous, still I know he must be all right; but I did so hope he would come home to-night, and I am even more lonely than usual. However if he had come I would not have written to you.

"I very often have just such experiences, but after they are over I don't think it worth while to write about them. You can readily see how trying it is, and there is always uncertainty when he is out in the country. I know some people could not stand such strain, but we learn to wait here and also to put everything in God's hands. It takes so long for us to get news here. We do not know yet the particulars about the trouble, but a telegram came from Tientsin, saying that the foreign Ministers at Peking are pushing the case; so of course there has been serious trouble."

A letter dated November the 7th gives in part the sequel of the railroad disturbance above related, at least so far as it directly affected the workers at Paotingfu:

"Frank came home on Monday, three days before he expected to come. He had a quiet time until Saturday. The people at I Chow did not want to have anything to do with him, but let him alone. But on Saturday he went to a fair at Wan Wang and some roughs made it very unpleasant. They reviled him terribly and one was especially hateful, trying to get him into a fight and his helper was afraid of him. On Sabbath the same fellow came around and was more troublesome than ever. The helper could hear the side remarks which Frank could not hear. The sentiment of the whole crowd was against him. They all said, 'Kill him; plant the devil,' and such things. Finally after applying to the officers for protection and they refused to do anything for them, they came away. While the helper was away from Frank seeing the officers, the big ruffian sat behind Frank, and finally Frank looked up and saw him struggling with another man over a big axe-knife which finally fell to the ground. The ruffian had showed it and the other man had objected to his using it just then. I think he did right not to stay, for they would have laid a plan for him. When the sentiment of nearly all the people was against him, the ruffian would just as soon have killed him as not.

"We have heard since that two foreigners were badly hurt along the railroad by the soldiers and one or two Chinese killed by them, some property destroyed and a likelihood of more trouble."

It was an unusual test of nervous energy and strength to which the workers were put during the first months following the sudden change in the government of China. Almost every week there was some startling rumour, or menace from

hostile sources which greatly tried the nerves of the ladies of the mission stations, and which was also a cause of serious perplexity to the men. From day to day the shadows became a little more sombre and it was really hard to maintain at all times a hopeful and cheery demeanour. To say the least, things were perplexing. It was at these times Mrs. Simcox said they needed someone who could crack a joke or cause a really hearty laugh. Writing to her cousin and college mate she said:

"I sometimes say I wish somebody would make me laugh a good laugh once. We grow so old. Dr. Atterbury was the only witty man we had and now he is in America. Sometimes I think I can't wait until the time comes to go home; and again I cannot bear to think of it, for I am accomplishing so little good here. But if there is anything we need here in this Compound it is some one who can in the face of anything do and say funny things, and make other people laugh. Of course the children help to keep us young. There are four boys now. The youngest, Ralph Miller, is just one year old, but Paul and Francis and Zenos Miller are pretty lively boys, I can tell you.

"I wonder if it is true of all others that they desire most to do the thing that they are least fitted to do. I am going to tell you that that childish inclination is still alive in me, and I have a great desire,—in my insane moments I suppose—to *write*. Can't you suggest some line or interesting subject that needs to be written and that would find a place at home for me to write about? Isn't it giddy in me to think of such a thing, when

it is not possible and when all my energies should be spent on the work about me? But it is just one of my many contradictory characteristics and it seems natural.

"Do you know, it has just come to me (though I had thought of it before and had always been ashamed of it and tried to repress the desire), that it is really a God-given passion? It forms this most delightful channel in which my mind can find exhilaration, whereas if I were to dwell upon the sordidness, monotony and petty trials which I must constantly face, my mind might grow sick. Perhaps you think it has anyhow from this desultory letter.

"Forgive this foolish letter. It is such a rest to write in this way. Remember us always in prayer. Yours most lovingly,

"May G. Simcox."

April 4th, 1899.

"We are in the midst of stirring times just now. We heard yesterday, that the Germans had taken Shantung province and that their marines in Peking had marched around on the city wall headed by the band. Of course we don't know how much of this is true or what it means, but we think something must happen soon.

"F. E. Simcox."

"*April 16th,* 1899.

"The Germans have occupied I Chowfu, a large city in Shantung province. Three Germans were travelling and were attacked by a vicious mob who tried hard to kill them. The Germans had to use their revolvers to save their lives. In fact they came very nearly being mur-

REV. J. WALTER LOWRIE AND HIS MOTHER,
TAKEN AT PAOTINGFU.

dered, for there was such a large mob and they also had fire arms; but the Germans were very brave. They ran forward toward the mob several times, and lay down behind graves and shot. After a time they escaped, but lost their goods, etc. We heard at first, that the Germans had taken all of Shantung province, but that was only a report. I expect that China will have to be divided up among the Powers before long.

"MAY G. SIMCOX."

The summer of 1899, excepting the few weeks the missionaries spent at the seaside and other places for rest was a busy one for all the workers at Paotingfu. Miss Morrill who had returned from America the preceding October refreshed and strengthened by the rest and change and Miss Gould who had become through the increased responsibilities incident to Miss Morrill's absence a skilled and successful worker, were indefatigable in their efforts to do a larger and better work. It did seem as if the gathering clouds only hastened and inspired greater energy and devotion, for there is no doubt that a larger amount of work was attempted and accomplished during the latter half of 1899 and the first half of 1900 than in any year previous in that field. It was during this same period that Mr. Pitkin was able to do an amount of work for the Boys' School and for the general upbuilding of the station that would have surprised any one not acquainted with his energy and remarkable adaptation to almost every requirement of a progressive

mission station. Every one was busy, and as if each had experienced a sense of the deep seriousness of the work and the brevity of the time, they worked with the intensity of Him who said: "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

At the Presbyterian station the same spirit pervaded the workers. It is needless to mention the devotion of Dr. Taylor who would scarcely ever leave his field even during the hot months for a little rest, but among all classes, rich and poor, soldier and civilian, ministered to the sick and the afflicted,—was instant in season and out of season to do all in his strength to alleviate human suffering; and many a Chinaman lives to say that Dr. Taylor was a just, noble and good man. Dr. and Mrs. Hodge were beginning in November, '99, to find themselves ready and equipped for many helpful things, and the Lowries, the Millers and the Simcoxes were in the very prime of the best services they could possibly hope to render to the cause of Christ in China. It was the last year of service for many in that field and it was the best also that some of them had ever known. With Mrs. Simcox it had been a more than ordinary demonstration of the wisdom of establishing a Girls' Boarding School on the self-supporting plan, for she had seen her school grow from a membership of three or four to almost five times that number and had justified the lar-

THE LADIES OF THE COMPOUND AND THEIR CHINESE GUESTS.

MRS. SIMCOX AND BABY MARGARET.

gest expectations of its future power and usefulness in that field. At Man Ch'eng and at Wan Hsien where Mr. Simcox had established important out-posts of service as well as at other points on his itinerating tours he had received the strongest proofs, that notwithstanding the many hindering and vexing oppositions and trials a really great and vital work was being accomplished.

A letter, the last of the year 1899, and written to Mrs. Reed of Clearfield, Pa., gives a fair statement of the conditions at Paotingfu, seven months before the tragedy, and of the lights and shades of the eventful last year the brave men and women were permitted to follow the Cross in China:

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*December 31st*, 1899.

"MY DEAR MRS. REED: I think it will be very hard to write '1900' at the head of our letters. Now I am ashamed to write to you at this late hour,—the first time since our dear little Margaret came to us. But Mr. Simcox has written, so of course you know of her. She is almost five months old,—will be the sixth of the month. She is a little 'Pei-tai-ho girl,' was born at the seaside and is the joy of the household. Her big brothers almost worship her, to say nothing of her father. I need not mention the mother! She is now in the Chinese nurse's arms, crowing and waving her arms at me. She is very good and grows nicely,—has blue eyes and pink

and white skin, while her hair has a red tint,—it is rather light.

"Paul and Francis are great big boys now; they are great playmates,—inseparable. Mrs. Miller has a little boy (Samuel Porter), six weeks old. That makes three for her. I am very disappointed, that it is not a girl, that my little girl could have a companion. She is the only girl among five boys.

"* Mr. Simcox is at Peking, attending the ordination of a Chinese minister. It is terribly cold and I almost fear that he will suffer from the journey. Of course we go now by rail, but that is not all of the way, since the railroad must stop outside the city and the trains are very cold anyhow, having no fires.

"Mr. Simcox has been away, either at his out stations, or itinerating a good deal of the time

* Dr. Wherry speaking of his last meeting with the Simcoxes, refers to the ordination services conducted by Mr. Simcox, then Moderator of the Presbytery: "Our friendship was renewed at brief intervals at Pei-tai-ho, on the sea coast, in 1898, when for a fortnight I was Mr. and Mrs. Simcox's guest, and in 1899, when for ten days I was their neighbour, and my judgment of their worth was confirmed and strengthened. This was the last time I was permitted to see Mrs. Simcox. Her husband I met once more, a little later at Peking, when as Moderator of the Presbytery, he presided at the ordination and installation of the pastor of the Second Church of Peking, Rev. Wang Chao Hsiang. It was an important occasion in itself, and there were already presages, as of undefined but ominous shadows of the coming catastrophe. The services were very solemn, and I was more than once impressed with the earnestness of our beloved Moderator's character, and his fitness for his high calling of ambassador to the Chinese of the great Gospel.

since we came back from the shore, and I felt the responsibility of the care of house, children and School a great deal.

"Miss McKillican came down from Peking this autumn and held a class for women which was very encouraging. The gentlemen just finished teaching a most interesting class of inquirers. They had a very large class, and quite a number of them seemed really in earnest. Some were of those that had been here before and some of the new ones made remarkable progress. A number in an experience meeting confessed their sins and asked for prayers, saying they really wanted to do right. I am very much interested in two or three of the real old men who are very poor. One begs part of the time, though he is not lazy, but old and friendless. His hope of Heaven is beautiful. If he gets there, what a contrast it will be for him! He suffers, but seems so happy now since he has heard of a happy Hereafter, and is truly seeking to win it. He has a hope now, that it does not take money to secure for him a happy future. There are many men of whom I would like to write, and also women and girls.

"Oh, we have one woman, the dearest old grandmother, who always comes if we open a woman's class! She is truly a most lovable old lady,—so simple and sweet and appreciative and humble. She gets so out of patience with herself, because she learns so slowly,—and just imagine she is over seventy years of age, and only beginning to read! Would you expect her to make very rapid progress in reading?

"At one of Mr. Simcox's out stations there are a good many women who have not seen him but who have been taught by one of his converts, who

really believe and need a teacher very much. One widow wants her little boy to study the 'doctrine;' and as they have been taught some hymns, she sent in and bought a hymn book for him. These women have a number of Christian books now and are delighted with the truth that they have learned. It is *a remarkable fact, that this last autumn there seems to be a change in the attitude of many people toward us and toward the truth.* There is very little hostility shown as compared with former times all about here.

"South of us, however, there is an uprising among a class called 'Boxers.' They have decided to exterminate all foreigners and all who believe in foreign doctrines, and are persecuting Christians very dreadfully,—killing, destroying property and plundering. No foreigners have yet been hurt, but native preachers have been killed and great numbers are suffering now for want of food and clothing. They are coming Northward, and are now within seven miles of us. They organise in great numbers, but we have not much fear, for we think the officials would protect us here, although they are not doing much in other places.

"We plan to go home two years from next spring, if nothing prevents. Paul and Francis are very anxious to go. They have an idea that America is a very lovely place.

"Remember us always in your prayers. Love to all your family from us all. Yours sincerely, with much love from myself,

"May G. Simcox."

In less than a week after the foregoing letter was written clouds to the south of Paotingfu, dark and lowering, foretold the awful storm

which in a few short months would break over the native Christians and missionaries of North China. The Ministers at Peking were repeatedly warned by the missionaries and those who were in a position to see and appreciate the significance of the Boxer uprising, but their faithful warnings as a rule received scant courtesy. Though these men and women were scattered all over the Empire and in many cases were on the very outposts of civilisation where they might secure the most reliable information of the dangers which were threatening the destruction of all persons and things foreign, yet when they presumed to warn or advise the representatives of the Powers, their suggestions were treated with ill-concealed impatience, if not with the impolite suggestion, that those who furnished these reports were unduly "frightened and agitated." It is from Mrs. Simcox's letter of January 7th, 1900, that we get the first general statement of the magnitude of the hostile movement which contemplated the destruction of every foreigner and the re-establishing of the Empire on the old conservative lines. Such conditions as were then described and faithfully reported to the Ministers in Peking by missionaries and others in a position to know, were amply grave to have justified the most wise and energetic measures on the part of the foreign officials at Peking to avert a calamity which is without a parallel in all the years of the Nineteenth Century. When the history of

the year 1900 is written and the world fully learns the story of the paralytic indifference of the Powers to the imminent perils of missionaries and foreigners in China the blood of the martyrs and of thousands of innocent men, women and children will be seen to be not on the head of China alone.

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*January 7th*, 1900.

"This is the Week of Prayer and we are having union meetings with the South Suburb people in both Chinese and English.

"Some of our missionary friends in Shantung and also in the South of this province are having trouble with a set of ruffians called Boxers who have for their motto, 'Exterminate the foreigners and foreign doctrines and things, and uphold the Chinese government.' Many Christians,—natives—have lost their houses, clothing and all; and a good many have been murdered. The Catholics also are suffering, and now one foreigner has been brutally killed. He was an English missionary. He had just been to pay a visit to his sister who had newly arrived in China, as the bride of a missionary in a neighbouring city, and on his way home was attacked and killed. We all hope the English Minister will deal severely with the officials, for if this is not punished, there will be further trouble. One family we know, in the south of this province, are now entertaining over eighty Chinese refugees, Christians who have lost their all and have fled to the missionary for protection. They are taxed to the farthest limit to provide food and clothing for them, and besides, they are themselves in

hourly danger of attack. Another set of missionaries, friends of ours, have been threatened time and again with murder and the destruction of their property, but the officials have finally sent soldiers to their relief. I think if the Chinese government dared, *they would just let this thing go on,* for they are at heart all opposed to the foreigner, but they are a little afraid of other governments; so they must make a show of putting down this lawlessness and protecting the foreigners. MAY G. SIMCOX."

"*January 10th,* 1900.

"Many places are in turmoil. Both foreigners and Chinese are having very unpleasant and troublous times. Things seem to be in worse shape just now and the outlook worse than any time since I came to China. The Emperor has been deposed and his successor named, a boy of thirteen years, who is a figurehead in the hands of the old Empress Dowager. She openly hates the foreigners and is going to exterminate them if she can; and the worst of all is, *we have no Ministers of State who have backbone or sense enough to do anything. I mean our representatives in Peking are no good.* Mr. Conger, our Minister, is a new man and he has shown himself unable to meet the Chinamen in diplomacy. England's representative is little better.

"There are several secret societies organised, some think under official instruction, who have for their motto, 'Preserve the Ching Dynasty and destroy the foreigners,' and they have been doing fearful work among the Christians of Shantung and this province.

"On December 29th, Mr. Brooks of the S. P. G. Mission of Shantung, who has been in China

for four years, went to the city of Taianfu to visit his sister and while returning home was killed by the Society of Boxers for no other reason than that he was a foreigner. They caught him and stripped him of his clothes, put a hole in his nose and led him around for hours! And when he got loose and tried to escape, they struck him down, and threw his body into a ditch. That is the way they would serve us all if they dared, and things look as if they would be protected by the government, if the foreign governments do not soon do something. Thousands of homes of the Christians have been destroyed, chapels pillaged and some killed, all in the last few months, and nothing yet done to protect them. Foreigners have had to be guarded by soldiers and in many places the Catholics have armed for self protection. At the London Mission at Hsiao Chang they have had to shelter and feed about ninety men, women and children who have lost their all and had to go to the foreigners; and the same is also true of other places. All this has been made known to Mr. Conger, and he will not believe his own countrymen, when the Chinese say, 'Everything is quiet.'

"The work of these societies is to destroy all chapels, destroy the homes of all Christians and drive out the foreigners. The Boxers are a society of people who practice magic and believe they can become invulnerable, that a rifle ball will not affect them, and they can swallow a cannon ball at will. This they confidently believe, and many join them because of this. Several of them have been killed, but they say they had not obtained the art, and so continue to deceive. These societies are being organised all around us, and it is reported, that they are collecting in Peking, and

intend to kill all the foreigners, and whatnot. Heretofore the Emperor has been friendly and has had some little power, but now who knows what will happen?

"Unless foreign nations do something this old rotten state will fall into the worst kind of anarchy. She has no power to change her downward course. It requires strong, unwavering faith to believe all is for the best, yet we believe, in the end the Lord will save this nation; but why not follow His leadings and do something now?

"F. E. SIMCOX."

"*January 31st,* 1900.

"This is the Chinese New Year's day and we had a lot of callers all wishing us 'new joy.' We gave them tea to drink and Chinese cakes to eat. How hollow all the Chinese fussing seems! They put on so much, so many airs and appear so very polite and good, and underneath there is so much falseness. I think no one would need to be in China long to see the good of Christianity outside of the Church. It makes people true and sincere, and really falseness is an awfully disgusting trait, especially when you see it in a whole nation!

"Well, China is in a bad condition. There are rumours and rumours, and we say, 'we wonder what will happen next!' You will know before this reaches you, that the Emperor has been deposed. The old Empress Dowager has put in a lad of twelve as ruler. Of course *she* rules, but she has many false advisers about her; and truly the government is in a terrible muss. Boxers are allowed in many places to go on drilling and getting ready to exterminate the foreigners. It looks as though they were not afraid that their government would object to their

wrong-doing. Their watch-word is 'Uphold the Government and exterminate foreigners.' Some authorities have stated, that the Empress is pleased with the work of the Boxers in Shantung, where you know their outrages are dreadful. I could write you volumes, but no doubt you read it in the papers. It is all true. The papers, I don't believe, can overstate it.

"We are personally acquainted with the foreigners who are surrounded there,—that is in Shantung and in South Chili, south of us,—by the Boxers. The native Christians have suffered everything. They fly to the foreigners for food and clothing and protection. The foreigners are provided with Chinese soldier guards. The Boxers are recruiting all about us. They gather bad men together here and there and drill them. They profess to be invulnerable. Nothing can kill them, etc., and lots flock to them. They can steal from any one and not receive injury, and of course the poor who are suffering so during the cold weather are tempted to try such measures. Then they mean to rise up by and by, all over China, and kill every foreigner. They want their country to go back to the good old times before any foreigner was allowed in it. It is doubtless true that the Dowager and her bigoted advisers also would like the country to go back to that condition. But of course that can never be. I really wish the Powers would divide China up among them, but they are too selfish. Each would want the lion's share.

"The British and American Ministers in Peking don't seem to be of much use. The British Minister ought to do more regarding Mr. Brooks' murder and our Minister ought to do more regarding the situation of our missionaries and the

outrages among the native Christians. But I suppose the British Government is too much engrossed with its war in South Africa to do anything in China. So the Minister has no backing. We Americans all think that Col. Conger is not much but a figurehead. He certainly does not show much diplomacy. In talking to one of our missionaries regarding the troubles, he said, 'The officials say the troubles are over, that quiet is restored and I can't tell them, that they lie.' Just imagine living in China among a nation of liars! He has not enough diplomacy to meet their lies. The Tientsin papers state, that Boxers are pouring into Peking and an attack is expected during the new year. Who knows? We can only wait and see. We get accustomed to feeling insecure. It makes me nervous sometimes when I think how unprotected we are here, being outside the city walls with no place to fly to in case of an attack. MAY G. SIMCOX."

"*February 22nd,* 1900.

"Frank has been away at Wan Hsien preaching for some time, but returned yesterday. He had quite an exciting time one day,—a mob tried to make it lively for him. The next day a rough fellow tried to kill him, but was intercepted by an official. In spite of the opposition he has a very encouraging work there. While he was away we were all to have been massacred,—last Saturday, but we are all still in the land of the living.

"China is in about the worst straits she has ever been in. The old Dowager is encouraging the Boxers who have been persecuting the Christians, and they threaten now to exterminate all foreigners. I think foreign Powers ought to interfere and reinstate the Emperor. They should

have done so two years ago in fact. I suppose England is too busy to look even in this direction now. MAY G. SIMCOX."

And thus day after day the darkness deepened upon the faithful missionaries at Paotingfu. They had passed through many trying experiences in former days and years, and God had kept them. Might it not now be His good pleasure to keep them safe as they entered into the shadows of a storm dark with excess of lowering clouds? They had gone to China, as Mrs. Simcox had expressed it, "to bear *His* Cross," and they would not now falter or look back. Writing in March to friends at home Miss Morrill said:

"The Boxers still continue their depredations, and are breathing forth dire threatenings, but we continue the even tenor of our way here, and are awaiting developments. There are camps near us, but so far none of our people have been molested. The news comes from a place two days east of us, which has been a regular hot bed of the sect, that a large body of cavalry sent from Paotingfu has taken twenty or more of the leaders and so intimidated the men a little. We are glad to hear that the Embassadors in Peking are at last taking counsel as to bringing pressure to bear on Chinese authorities to check the movement. Hitherto, they have seemed to regard it as a little thing.

"Later.—The last news about the Boxers is both hopeful and discouraging. The Embassadors at Peking have at last taken time to consider the various reports that have been pouring in

upon them, and have unitedly sent in a protest to the Tsung-li-yamen. They have further strengthened their position by forwarding the cablegrams received from their respective countries, that unless the Boxers were promptly disbanded and damages inflicted by their raids refunded, there would be some warships in the Bay of Pechili. So we have had our fears in a measure lulled by the proclamations that have been posted at the four city gates."

Here follows the letter of a young mother who in the deepening dark of Paotingfu could say, "I trust God and rest my heart:"

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"April 12th, 1900.

"DEAR MRS. WADDELL: At present North China is in a most unsettled state. There is a society of Boxers whose numbers are steadily increasing. They say, they intend to exterminate the foreigners, and very many native Christians have had their homes destroyed; and but for the help of the foreigners, would be starving. Thus far the foreigners have all been protected. In two places our friends have been surrounded by soldiers for months. Just now there is a big temple fair to the south of our city, and there have been two posters put up in the city, saying that during the fair, when crowds are here, the Boxers intend to exterminate the foreigners, and burn down their houses. One day is to be given to our place here, and one day to our friends of the South Suburb. Two months ago there was a rumour to the same effect, but now they have become bolder and post up the notices. However, the

officials in the city have promised to send us soldiers, if there is any disturbance. It is hard for people at home to realise our situation. No one knows what may happen. In case there should be serious trouble, the soldiers are not of much use, as none of them would risk much for a 'foreign devil,' for in their own camp, the time was, not long since when they themselves planned to destroy us. Still we believe the officials would do their utmost for us here, although in some places they have given the Boxers free range, and their soldiers have helped in the plundering. Then too the Empress Dowager is urging on the Boxers. She wishes them to keep on drilling and increasing in numbers. Why? It is not easy to tell. Perhaps she thinks if she favours them, they will protect her.

"So altogether, we are on a nervous strain, not only for ourselves but for the native Christians, many of whom are very badly frightened. Do you wonder, that I have hard work to keep my heart still all the time? I try very hard not to think of it, for really I don't believe anything will happen, but you can realise how a mother with three little children must feel, especially as Mr. Simcox is away preaching. It is the uncertainty,—no one can tell what may happen, and then the knowledge that there are so many that hate us, who do not belong to the Boxers, and who would take delight in seeing us destroyed. And knowing the awful wickedness of the heathen heart,—it is the knowledge of all these things that makes it hard for us. But we know too that the upright people of the city, in great part, believe us to be good people, and we believe that God overrules all for good.

"Can we not pray, that out of all this good

may come? Can we not pray, that we and our message may be brought before the minds of the people, and they may be made to acknowledge the truth of the Gospel?

"There is great need of rain. The ignorant attribute this drought to the foreigners, who have 'offended heaven.' The people are very restless, expecting a famine. If there should be a good rain, it would do much to allay these disturbances.

"With very much love,

"Yours sincerely,

"MAY G. SIMCOX."

XV

ELECT ONES AND PRECIOUS

When the Rev. Isaac Pierson and those associated with him established a station at Paotingfu under the immediate auspices of the North China Mission of the American Board, it was practically a pioneer movement in that city. It was not long, however, until representatives of the China Inland Mission were on the ground, prepared to contribute largely to all helpful measures for reaching the masses there. Like the other mission stations, the personnel of the China Inland Mission at Paotingfu underwent many changes, and yet, as at other stations, the work went on.

It is a pleasing thing to record, that the relations between the members of this station and of the Congregational and Presbyterian stations were always the most cordial. There was no general missionary or social gathering in which the friends of the C. I. M. were not regarded as an essential part of the band of men and women chosen of God to carry forward the work of saving souls in that region. And in the general life of the missionaries the interests, happiness, well being and success of those who laboured under

GLADYS BAGNALL.

the banner of the C. I. M. were matters of deep concern and importance to all. Even among the children the ties of comradeship were noticeably strong, and whether because of their isolation from those of kindred race and the fewness of their numbers, or because of common interests and actual affinities, they were much like one family in all matters pertaining to their life at Paotingfu. Little Gladys Bagnall was always a most welcome visitor at the Presbyterian and Congregational Compounds. At the former where the boys were so largely in the majority she was especially welcome, and the little men naturally vied with each other in kindly attentions, while at the South Suburb she found in Helen Ewing a very dear companion of near her own age and tastes. When Dr. and Mrs. Hodge planned their Christmas treat of 1899 for the foreign children at Paotingfu, Gladys Bagnall was a very welcome and happy guest. She was a beautiful child and one gifted with very sweet and winning ways and the joy and comfort of her parents.

Dr. W. C. Noble of the American Board's station at Paotingfu, speaking of the work of the China Inland Mission at that point has a word to say of the father and mother of little Gladys:

"Benjamin Bagnall joined the British navy when seventeen years old, and was in the service ten years, rising to the grade of Warrant Officer. He served under Sir Henry Kepler in Asiatic

waters and while doing so became interested in mission work among the Chinese, and on the expiration of his term of service, joined an independent mission conducted by a Dr. White at Chin Kuang, a port on the Yangtze river. When this Mission was given up through the withdrawal of Dr. White, Mr. Bagnall for a time laboured in connection with the Central China Mission of the American Methodist Church North, doing valuable service along the shores of the Po-yang-hu (lake), a region teeming with populous cities, towns and villages, and of great historic interest. After several years spent in this work he accepted under the American Bible Society, the agency of their work in Northern China. He was the first agent of that society in North China, and from 1880 until 1888, with headquarters at Peking, he laboured incessantly throughout all that section of China, making extensive tours into all parts of the provinces of Shantung, Chili and Shansi engaged in selling Bibles and portions, and also preaching the gospel. He did a vast amount of noble, self-denying work, and through his conscientious distribution of the Scriptures thousands upon thousands of copies of the Bible, New Testament, and portions were scattered throughout those provinces.

"In 1888 Mr. Bagnall resigned this service to work in connection with the China Inland Mission in the province of Shansi. About this time he married Miss Emily Kingsbury, who for some years had been in charge of the Girls' School in connection with that Mission at Taiyuanfu. On account of his ability and experience he was made superintendent of a large district in the province, and a member of the Administrative Council of that Mission. In 1895 he was transferred to Pao-

MR. AND MRS. BAGNALL AND THEIR
DAUGHTER, GLADYS.

tingfu to take charge of the important work of the C. I. M. at that place, and that too in connection with the superintending of a large district extending from the borders of Mongolia on the north to the borders of Shantung on the south. His home at Paotingfu was the rendezvous of all the English missionaries journeying into the province of Shansi, and those who escaped the frightful massacres in that province will long remember the warm welcome given there.

"The Chinese had no truer friends than Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall; and their blood and that of others will be the seed that shall make the Christian Church in China strong and enduring until the end shall come. Two sons remain as survivors,—William and Howard,—two bright, manly boys who are pursuing their studies at the C. I. M. school at Chefoo."

But the Bagnalls were not the only representatives of the C. I. M. who were standing at their post in Paotingfu during the dark days of May and June, 1900. The Rev. William Cooper who had left Shanghai on a tour of inspection in the early days of summer and had visited Shansi and other points, and later came to Paotingfu, intending to go thence to Tientsin, when alas the way was hedged, was chosen of God and answered the roll-call with the Bagnalls. A writer in *China's Millions* says: "It was in the winter of 1892, that I first met Mr. Cooper. He was then in Shanghai, and was also superintendent of the Anhuei province. The very first thing that impressed me about him was his large sympathetic

nature. He seemed intuitively to enter into one's difficulties, and in so doing in a great measure helped to smooth them away. This is a very rare quality. Some men can give sympathy and help after they know your difficulties and troubles, but Mr. Cooper seemed to divine these, and by loving words and a heart ever ready to appreciate the trials of even the youngest missionary, became endeared to all.

"One could never fail to notice also the sagacity and discernment which Mr. Cooper brought to bear on all missionary questions. Mr. Cooper had been in China nineteen years,—and first as superintendent of the work of the C. I. M. in the province of Anhuei, and later as Assistant Deputy Director in Shanghai, very materially helped forward the work of God in China. Neither of these posts was a sinecure, and neither of them was easy to fill but no man could have filled them better. His presence at a station was eagerly looked for, both by natives and foreigners alike, and a fragrance of Christ was always left of his visit. Wise in counsel, loving as a brother, beloved, we love thee,—and deeply do we grieve with the dear wife and six children who have been thus so cruelly bereft.

"It was on a mission of counselling and cheering that he went away in the beginning of summer to the province of Shansi. It was a long, trying journey and there were many difficulties. His advent there was long desired and greatly blessed. Mr. E. J. Cooper says of his visit: 'Mr. Cooper's words were greatly appreciated by

REV. WILLIAM COOPER.

all. He seems to have been apprehensive of coming trouble by reason of the long continued drought. The keynote of his message was, the likelihood of the churches in China being called upon to suffer for Christ. A month later, at another station, he spoke on the great change in the Apostle Peter's character, comparing his words spoken to our Lord when he was told of the coming cross, and his epistles which are so full of reference to fellowship with Christ in suffering. 'On the morning of June 4th all met at six A. M. for prayer and then with many of the church members we accompanied him some distance coastwards, little thinking that we should never see his face again.' After leaving Shansi he travelled through the province of Chili and safely reached Paotingfu. From there he hoped soon to go to Tientsin but alas, this was not to be.

"To Mr. Cooper's indefatigable labours the native churches are greatly indebted. With others he translated the New Testament into Romanised Chinese, and but a few years ago compiled a hymn book for the Chinese which is now largely used. But far beyond these visible monuments to his memory there will ever be in the recollection of his fellow labourers the influence of a noble and unselfish life lived to the praise of God and the advancement of His Kingdom."

In the chapter on The American Board Compound an extended reference was made to the "Meng family" and the interesting and impressive service held on August 17th, 1889, at the ordination of the elder son, Meng Chang-chun, and

"the prophecies which went before," all predicting the success and fidelity of the young Chinese preacher of the Gospel. In that same account the younger son, Meng Chang-so, was described as a frolicksome boy of eleven years, and later as one who would soon take his place among the Christian workers at Paotingfu. It is a joy to record, that "the prophecies which went before" on these two young Chinese converts in 1889 were proved in 1900 to have been in every particular faithful and inerrant. For it was reserved for "Pastor Meng," (Meng Chang-chun), after almost eleven years of faithful service in preaching the Gospel and in general missionary service, under the auspices of the American Board, at Paotingfu, to be enrolled among the "Elect Ones and Precious," and on the 28th of June, 1900, two days before the tragedy at the North Suburb, to lay down his life, and stand in the presence of the Lamb, *the first martyr of Paotingfu.*

Meng Chang-so, the younger of the brothers, and also an ordained minister of the Word, was at Tientsin with his wife and one son. He had gone shortly before the crisis to Tungcho to deliver a course of lectures on Martin Luther and the Reformation, expecting to return to his work in Paotingfu by way of Tientsin, but when he reached that place he was detained by the earnest advice of friends and thus escaped the fate of his brother. As soon as possible after the restora-

tion of order at Paotingfu he returned to that field and is there to-day faithfully bearing witness to the truth.

In that company of the elect and precious there were many faithful and consecrated Chinese men, women and children whose blood poured out on June 30th and July 1st, 1900, has demonstrated more clearly and forcibly than the testimony of a thousand missionaries by word of mouth, that the Gospel can save and sanctify the souls of our Mongolian brothers and sisters, and inspire them to deeds of greatest sacrifice and heroism.

A beautiful example of Christian courage is related of a young son of Meng Chang-chun, Titus Meng, a lad of some twelve or thirteen years of age. Only a day or two before his father's arrest he declined to go into hiding. He said he wanted to stay and share the fate of his father, whatever that might be; but his father said, "Titus, if you do not seek a place of safety, there will be none of our name left to tell the story of Jesus." He was prevailed upon to leave and is now the sole survivor of that devoted family.

It is a touching as well as an indubitable proof of the faithfulness and martyr spirit of the native helpers at the South Suburb, that after the arrest of the elder Meng (Pastor Meng Chang-chun) at the street chapel on Thursday, June 28th, where he had been engaged in his usual duties, and Mr. Pitkin's efforts to secure his release had

proved unavailing, and he had been carried off by the Boxers to the temple where he was brutally murdered, his Chinese coworkers at the Compound did not for a moment flinch. They knew that the die was cast, and that at any moment, if they still remained at their posts, they too would be called to seal their devotion to Christ with their own blood. Friday wore away and Saturday with its awful record at the North Suburb. Then came Sunday morning, July 1st, and while many had forsaken the three elect spirits, who without any possibility of escape must face the wrath and rage of an implacable heathen mob, yet there were those who would not leave them,—those whose tawny skins and oblique eyes told of their relation to a heathen race, but whose triumphant faith in God made them worthy to share with the three Americans the glory and crowns of martyrdom. Among that number were Mrs. Tu, sister of Pastor Meng, and Mrs. Kao, (both faithful Bible women) Mr. and Mrs. Chang, helpers in the Medical Dispensary and Hospital, Mrs. Chien, a seamstress, three children of Pastor Meng and three children of Mrs. Tu. And of these, the world was not worthy!

Those were dark days at the American Board Compound just following the cutting off of communications between Paotingfu and Peking (the latter part of May), for Misses Morrill and Gould; and they were days of heavy care and responsibility for Mr. Pitkin who more than any

one else there realised their utter helplessness in the face of the fierce rage of those who were planning the destruction of all Christians and all foreigners. Had he been responsible for himself alone, there is no doubt but possible means of escape were within his reach at almost any time from the last of May until the last of June. Into his hands had been committed the general interests of the station and whatever chivalrous sentiments may have filled his heart as he thought of the brave women who stood with him, side by side in the deepening gloom, if anything further was needed, the chivalry of a sacred trust and of fealty to the King hushed the promptings and effaced the thought of personal safety at the expense of duty and personal honour.

And Mary S. Morrill and Annie Allender Gould were no less brave and faithful. In her last letter, under date of May 30th, 1900, Miss Morrill said: "Miss Gould and I cannot leave, if we would, and would not if we could." So true to the spirit of one "who walks with God and fears not" is the letter, that we give it here in full:

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*May 30th*, 1900.

"Long before this letter can reach you the cables will have carried all kinds of news and conjectures. We are now back where we were in the beginning,—all our boasted civilisation has been taken from us at one stroke. We are now minus daily mails, minus railway and tele-

graph. Sunday, May 27th, the Boxers tore up and burnt a section of the railway on the line between here and Peking. They were careful to entirely destroy a long bridge, knowing it would take much time and labour to replace the masonry. Telegraph wires have been cut and now we are out of touch with Tientsin. I asked why the soldiers did not come, and was told that the rioters were too many. It may be, too, that they are secretly sympathising with them.

"*Miss Gould and I cannot leave if we would and would not if we could.* Our twenty-two girls may be able to get away after examination, June 18th, but most probably will not. I am glad that Mr. and Mrs. Ewing and their children are safe in a healthful place.

"I went into the city, this afternoon, for my usual Wednesday meeting with the women who come to Mrs. Kao's. We had our usual happy time with one another. I trust they will be kept in safety. Mr. Bagnall had a round-about warning from one of the officials to-day. The North Suburb missionaries with whom Mr. Bagnall consulted do not regard it as weighty yet, because of the manner in which it came. The gentlemen think the Schools had better be disbanded, but I am afraid it will not be so easy to send the girls away. Of course, if we could see them safe with their parents, it would be easier to leave at a moment's notice. It may be that the bands that have destroyed the railroad will move in another direction, it may be that some check will be put upon their movements. The Lord can do great things, as He has done in the past, for His arm is not shortened that He cannot save, nor His ear heavy that He cannot hear. Do not feel too troubled about us. The danger is all around and

HOME OF MISSES MORRILL AND GOULD, AMERICAN BOARD MISSION,
PAOTINGFU.

near, but God is nearer. Even, if we escape, as we probably can, the premises will be looted. Despite all apprehensions, we are happy, and even try to be jolly.

"Will write as soon as I can."

If "grit" were a grace for which we may pray (and why not?), surely Miss Gould found "grace," and while she may have felt the need of deeper "heart-faith," as she called it, yet there is no doubt but in those trying hours her mind was stayed on God. To her own clear judgment the prospect of again seeing the dear home friends in this world was not bright, and she knew that a change of some sort must come soon, for such a state of tension could not long endure. She knew there would be a joyous meeting and that love which is stronger than death would some day bind them together an unbroken family; and so with the bravest and sweetest assurance she closed the last letter to the loved ones at home with the words, "If not on earth, will meet in Heaven." That letter was next to the last which came to America from the South Suburb. It was finished on May 31st, and perhaps forwarded by the hand of a faithful Chinaman from the terror-stricken district of Paotingfu. It is a sweet, brave letter from one who thought of her mother's words, "The nearest way to China is by way of the throne," and, as she thought of those words and her mother's prayers for her, the Gethsemane in which she found herself the night

of the 30th of May was not so dark as may have seemed, for she was able to say, "God's will be done." It has brought comfort already to many hearts. It will strengthen many more:

"My head believes in God's knowledge and goodness, and that we cannot be hurt contrary to His will; yet I cannot say, that I have deep heart-faith; it is an intellectual conviction. Just so I know perfectly well the possibility of danger, but, generally speaking, it does not weigh on me, or when it does, I just cry out and pray for grit. I am glad to remember that you pray for us. Last night when I was agonising in the effort to say in truth, 'God's will be done,' I thought of what mother says, 'The nearest way to China is by the way of the throne,—the mercy seat'—and it comforted me. I can't tell you exactly what I fear; not death, nor even violence at the hands of the mob, for the physical suffering would be over soon, and God can give strength for that.

"Perhaps you can understand why with all this disturbance and my sleepiness I can't put my thoughts on paper. If I live, I will send you another letter soon. Pray for Mary and me. 'If not on earth, will meet in Heaven.'"

The last letter which came from the South Suburb was written by Mr. Pitkin to friends in Peking with the earnest hope and prayer, that they might secure through the American Minister some relief for the imperilled missionaries at Paotingfu. It was dated, Saturday, June 2nd, and sent by special messenger on Sunday or Monday, June 3rd or 4th. The messenger, or

runner, who carried this message through the Boxer lines was probably the bearer of the last written message from the North Suburb, a brave letter from Mrs. Simcox to the Millers who had previously gone to the coast.

It was a touching appeal Mr. Pitkin made to his fellow missionaries at Peking, who now were themselves in most imminent peril and unable to render him any help. He could not be persuaded, that the great American Government would leave them to perish without one effort to send relief, and believing that through Mr. Conger's good offices help from the American soldiery might come, he urged his good friends to work and pray for that end. The extremity of the faithful missionaries can be imagined, but not described. From the 27th of May, when the railroad was rendered unserviceable for travel, the situation had become daily more critical, so that when on the 2nd of June the appeal went out for help, it was with the deep conviction, that unless it came speedily their fate was sealed. The letter gives us some idea of the trying hours of hope deferred through which they were made to pass:

"PAOTINGFU, *Saturday Evening,*
"June 2nd, 1900.

"Meng I (Meng Chang-chun) came in this afternoon and told us something of outside affairs,—one thousand foreign soldiers in Peking, etc., also that Meng II (Meng Chang-so), with his family was expecting to come up by boat. As

no boats, Chinese or foreign, can pass up the river without being searched, Meng would stand no chance at all. So we have wired to Tientsin to intercept him,—also have sent two men to try to find him and turn him back. The Presbyterians have sent a man to try to catch Lowrie who left Tientsin, or expected to leave yesterday.

"The fate of the French party seems certain. They left in spite of the protest of the officials,—thirty in all, eleven boats with three soldiers to a boat. About 160 li from here they were incautious and were seen by Boxers on the way to sack a Catholic church. Surrounded in shallow water, they used all of their ammunition,—killed a great many but were finally overpowered and all massacred. As to whether the women killed themselves is not certain. Some boats, three interpreters and soldiers (some wounded), have come back.

"It may be the beginning of the end, God rules and somehow His Kingdom must be brought about in China.

"Of course the soldiers are no use. Some days ago, our friend in the city, Wu, suggested all going, but even if we ever should come to that state, the way is blocked by river and train. The trains still run to Kao Pei Tien, 160 li, free passage, for no foreigners run them. Then no more road until Feng T'ai is reached. We have the old wire to Tientsin, which when the railway put up its wire, was turned to official use only. Now it is open once more. The railway to the South is broken,—60 li and 90 li south of here,—two stations and bridges burned and wire cut. Also wire into Shansi is cut.

"Letter just in from Davis at Yen T'sun says all is quiet there.

"We did have two or three thousand soldiers

here (imperial troops), but a lot have gone North to Ting Hsing, not many left. Some are from Kai Ping,—wear straw hats. Boxers hate them, and say they are hired by foreigners. So now North of us, 160 li, is one band of plunderers; East, 160 li, on the river, another; South, 50 li, another, but more bent on local ravage; Southwest, 50 li, another pillaging railway.

"As for Paotingfu, Boxers drill in temples in the city, and officials are powerless. What our chances are it is hard to tell. All along the officials have sent us a small guard, but they, although nice fellows enough, will be of no use. Whether the local Boxers will have courage enough to attack, don't know. But a fire brand from North, East, South, or West, will be sufficient, that's sure.

"So we send this note to you. What Minister Conger will do, we have no idea. Will Peking and Tientsin demand so many foreign troops, that nothing will be done for small Tungcho and Paotingfu?

"One town, 30 li South of us, where the Catholics have recanted in a body,—fire crackers and great rejoicing! But Protestant natives are not touched. Everybody has been saying, that 'Jesus' Church' is all right. Only want Catholics. All agree, that the Catholics should be massacred, no telling whether the above pretensions would hold water. Fear they would not. Whether this trouble on the river will be an incentive to local talent, don't know. If it was premeditated, it may; if an accidental meeting, nothing may come of it, save the awful pressure brought to bear at Peking, when the world nations have heard of it. In the meantime we may not be left to see the end.

"It's a grand cause to die in. Jesus shall reign, but we do hope a long life may be for us in this work.

"We write this to give you the facts, inasmuch as you may have no authentic information. The telegram Ewing sent us from Peking, or Tungcho, never arrived. Meng I told us of the sending. What an escape for Deacon Liu of Cho Chou! God's preservation!

"Our affectionate greeting to you all.

"In His service,

"HORACE TRACY PITKIN."

"Advice from North Suburb is that they have difficulty in keeping servants. Rumours increasing in the city. Said now, to-morrow or next day, the Roman Catholic Church in Nan Chuang, thirty li South will be burned; then Cathedrals here, then we come last,—Protestants and Catholics alike. Dry as powder,—oppressive dust storm. God give us rain! That should quiet things for the moment.

"Will you not press Minister Conger about things? We need a guard of three hundred or five hundred soldiers here at once. 'I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.' I know I shall up there. Down here may He help me also to see it! The moon gets brighter every night and what then?

"God leads,—thank God, he does! We can't go out to fight,—we have no soldiers to trust,—a guard of ten or so who will vanish like mist,—we must sit still,—do our work,—and take quietly whatever is sent us. And it will be but a short time before we know definitely whether we can serve Him better above or not.

"I hear Miss Newton has had trouble. Perhaps you all are in great distress. But make one more appeal to Conger for Paotingfu.

"Asking for faith and strength,

"HORACE TRACY PITKIN."

"P. S. Boxers who have been breaking up the railway have no arms to amount to anything. The Boxers on the river use 'Duck guns.' Soldiers can come down to Kao Pei Tien, or Ting Hsing and catch a train there, 140 li from here. Two highest officials here, it is said, are on opposite sides of the fence. One to attack Boxers, the other not, until definite orders from Peking are received to protect foreigners at any cost,—otherwise, they will be held responsible. We cannot be sure of a single day's life. Work and pray for us. Pray for rain.

"HORACE TRACY PITKIN."

And the month of June with its weary weight, its distracting rumours, its dark fears wore on. On all sides there were almost daily persecutions, burnings and pillagings, and no one could know or tell when the time of the fifteen foreigners at Paotingfu would come. Frequently Mr. Pitkin would go over to the North Suburb on his wheel, perhaps stay for a meal, and in sacred fellowship with the "elect and precious" of the Presbyterian Compound receive comfort and courage. Here were Dr. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Hodge, Mr. and Mrs. Simcox, Paul, Francis and baby Margaret. It was certain, that the fate of one would be the fate of all. They were

brought close to one another and to God. In all these hours they had an abiding sense of the goodness and power of God and could say when the cloud was darkest, "God's will be done."

Mr. Lowrie who was at Tientsin during this time having on his return from Shanghai (whither he had gone to see his mother off to America), been intercepted by the sudden Boxer uprising, received a telegraphic message from Mr. Pitkin. The message was in Latin telling of the danger on the South from Boxers who were attacking the village of Tung Lu. The message closed with the word, "Immanuel" (God with us). And God *was* with them *all.*

XVI

ABIDING HIS TIME

THE last three months at Paotingfu, April, May and June, 1900, were months big with history-making incidents and portents. In different letters written by Mrs. Simcox during this period, she said, she could have written "volumes" on what was transpiring about them. Speaking of the sore famine in India, she said: "It seems as though these were the last days. There is so much suffering,—wars, famines, rumours, persecutions!" It was likewise, a period of great spiritual progress in many lives. The rich blessing which had fallen upon the missionaries and native Christians at Tungcho, Paotingfu and Peking was of such a marked and unusual character as to excite wonder among all conversant with the spiritual outpouring at these places and for a time to distract their thought from the Boxer menace. It was a Pentecostal time. Old missionaries on the field, who had passed through great reviving times in China and among the home churches in America and England, declared, that they had never before known or experienced such a gracious manifestation of the Spirit's presence and power. The revival be-

ginning at Tungcho in March swept like a tidal wave over Paotingfu and Peking, and men and women, foreign and native, spoke as "with tongues," and the mighty power of God was realised then, as never before in North China.

The story of this wonderful work of grace, as told by Mr. and Mrs. Simcox, cannot fail to interest the reader. It was a preparation against the times of great persecution. God, who was permitting Satan to try His servants and prove their faith and loyalty to Him, marvellously equipped them, by the outpouring of His Spirit, for the terrible ordeal through which they were to pass, and gave to China a Church purified in the fire of affliction and baptised in martyrs' blood. It was an epoch-making event in God's economy of redemption for the Mongolian race. The Church of China starting out on the Twentieth Century with the record she made during the last year of the Nineteenth, with her garments dyed, not in the blood of her enemies (like her great Head from Edom and Bozrah), but dipped in her *own* blood, shall go forth in the greatness of her strength, mighty to save!

The sublime courage of those who stood at their posts in Paotingfu was due in large measure to this wonderful baptism of the Spirit. As long as they could bear testimony to the power of divine grace through letters to the homeland their one word was, that *God had graciously delivered them from the fear of men.* They felt

the Spirit's presence and power as they had never felt His presence and power before. They were in God's hands. He had kept them in former days of darkness, when they had not felt Him so near. Now, when He had come so graciously into their midst and with such wonder-working power, they would not fear, "though the earth be removed," for *God* was their *refuge* and *strength.* It was in this spirit they bided His time, and it is this spirit which pervades the letters we quote:

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*March 29th,* 1900.

"TO THE CLEARFIELD CHURCH:

"It will rejoice your hearts to know, that your prayers, with many others, have been answered, and that we are now having a great revival in our little community here. God is pouring out His spirit in great measure upon us, and a deep work of grace is going on in many hearts. Over thirty in all have confessed their sins, in many cases with deep conviction and have determined to follow a holy and self-sacrificing Lord. Many of our Christians have been revived, feeling they have been converted over again, and others have taken a stand for the first time.

"The work here is the result of a visit of Mr. Lowrie to Tungcho east of Peking, where they were enjoying a wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit and asked him to help. The work there was indeed marvellous and completely subdued the whole College and Church. Mr. Lowrie said, he never saw anything like it. Praise

His holy name! Hearts of stone were melted. In Peking the Methodist Mission has also had a great revival and now the Congregational Church is also receiving a great blessing. Truly the work of the Lord is marvellous. Praise His holy name! Our meetings are continuing and we hope not one connected with us will refuse the blessing.

"We are having a class of women conducted by Miss McKillican and many of them are receiving a blessing. Some of them know very little of the truth, but we pray they may believe unto salvation. God's Spirit is just as powerful here as at home, and *the Chinese have received the Holy Ghost* as well as we. We pray it may continue until the whole Church in China is deeply revived in the times of trial and anxiety.

"The Church in Shantung and Southern Chili (this province) has become a *Martyr Church,* and we rejoice to know, she has proved that she is able to suffer with her Lord.

"Hundreds of homes have been destroyed, and all have held fast. *When the history of the Martyr Church of China is written, it will be a beautiful record of suffering for His name!*

"Pray, that the revival begun in our midst may continue and grow until hundreds shall be blessed. Remember us always in prayer, and pray that men and women may not fear to confess the Lord and believe in Him against great opposition. Sincerely yours,

"F. E. Simcox."

Dear brother, that *was* "a beautiful record of suffering for His name!" We who read it with streaming eyes, say, "Oh, yes, it *is* a 'beautiful

record' the Church of China made!" Did you know, when you said it, how soon the record would be read, not alone of the Church in Shantung and South Chili, but of the Church of *North* Chili, and of the "Faithful Shepherd of Paotingfu?" Day and night as we think of you, there arises before us the vision of the "faithful shepherd" in the upper chamber, leading his two sons, hand in hand, and back and forth, through the devouring flames, while through the mists which dim our eyes we think we can see a *fourth* form *like unto the Son of God!*

It was a gracious providence, that while these were being daily encompassed by the enemy sworn to destroy them, their hearts were so full of the divine goodness and grace, that they thought less of the dangers than of the joys of serving God at Paotingfu. Four or five letters written by Mrs. Simcox during these times reveal more clearly, than the words of the writer of these memoirs can possibly do, the sustaining power of God's Spirit in the deepening dark of May and June, 1900:

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*April 9th,* 1900.

"MY DEAR MOTHER:

"Frank has been away now for a week with Mr. Lowrie, holding special meetings at his nearest country station. We had meetings here for two weeks that were very blessed. The Holy Spirit was here in power, and we were all blessed

very much, and many of the Chinese also received great blessings. Quite a large number confessed their sins with broken hearts and are trying hard to live better lives. This revival began in Tungcho, where Mr. Lowrie went to help. They are now having blessed meetings in Peking.

"I suppose you have heard of the uncertain condition of the country at the present time and have perhaps felt worried about our safety. We have at times felt a little unsafe. There was a rumour some time ago, that we were to be massacred on a certain day, and as Frank was away itinerating, you may imagine, I felt a little nervous, but as nothing happened I forgot about it. You know the Boxers, as they are called, are drilling all through this province and Shantung, and they say, they are going to rise up and put to death all foreigners and, I suppose, overthrow the government. You know the government is by the Mantchoos now,—not by the Chinese themselves. The Chinese hate them and of course all foreigners. The Boxers are increasing in numbers daily. They practice devilish arts. They say, they are invulnerable, etc., or when they are killed, the leaders can go about and blow breath into them again and they revive. It seems very strange, but some of the soldiers are joining their ranks, and the last Tientsin paper says, that about five thousand of the Mantchoo soldiers have also joined their ranks. There is a good deal of apprehension as to what the outcome will be. Almost anything is possible, for the government is so rotten, and there are so many wicked people, but we hope for the best.

"Most lovingly, MAY."

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*April 16th*, 1900.

"DEAR MRS. WADDELL:

"I will try to write a few lines to-day. We are all quiet and peaceful here. It is wonderful the way the Lord keeps us, even from the fear of evil men. Another placard has been put up in the city, declaring the intention to destroy us. But we do not have fear. The city is full of rumours and there is great unrest all about us, but we are kept in perfect peace. I write you this just to give you this phase of missionary life, which I don't believe people at home very often know about. We do not often write in detail of any disturbances, for it often needlessly alarms our friends. I do not mean to say that these troubles are constant, but we are often surrounded by them. Of course at present it is especially bad, as the government is not doing anything, and some officials have been reprimanded for interfering with the Boxers. I have been kept up at night a good deal by baby Margaret, who has taken a cold (but she is better to-day). I am really feeling very tired and things look darker when one is not well. I do not wish to alarm you. I have no fear.

"I think Mr. Simcox wrote you about the splendid revival meetings we had here a little time ago. It was truly most blessed. It is so wonderfully encouraging when the Holy Spirit comes and reveals His power. It uplifts us and makes us feel as though the Lord was pleased with our weak endeavours. In Peking and Tungcho, near Peking, they enjoyed like blessings. Mr.

Lowrie and Mr. Simcox went to one of Mr. Simcox's stations and held a week's meetings, where they had great help, and now five of the Christian men are here studying God's Word, with a view of keeping close to the Master and being lights for Him in their villages. They are paying their own expenses, and are really trying to grow in grace. How much we do hope for them and of them!

"The class held here for women was most encouraging too. The women realised their sinfulness (and that is not a usual thing), and confessed their faults to those whom they had offended. Also some of the school girls have determined to live for God. It is really beautiful. I think almost every heart was touched. One young man who had gone back, and over whom we all had lamented, was brought back and he made a beautiful and full confession,—so manly and true. Can you realise what these things mean to us after a long season of drought? It is just like springs in a dry and thirsty land! We just praise God all day long, and beg Him not to take His Spirit from us, but to let us feel His power all the time.

"This is the Evil One's stronghold and he is surely trying now to antagonise us all. Pray for us all, that we may never lose our hold on the Master. We all realise that we are nothing without His power. It is only as He works through us, that we can ever reach any heart. I know you all constantly remember us; and it is sweet to know that dear friends are thus interceding for us. I expect Mr. Simcox home in two more days. He was mobbed and his life threatened when he was at this same place, Wan Hsien, two months ago; but there are some very earnest in-

quirers there, and we believe it is going to be a very promising field.

"We hope to go home in two years from this spring, but have made no plans as yet. Give my love to all inquiring friends. I do so often think of all the dear friends in Clearfield. I do intend to write to you all oftener. I seem to have my hands so full. It is hard for me to find time to write letters, and all of my friends, my own family too, suffer from my neglect alike.

"With very much love,

"Yours sincerely,

"MAY G. SIMCOX."

"*May 8th*, 1900.

"The Chinese Government is in sympathy with the Boxers, and we can do little or nothing with the murderers. China has been going down so rapidly, that nothing, it seems, can save her from an awful crash. Our work has been greatly hindered in many ways, but no doubt much good has come to the Church in these trials of faith and sincerity. Very few have denied the faith even in the midst of threatening death. In some places many have asked admission to the Church, even when those in the Church were suffering many trials.

"The people at home don't know what it is to suffer for their faith, and although the Church in China is not large, I believe as a whole it is more faithful and sincere than the Church at home. Every Christian during these times has to bear the hatred, scorn, contempt, and abuse of all of his neighbours, even where no Boxers have come. The sentiment is so strong against them. Many would believe, if this could be changed.

"F. E. SIMCOX."

"*May 13th*, 1900.

"Last week Frank made his monthly trip to Wan Hsien, a city twenty-five miles away. When he and his helper, Mr. Tien, and the cartman arrived, a mob gathered and raged until midnight. They smashed things up pretty badly, and Mr. Tien was struck on the head, and bled freely, but was not seriously hurt. An inquirer who has been here, came and the mob beat him awhile, when he escaped and ran into Frank's little room and into the back yard, where Frank concealed him. Frank could do nothing for him, when crowds broke in and dragged the poor man out to kill him. They beat him to death, as they thought. He was unconscious for over an hour, but revived and is still alive, although in a terrible condition. The official went to the place and stayed awhile but did nothing. His runners escorted Frank and Mr. Tien out of the city. Frank reached home the next forenoon without having had any sleep or a bite to eat. The official there is a foreign-hater, but the magistrate in our city here has promised that full reparation shall be made, and that Frank shall be permitted to reopen the chapel.

"I hope to have an enlarged School Building next autumn, but don't know just where the money is to come from. We paid the expenses for the school ourselves this last half year, and it is no small sum. I guess Mrs. Lowrie and Mrs. Hodge will give something toward the School Building.

"We all thank God for Frank's deliverance. He was in very great danger, but escaped injury.

"May G. Simcox."

"*May 18th,* 1900.

"Letters from the Board tell of Dr. Inglis' appointment to Manila, while our Dr. Hodge is appointed to take Dr. Inglis' place in Peking. Dr. and Mrs. Hodge go to Peking to-morrow for a short visit, to look the place over and perhaps to purchase some of Dr. Inglis' household goods. We are very loath to lose them.

"Dr. and Mrs. Hodge are such fine people; and we are glad, they are not to be sent farther away.

"I have dismissed the School for the summer. Eleven bright girls passed splendid examinations, —all such good, sweet girls. I wish you could see them. I do want to study some this summer, so that I may be able to do more for them next winter.

"Remember all our work in your prayers. We have some such earnest good people, and they are subjected to such terrible things now. A new lady evangelist, Miss Eliza Howell, is coming to us this autumn.

"Two of our Christians destroyed their fields of growing opium, because they were led to believe, it was not what the Lord loved. It meant a great deal of money to them, and they could ill afford it. The wife of one (who is not a Christian) thought it was crazy and took it very hard.

"May G. Simcox."

"*May 24th,* 1900.

"Many of the Catholics have renounced the faith rather than face death, but our people are all standing firm. In one village there were nine families of Catholics and four men of our faith. On last Saturday the Catholics all gave up their faith and burnt incense, but our four Christians

say, they will remain faithful, even unto death; but oh, what a trial they are passing through! The Church of China has already become a Martyr Church, and hers is a beautiful history of suffering. I wish I might tell you of the many trials and how beautifully they are bearing them. Many of them can say, the trial of their faith is more precious than gold.

"Our work of preaching for the time is about ended. Those who were interested, but were not grounded in the faith, are afraid to identify themselves with us, while outsiders dare not listen to the truth.

"Dark and troublous times are ahead of us, but we trust in the Heavenly Father's love, that all is for the best.

"Trusting all to Him who careth for us, I remain, Yours in the Master's service,

"F. E. Simcox."

We are near the end of our story. A little more than a month from the date of the letter which follows, the Crowning Day came. From Sunday, May 27th, when communications with Peking were cut off by the destruction of a large part of the railroad, the faithful missionaries had nothing to do but to await the end. The best informed knew, that only some unusual and unlikely trend of events, or some marvellous, indeed miraculous intervention, could save them from heathen rage. It was only a matter of time. How long, they could not tell. It was theirs to abide His time.

As the writer pictures the three groups of mis-

sionaries,—the Bagnalls and Mr. Cooper of the C. I. M., Mr. Pitkin and Misses Morrill and Gould of the American Board Compound, and Dr. Taylor, the Hodges and the Simcoxes of the Presbyterian station, all waiting the summons, and yet day by day, from the 27th of May until the end, doing all in their power to cheer one another and comfort the native Christians, he asks, if the Church in America will forget their heroism and fidelity? In the light of Paotingfu will the shallow critic who seeks to discredit the Christian missionary continue to have a standing in the court of popular opinion? Will any one say, that the martyrs of Paotingfu were men and women seeking some personal or worldly gain? Will any one say that the noble women, who "could not leave their post if they would, and would not if they could" were proper subjects for diatribe and invective? Were these people self-seekers? Was the "Cultured Physician of Paotingfu," ministering to the wants of the sick and afflicted in that heathen city, deserving of so base a charge? Will any one say, that the sweet, pathetic but triumphant letters of Mrs. Simcox breathe the spirit of a sordid, personal aim? Was the "Faithful Shepherd of Paotingfu," who would not desert his sheep, a man deserving to be pilloried by the Press? And when the writer thinks of the dear young mother and the sweet ministry of maternal affection, her struggle to still the beatings of her heart, as she thought of

her children, while the dark shadows began to gather and envelope her own precious home, his heart also beats hard, or stops, for he recalls seven years of her school life spent in his home, and the dear niece, who should have been as posterity, become ancestry. It is a memory sweet and precious. How he hoped against hope, that when the storm was over and the clouds had lifted from that heathen cruel city she and her dear children at least might have been found to be spared! For months the dreadful fear which haunted both sleeping and waking hours was beguiled by the secret hope, that this might be; and even yet the feeling so beautifully expressed by Tennyson in the In Memoriam when waiting for the ship which would bring the remains of his loved Hallam lightens many a heavy hour:

> And if along with these should come
> The man I held as half divine;
> Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
> And ask a thousand things of home;
>
> And I should tell him all my pain
> And how my life had drooped of late,
> And he should sorrow o'er my state
> And marvel what possessed my brain;
>
> And I perceived no touch of change,
> No hint of death in all his frame,
> But found him all in all the same,
> I should not feel it to be strange.

She will not come back, as we hoped. We shall not see her sweet face again, that is, not here.

Some of us believe, that she sees us, and speaks also, not in audible tones, and this is what she says:

"I watch thee from the quiet shore;
Thy spirit up to mine can reach;
But in dear words of human speech
We two communicate no more."

Three letters came from her hand, one under date of May 24th, and two subsequent to the cutting off of communications with Peking. They are triumphant, and true to her ideal of a missionary's life, and that was "to bear His Cross." These and a few well-authenticated incidents of their last days close this chapter:

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*May 24th*, 1900.

"MY DEAR MAMMA:

"We are still here and all are reasonably well. It is dreadfully hot and dry. Rain is needed so much. There will be a drought and famine too, if the rain does not come soon.

"The Boxers are more active than ever. I think I wrote you of the time Frank had with the mob, and how one man was beaten almost to death. Well another Christian was beaten almost to death since and also his arms and back badly burned. He has been here in the Hospital for some days.

"North of us about twenty-five or thirty miles the Boxers burned a lot of houses belonging to the Catholics (almost a whole village), and about one hundred lives were lost. The Catholics are collecting in centres here and there, and prepar-

ing to defend themselves, but unless they have very strong fortifications, they cannot withstand the Boxers, because of the great number. Still farther north of us a chapel belonging to the London Mission was looted, and the helper and one Christian killed. These are the first Protestants whose lives have been taken, but they are not likely to be the last, if things go on as they are now. The Protestant Christians have not tried to fight the Boxers, as the Catholics do, but they are threatened all the time and live in mortal terror. The rumours are perfectly dreadful. All North China is excited. In some homes the father is a Christian and his boys, while the mother is not. Of course she is angry with her husband because he has brought this trouble on them by joining with the foreigners. Oh, it is dreadful everywhere! All are afraid, but they have nowhere to flee. You see the whole trouble is that the Government is anxious to be rid of foreigners and foreign doctrine, so they allow these rascals to go on and are doing absolutely nothing. There are some officials who would stop it, but they dare not because of those higher in authority than themselves who do not want it stopped. Only the other day a general was killed because his own soldiers would not fight for him against the Boxers. They said their guns would not go off. (You know they profess to have magical arts.) The general insisted on their fighting and took up a gun to show them that they would go off. The rascally soldiers would not do anything, and the Boxers gave him chase and killed both him and his horse.

"Here in our own city an official went to a temple where it was said the Boxers were drilling, (which report he would not believe), and the

Boxers chased him home. The Governor General of this place went to the relief of a city to the North of us, and was obliged to take the first train back to save his neck; and so it goes. The Boxers are gaining courage, for everywhere the officials have no authority to do anything.

"The whole country is just boiling with excitement. A general uprising is feared. Everywhere the question is asked, 'Any more news?' In Peking the strain is very severe. Every day we have some Christians coming in from the country round about. To-day a number came to talk over the situation. They fear a general uprising in which case they fear the Chinese soldiers as much, or more than anything else. If only the foreign governments would send in a few soldiers, it would have a quieting effect. But our Minister in Peking says, he can do nothing, until some foreigners are killed. I suppose he will wait until that happens.

"Really my heart aches for the native Christians. They have nowhere to go, and they do fear for their girls and young women and children.

"At one place where some Catholics were killed, two little boys were left until the last, and then told to say, that they did not believe in God. But the little fellows said, 'We do believe in God.' 'Well, we will kill you if you don't deny Him.' 'Even if you kill us, we will still believe.' So they immediately killed them. The Catholics have certainly suffered terribly. I only hope, that France will make China suffer for all this.

"In Peking the foreigners feel the strain very much. They are reviled now, where formerly they were not. Bricks come occasionally over the walls against their windows, and on the streets

they are treated badly. Dr. and Mrs. Hodge were in Peking a few days looking over the ground. They are to go to Peking to take Dr. Inglis' place who has been appointed to Manila.

"It is fearfully hot to-day,—102 degrees in the shade. Baby was awake almost all night last night, and is not sleeping much to-day. Poor little girl! She grows thin under this trouble.

"I wish, in some ways, we were at the seashore, but I hate to go away and leave all the Christians without any one to advise them. It is really a very trying time. Frank spends most of his time trying to comfort and advise the frightened people. They come every day to talk to him. Mr. Lowrie went to Shanghai with his mother, so Frank has all his work too now.

"Now don't you be alarmed about us. I don't fear anything. But do pray for the Christians all over North China. Of course no one knows what the end will be, but usually these things have their time and then disappear. At any rate the devil must be happy these days, for he seems to be just rampaging, and is making a lot of trouble.

"I don't like to see little Margaret looking thin and being so fretful. She is such a very sweet child. The boys are well and lively.

"It is dreadful to be here now and to be in sympathy with the people who are suffering. It is almost more than I can stand sometimes.

"With very much love to you all,

"Yours,

"May G. Simcox."

The last letter which reached America from the Presbyterian station was written by Mrs. Simcox on the 30th and 31st of May, and doubtless sent,

as in the case of her letter of June 3d to the Millers at Pei-tai-ho, and of one by Mr. Pitkin on the same date already quoted, by special messenger, or runner, through the Boxer lines. It was addressed to Mrs. Reed of Clearfield. With the exception of the one sent to the Millers, and which was unfortunately lost in their hasty flight from Pei-tai-ho, the letter to Mrs. Reed was her last message to the outside world. In the one addressed to the Millers, as they now recall it, she assured them of God's great goodness in delivering them from the fear of men, and was triumphant from beginning to end, closing with the declaration, that they *were glad to suffer, if thus His cause might be advanced.* Her letter to Mrs. Reed is as follows:

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*May 30th,* 1900.

"MY DEAR MRS. REED:

"Still we are here, although things are pretty uproarious about us. We do not like to go away, until we are obliged to, because of the Christians. Mr. Simcox spends most of his time these days comforting and trying to quiet the people who are alarmed. One of our helpers is very nervous, and believes there is going to be a general uprising of the Boxers and soldiers all over North China. Poor man! He is almost beside himself a part of the time. Now our railroad has been attacked and a great deal of damage done. Three stations have been burned and it is feared the wife of one of the agents perished. while several bridges were burned and a good deal of the road torn up,

we do not know just how much. Also the telegraph line is pulled down, but we hope the damage will speedily be repaired. It seems to be hard to be cut off from communication with Peking and Tientsin. Peking is very much disturbed. We do not believe the rumours about us and are resting very comfortably. We do not believe there will ever be an uprising, for there is no good organisation of the Boxers. But they tell us there are enough in our own city here to destroy us and all the Catholics too, etc., etc. We are constantly told of their practising and planning. We don't believe they would boast so, if they were going to do anything.

"But I will just confide a little secret to you of the weakness of this particular person (myself). Sometimes at night when the wind blows across the plain (you know we are out on a plain with no houses near us), and it is exceptionally dark, I look out of the window and when I see a lantern moving here and there, a sense of utter helplessness comes over me. I feel how absolutely alone we are. The city gates are closed at night always and cannot be opened. If a band should attack us we could not send word to the officials. Oh, so many things can come into one's mind, if one gives way to it. But you must not tell this, for when the day comes, I have no fears whatever; and I assure you I do not lose any sleep over it, although there are some of our people, (natives) who do.

"I trust in the Lord's goodness, and isn't it wonderful how we are kept?

"We are planning now to do some of our packing preparatory to going to the seashore. We had planned to go after the 20th of June. My sewing is not all done yet and we have a box coming from

Chicago which I want very much before we go away. Then, too, I know it does lots of good to be here, for the Christians think we are running away, because we are afraid, if we leave.

"The Millers have gone to the shore, because they are building a house there. Mrs. Lowrie has gone to America to spend the summer with her daughter in San Francisco. One family has gone from the South Suburb, and now the railroad people who lived in the West Suburb have gone. So the rumours fly,—'The foreigners are nearly all gone!' Another says, 'The foreigners are all gone!' People at home cannot imagine how the people here are affected. To talk of their troubles is their meat and drink. They do not read,—they do not have anything else to take their attention, so they just grow more and more excited every day. And the Boxers just do enough every few days to keep the excitement going. Now please do not think that we are in danger. We do not think we are. We do not believe that the Chinese officials are such idiots as to turn the people loose to murder and riot. One general was called from Tientsin to the north of us to quiet a riot, and in trying to do something was killed by the Boxers. His own soldiers did not lift a finger to help him, but stood by and saw him cut to pieces. He was trying to persuade the Boxers by mild means, that they should disband, and they attacked him. Chinese soldiers are noted for their meanness and their cowardice. These times it seems to be the fashion to pay no attention to their commanders, or to the officials. The officials now, by the way, have a hard time of it, because the higher officials don't seem to be trying to put the trouble down, and when a smaller one wants to do something he cannot."

"*May 31st.*

"Word came to us yesterday P. M., that the son of a man of high rank in the city, who has always been our friend, told Mr. Bagnall of the South Suburb, C. I. M., that his father thought we should leave here, before things come to a climax, that the rioters are coming down the railroad in this direction, and that there are not soldiers enough in the city to protect us from the Boxers and the rabble of the city. Also that the officials are sending their wives away, and that he would see that we had a military escort down the river. We were somewhat excited for a little time, but now we think that the son must have taken things into his own hands, because his father did not send any word to Dr. Taylor of our own Mission with whom he is especially intimate. We have been waiting to hear from him, for all along we thought, if he sent us no word of danger, we were pretty safe. And when the word came, it rather startled us. But we shall wait for further word before we make any move to go.

"Oh, the rumours, the rumours! I wish no one would tell me any more! Do you wonder that I am growing tired of it all? The surmises and questions that come up! Should we take an invoice of our belongings, so that if they are burned, we will know how much to demand for them? If we should all leave, there is much more danger of this valuable property's being burned. I have not noticed the strain until the last two or three days, but now I am beginning to feel *so tired.*

"When I look at some quiet pastoral picture, I cannot help heaving a sigh, and *almost* longing to be at home where there would be no wild rumours,—just to rest a while. Now, I fear this

does not sound like a *brave* missionary's letter. Really I don't fear any danger at all. I have just written you as I feel and think. You see our communications are cut off and we have received no letters for several days, but messengers have been sent and we hope for some letters in a day or two.

"We hear terrible rumours about things in Peking and Tientsin,—that all the railroads are torn up, etc., but we do not believe them and are hoping for good word by letters soon.

"We are all peaceful this P. M. Dr. Taylor received a feast gift from Mr. Wu in this city, and he sent no word whatever of danger. The men are all at work repairing the railroad, so we have hopes of soon having communication with the outside world again. A Christian came from some distance to-day to see us, the report having reached them that our place was all destroyed and not one of us left. A man said he saw it, and so it goes. We can believe nothing unless some one we can trust saw it.

"The official has sent word to Mr. Simcox that he cannot protect him if he goes to Wan Hsien, the place in which he was mobbed. We hope by the time we return from the shore and the rainy season is over, that everything will be quieted down.

"Pray for us always. Ordinary times are about as hard as these unusual ones. We are so glad you always remember us. A letter from Mr. Waddell tells of the meeting held for prayer in our behalf. We are surely very grateful, and I am sure your earnest prayers are answered. He keeps us very peaceful in the midst of all these troubles, and allows nothing to come nigh our dwelling.

"I am so thankful to be kept from the fear of evil men.

"We are enlarging our school building preparatory to next winter's work. Mrs. Lowrie, Mrs. Hodge and myself contribute the funds.

"My love to all inquiring friends. How glad I shall be to see you all sometime! It is a great joy to look forward to.

"With much love to you and all your family,

"MAY G. SIMCOX."

There is not much which can be said, with any degree of certainty, regarding the last three weeks which the noble missionaries spent at Paotingfu. Of one thing we are certain, that until within a day or two of the tragedy at the North Suburb, they went about their usual tasks, although there was no itinerating work attempted. Mr. Simcox continued to hold services at Mr. Lowrie's chapel in the city during the months of May and June. On Sabbath, June 17th, he preached for Mr. Pitkin, in the American Board chapel, reading for the Scripture lesson the 27th Psalm, and taking as his text the third verse, "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear," and on Sabbath the 24th concluded his labours at the Presbyterian chapel with a sermon on the theme, "We are pilgrims and strangers in the earth," basing the address on the 15th verse of the 29th chapter of First Chronicles. The Christians who assembled to hear him that day were deeply moved, and all the more, when, at the close of the service, he assured them, that

he would be a good shepherd and not desert his sheep.

Dr. Taylor worked on at the Dispensary until Thursday, June 28th, when, after a conference with some students of the Confucian College, who held the good Doctor in highest esteem and who bewailed their inability to save him, he closed the Dispensary, went to the Compound and with the Hodge and Simcox families calmly awaited the end.

Mrs. Simcox's care was for her children. Daily during the last weeks of waiting, she was known to take Paul and Francis aside for prayer and their special preparation for the inevitable end. They were to be martyrs too, and with the loving tenderness and sweetness of the purest mother-heart she led them day after day to the throne of God's infinite goodness and grace. As she lifted her troubled heart to God and asked, that her dear boys, whose welfare in life had ever been her deepest solicitude and care, might be with her in that upper Kingdom now so real and near, there is no doubt, that she saw new meaning and new beauty in the Saviour's words, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

XVII

THE CROWNING DAY

We have come to a point in our story where only faint echoes of voices which were wont to speak may be heard. After the 3d of June no written message came from the sorely distraught men and women except the message in Latin already referred to, a copy of which was discovered four months later in the telegraph office at Paotingfu. As they entered the thick gloom of the last week, they found themselves so completely hedged about, that any direct communication with the outside world was an utter impossibility, and excepting the verbal message of Mr. Pitkin to his wife delivered to the good Lao Man on the night of June 30th, there is heard no direct voice. We are informed, however, on good authority, of the kindly feeling of some students of the Confucian College towards Dr. Taylor, and how on the 28th of June they mingled their tears with his, as they bemoaned their inability to save him, and how, also, after this interview he closed the Dispensary and with a cheerful countenance greeted the anxious ones at the Compound. We have good authority for the story of Mrs. Simcox's waiting upon God, with her two boys, asking for them

and all the gift of martyr grace. And how like Mrs. Simcox it all is! Her responsibility for her children was her heaviest and her most precious burden. She would leave nothing undone for their welfare. What she could do, she would do to the full measure of her strength. And truly she did what she could. Seven years earlier she had said to her mother whose misgivings she was seeking to put by, "Even if I am lost in midocean, I shall only have done what I could."

The eleven foreign missionaries and four children were not the only ones who were to receive martyrs' crowns at Paotingfu. Pastor Meng Chang-chun had already sealed his devotion to Christ with his blood; and there were associated with each group of missionaries native Christians who would not fail in the crowning hour. It was the chivalry of the true martyr spirit which impelled Dr. Taylor's Chinese assistant at the Dispensary to return on Saturday morning to receive with the good Doctor a martyr's crown. He had listened to the entreaties of Dr. Taylor on the day previous and had gone into hiding, but during the night his sense of loyalty to those who had led him into the truth and his conviction of duty triumphed over fear and he returned and was faithful unto death.

The old gate keeper, (his name the writer does not now recall, but which is surely recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life), had also remained faithful to his trust and sitting with his well-

worn Bible in his hand, as day by day he kept the gate and exhorted the passers-by, was the first to perish at the North Suburb. He truly met the enemy in the gate.

Two of the native helpers, Tien and Lu, the former the assistant of Mr. Simcox and the latter Mr. Miller's helper in itinerating tours deserve larger mention than space here will permit. At the earnest request of Mr. Simcox, and no doubt against their own preference, they had fled to the hills and had gone into hiding, only later to be searched out and brutally slain. Tien was a man of the deepest consecration and of the highest moral worth. Though reared in a heathen land and among a people of great moral blindness, Mr. Simcox said of him that he had never met any man in whose moral integrity he had greater confidence. Tien had shared with Mr. Simcox the hardships and dangers of many a missionary tour and always proved himself faithful and true.

Lu, Mr. Miller's assistant, was of a somewhat different type, though honest and sincere. He was not by any means so intellectual and well educated as Tien, and yet by dogged perseverance and faithfulness in the study of the Scriptures, he had gained such a knowledge of the Word, that he could repeat verbatim more of the New Testament than any one foreign missionary at Paotingfu, and perhaps more than all combined. At Peking during Mr. Mott's visit in China he

had heard much about the "Morning Watch," and from that time he had never been known to fail in keeping it. Every morning at five o'clock he was up and deeply engaged in Bible study.

During their tours and especially in the fall of 1899 and the winter and spring of 1900 when the opposition was becoming more and more strong, and when, as almost always it happened at their services some one would interrupt them with the assertion that the religion of Christ would be driven from the land and all its advocates, Lu would invariably hurl back defiance with the claim that *this religion was from heaven, and that if all the Kings and Emperors in the world were to rise up against it, they could not drive it out.*

It was in the afternoon of Saturday, June 30th, that the Boxers made their attack on the Presbyterians, who now for their greater comfort and perhaps security had gathered in the Simcox home. That they were expecting the attack on *that* afternoon and just at *that* time, it cannot be said. There was no doubt the hope, and also prayer, that in some way heathen rage might be stayed, or that God in His good providence would send relief before the storm would break upon them. When, however, the Boxers came, somewhere near four P. M., accompanied by a rabble from the city and villages, bent on plunder and murder, and the old gate keeper had been struck down, as with horrid, unearthly yells they forced their way into the Compound, and quickly sur-

rounded the Simcox dwelling, the missionaries well knew the end had come.

Of the almost three hours during which the unequal struggle continued no very accurate account can be given. Conflicting stories have been told of what transpired; and incidents of the awful tragedy have been reported by eye-witnesses which seem to contradict others as well authenticated. It must not be forgotten, that during those dreadful hours many changes in situation would occur, and that what one saw and reported might easily differ from what another saw at a different stage in the progress of the unspeakable events.

The purpose of the Boxers was to destroy without exception all who had in any way identified themselves with the hated foreign doctrine, and to plunder and loot the premises. When however after repeated attempts to dislodge the missionaries, and all hope of securing their persons for torture and the valuables which might be in the Simcox dwelling had failed, they immediately proceeded to fire the buildings in the hope of compelling a surrender, or destroying the missionaries in the flames. Then it was that Mrs. Simcox with baby Margaret in her arms, in full view of the mob, pleaded, as only a mother can plead, that they would spare the life of her little daughter, asking no other mercy. It is said, she offered them her jewels and the silver which the house

THE SIMCOX HOUSE IN WHICH THE FIVE PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARIES AND THE THREE CHILDREN PERISHED, JUNE 30, 1900.

contained, if they would but grant this one request, but their hearts were steeled against the faintest promptings of humanity or mercy. Baby Margaret was refused by the mob, and with her mother passed into the heavenly home in a chariot of fire.

Aside from the brutal massacre of a dozen or more native Christians, who were at this time in the Compound, we are in possession of no facts which are not fully set forth in letters received from the Rev. J. Walter Lowrie and others who accompanied the relief expedition which reached Paotingfu in October, 1900, and from which the following quotations are made:

"I am very glad that a memorial is being prepared of the dear translated friends in Paotingfu for the comfort and inspiration of their friends and of the Church at large. It is most fitting at this time, and will help to bind the field to the Church in a way that will draw out their prayers, and also give our little station a new place in the hearts of the people at home. The hundreds of letters you have will give a living picture of the plans and struggles, the hopes and fears, that attend the founding of a mission station in a new field.

"From the time of the transfer of Mr. Simcox from Peking to Paotingfu and consequent life in the country, he and his wife both gained strength year by year. The heart life of both was manifestly deepening also, and their experience of the deep things of God growing richer and richer. I have never known any one to grow more re-

markably in grace than did Mr. Simcox during the last three years. Two of his addresses before the Mission at the annual meeting I shall never forget. One was upon the simple but infinite subject, 'Have Faith in God' with which he opened one of those meetings at the seaside. It had an element of true unction in it that moved me to tears. And again this was manifest in a paper on The Spiritual Preparation of the Missionary, which, judging from the impression it left on myself, would have made a useful booklet for the benefit of new and, indeed, of older missionaries.

"In the spring of last year we were associated in special meetings for the refreshment of Christians and the awakening of the indifferent. His humility and real earnestness were a great source of help to me; and great was his joy when the leading Christian in the little community made a great sacrifice for the cause of Christ. The sacrifice was no less than the plowing under, and thus throwing away, a fine field of the poppy plant from which opium is made, and which is much more profitable than any other crop in this region. From that day the Christian Keng began to grow. He now never mentions the name of Mr. Simcox but his eyes fill with tears. His only son, now about twenty years of age, is about to enter our Peking Boarding School solely, as he told me recently, to be a self-supporting worker in the vicinity of his own home. That work of grace in the spring was God's merciful preparation of us all for the fiery trial that awaited us.

"The natives foresaw the storm more distinctly than we did, and when Mr. Simcox was left the only preaching missionary in the Compound, and was urged by them to flee from the coming troubles, he said to them more than once, 'If I

should go, who would look after my flock? I would not be a faithful shepherd to leave you now.'

* * * * *

"The nurse employed by Mrs. Simcox has told me that Mrs. Simcox took her boys, Paul and Francis, every day aside and knelt with them in special prayer to God. On the Sunday before they were attacked Mr. Simcox preached in the city chapel, Paotingfu, on the theme, 'We are pilgrims and strangers in the earth,' much to the comfort and strength of the little group, some of whom, including the preacher, were so soon to reach the end of their pilgrimage. That was the Sunday when the murderous edict was issued from Peking calling for the destruction of foreigners everywhere, and before that week had ended the edict had accomplished its purpose.

"On Saturday afternoon, June 30th, a company of about twenty Boxers, accompanied by a large crowd of other city ruffians, attacked the West gate of the Mission Compound and set fire to it, following it up by setting fire to the hospital and Mr. Miller's dwelling. They set fire to the East gate of the Compound, and after looting Mrs. Lowrie's house burnt it also. Dr. and Mrs. Hodge and Dr. Taylor repaired to the house of Mr. Simcox, where the little babe in its mother's arms was the helpless centre around which all naturally gathered. The demon crowd were held off by the discharging of fire arms, by which a few of their number were slain. The foreigners possessed only one rifle, a fowling piece, and one or two revolvers.

"Stories differ as to the details of the very last moments of the attack. The Christians in the

Compound were soon killed, none surviving to tell the sad tale. The most probable account is that of a coolie of Mr. Simcox, who says that he stood on a grave mound some distance away, and saw the house of Mr. Simcox finally enveloped in flames, and through the smoke and flames in the upper story the fond father was seen pacing the floor leading his two boys by the hand. Soon after they disappeared from view.

* * * * *

"The dear ones passed up to their home on high in the fire and did not fall into the hands of the Boxers. This was merciful mitigation of their sufferings and of our sorrow for which we thank the Heavenly Father. Their remains did not receive a proper burial, being very much charred and disfigured by the fire. After much searching and inquiry we have not been able to recover them. But God will bring them all in glorified body at His own great day.

"Yours very cordially in the great work,

"J. W. Lowrie."

Capt. Grote Hutcheson, U. S. A., makes the following report:

"The following Presbyterian Missionaries, viz., Mr. and Mrs. Simcox and three children, Dr. and Mrs. Hodge, and Dr. George Y. Taylor, lived in several buildings located in one Compound situated near the village of Chang-Chia-Chuang, lying about one mile North of the North gate of the city.

"On the fourth day of the sixth Chinese month (June 30th, 1900) between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, the Compound was sur-

rounded and attacked by Boxers and villagers, the attack being led by a local Boxer leader of minor rank, named Chu-tu-tze, known throughout the city as a ruffian and bad character generally, but who, the day before, had been presented with a gilt button by the Nieh-Tai (Provincial Judge), Ting-Yung, (at this writing Fan-Tai, or Provincial Treasurer). This button which was worn by the man at the time of the attack was in the nature of a decoration or badge of distinction, and was presented by the Nieh-Tai as indicating his appreciation of the man's zeal and energy in the Boxer movement. The incident is mentioned merely as pointing out a certain official sanction to the proceedings of that and the following day.

"As soon as the Compound was attacked the persons mentioned all took refuge in one building, from the upper story of which they could defend themselves and a brave defense was made by the besieged in the course of which Chu-tu-tze was killed and ten other Boxers wounded. Dr. Taylor addressed the crowd from one of the upper windows in a vain effort to induce them to disperse but without avail; and the Boxers being without fire arms could not dislodge and secure possession of their victims. Finally a successful effort was made to set fire to the building. Soon after the two young sons of Mr. Simcox, Paul and Francis, aged respectively about five and seven years, rushed from the building into the open air to escape suffocation from the dense clouds of smoke. They were immediately set upon by the crowd, cut down and their bodies thrown into the cistern. (The view of Mr. Lowrie regarding the two boys seems better sustained by later information.—Author.)

"The other inmates of the house perished in

the flames. The Chinese Christians and servants, to the number of perhaps twenty, living in the Compound also perished, but whether they were killed or were burned does not appear clearly.

"One Chinese Christian who tried to kill himself by jumping into the cistern was taken therefrom, removed to the city and tortured during the night in an effort to secure evidence against the missionaries corroborative of their alleged practice of cutting out eyes, hearts, etc., and of kidnapping children. This man was afterwards put to death.

"I certify this to be a true account as gathered from various sources, and substantially correct.

"(Signed) GROTE HUTCHESON,
"*Captain 6th Cavalry.*

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*October 25th*, 1900."

Only God knows how heavy was the anxious care which brooded over the South Suburb on the afternoon and evening of June 30th. Two groups of missionaries, the Bagnalls and Mr. Cooper of the China Inland Mission, and Mr. Pitkin and Misses Morrill and Gould of the American Board Compound were in deep waters. The fate of their friends at the North Suburb, all that late afternoon, they could only conjecture, but when the night came the worst was known. Then came the hurried and solemn preparations for the end which no one could doubt was near. In all the history of the world there is no more pitiful and touching record than the story which is told of the inmates of the American Board Compound at

Paotingfu as they waited the dawn which would be the signal for their own cruel massacre. The night was largely spent in consultation and prayer. Letters were written and an effort made to conceal a few articles which would bring comfort to the friends, if they should receive them, and good-byes spoken, and then,—there was nothing to do but to wait.

If it is a touching and pitiful record, as has been said, it is likewise a sublime exhibition of faith as victorious, and of Christian courage and heroism as signal and triumphant as ever illumined the pages of myth or of story. The writer cannot find words adapted to express his feeling of the pathos and sublime heroism of that night! The rain storm which had overtaken the Boxers at the North Suburb and caused them to suspend their diabolical work for the night gave those at the South Suburb respite until the dawn. There was little they could do. The scene in the chapel where Misses Morrill and Gould with Mrs. Tu had gone for prayer and consultation and the brave words of Miss Morrill,—"Now we can only wait,—Our lives are in God's keeping,—He may ask us to lay them down very soon," convey to the reader better than any other the noble faith and courage of the much loved New England young women, who "could not leave if they would, and would not if they could."

The scene in the prison-cell of Socrates, where the great philosopher discoursed with his friend

and disciple, Crito, regarding his burial and hope of a future life, in pathos and sublimity, falls immeasurably below the standard of the moral grandeur of the occurrences at the American Board Compound as described by the faithful Chinese letter-carrier, Lao Man. He had come back from the chapel where he had spoken with the ladies in the earlier part of the night to receive the last message of Mr. Pitkin, who busied with writing a few last letters to his wife and others, urged the good Lao Man, as the hour of midnight was fast approaching, to climb over the wall and go into hiding before the dawn, while he would remain with the ladies and the trust committed to his care. Said Lao Man, "I was a long time with Pastor Pitkin. He was composed and calm. He told me of some things the school boys had buried, hoping to save them; and then took out a letter he had just written to Pi T'ai T'ai (Mrs. Pitkin), and his camera, and said, 'You go with me and we will bury these things in the ground, under the dovecote, so that when all is over you will know where to find them. Send or take them to the soldiers from the West, or whoever comes with them, that my wife may be sure to receive them.' We went out, dug quite a deep hole and put them carefully in, wrapped in water-proof covers. Then we went back to the Pastor's room and talked until after midnight. We knew little of the fate of the Presbyterian friends, but were sure that none were living. At last Mr. Pitkin

said, 'Do not risk your life any longer, but get over the wall into some place as retired as may be and go into hiding before the dawn. My letter may be found and destroyed; if you learn that it is, send word to Pi T'ai T'ai, that God was with me and His peace was my consolation. Tell her, that when Horace is twenty-five years old, I hope he will come to China to preach the Gospel in my place.' Then we kneeled down and prayed together and he sent me away. Of the next day I do not know very much. The Pastor was killed in the Compound, but the ladies were taken to the Boxer headquarters."

A letter written in January, 1901, by the Rev. J. Walter Lowrie tells all that can well be told of the tragedy so far as it relates to the workers of the Congregational Church at that place:

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*January 19th,* 1901.

"DEAR MRS. PITKIN:

"This long delay in sending you the promised letter is not due to thoughtlessness of you, but that in addition to the fact, that while the duties of missionary, interpreter and secretary of the provisional government have driven me hard, I have been waiting for comforting news to give you of the resting place of the form of your noble and beloved one. Some gleanings I now have and forward you, that some restful thoughts may be mingled with the heart-breaking ones that must recur so often.

"During the month of June Mr. Pitkin made

a number of journeys to the North Suburb on his wheel, and took a meal there, now and again, always most welcome. I hope, that he too was refreshed in the loneliness of his separation from you and others. He sent me one telegram in Latin, telling of the danger on the South from Boxers who were attacking the village of Tung Lu. He closed the telegram with the word, 'Immanuel.' And the blessed Immanuel was surely with him in those anxious closing days. I am enclosing the telegram in a letter to your father by this mail. It was found in the telegraph office here in town.

"When Pastor Meng was seized, your loved one sent a card to the Police Office, demanding his release; but they declared themselves powerless to do anything. It seems, that an imperial order following, or accompanying the bitter edict of June 24th, had called for the destruction of foreigners and Christians, and this order the Provincial Judge, T'ing Yung, had only been too glad to obey. Meng was put to death that night, or next morning, 28th or 29th of June, and buried in a ditch behind the temple. Two weeks ago or more the younger Pastor and the Christians reverently disinterred the body and coffined it. The hands which were still bound behind the back were released, and the severed head tenderly replaced to await the wondrous transformation of the Day of the Lord.

"During the last week of June your loved one might have escaped by cart, or on horseback by night, towards Chingtingfu; but his chivalrous care of the ladies, and his loyalty to his trust, as guardian of the mission itself prevented the attempt. Then came the fatal 30th of June, when our dear friends at the North Suburb perished in

the flames of Mr. Simcox's house. Of course the news flew to the South Suburb most swiftly; and that evening Mr. Pitkin wrote three letters,—one to you, one to the foreign soldiers who might arrive, and one to the Mission. These he buried separately. The one to yourself he placed deep in a pit, in the floor of one of the outhouses in the rear, the faithful Lao Man remaining with him and assisting, when all others had fled. They buried the Communion Plate in the same place, but all were dug out by the robber crowd, who dug up every conceivable spot where treasure might be hid. The other letters were dug up and lost also. I have posted notices, offering reward for these letters and many others that there may be in the hands of the people, but no response has yet been made. It may be, however, that later, when more of those who participated in the scenes of that day have returned, that letter infinitely more precious than gold may yet be returned. I will leave nothing untried to obtain it, yet the Chinese would look upon it as valueless and may not have preserved it. What love and peace and hope, such as the Redeemer gives in the last moments, it must have contained! To know that he wrote it endears him to you all the more, and he is not lost, but only absent.

"Pastor Meng's sister had come up from the ladies' house to ask what could be done. He prayed with her and said, 'Nothing can be done, —we must prepare for the worst.' After she had gone, he called Lao Man, good Lao Man, to him and told him there was no hope, but that he had a message to little Horace, through his mother, which he would now give to Lao Man, as his last wish and words. Said he, 'Tell Horace's mother to tell my boy Horace, that his father's last wish

is that when he is twenty-five years of age, he may come to China as a missionary.' May the dear Lord lead him indeed to desire to take up the work of his father; but oh may twenty and more years hence find China a friendlier land to Christ's messengers than now! He then gave Lao Man some money and told him to save his life by escaping through the night. It was raining hard, and Lao Man then climbed the wall and fled. What your hero did that night, only the Heavenly Father knows; but probably he experienced a lesser Gethsemane, where he too was enabled to look up into the Father's face and say, 'Not my will, but thine be done.'

"At dawn next morning, the rain still pouring, the rabble throng attacked the Compound at both ends. Miss Morrill and Miss Gould fled up to the church building and Mr. Pitkin, revolver in hand, went out upon the steps to intimidate the crowd. There he held them at bay for a time. Some say, that he was wounded and slain there; but I think a more reliable account states that he too retreated to the church to be with the ladies and defended them through the windows of the church until his ammunition was exhausted, when they leaped out the North West window into the school yard, and took refuge in a small room there. Out of this they were soon taken, and there he was slain, but without prolonged suffering. In one moment he passed into the presence of the martyred Stephen's Lord. Only the past few days, the Christians lifted his form from the pit where it had been placed with the bodies of nine others on that cruel day,—seven were children of the Meng brothers and of their sister, one a Shansi pupil, and the ninth, Meng's

sister herself. His hands were not bound, but uplifted as if in prayer, in which position they had become rigid. Reverently the form was placed in the coffin which the Christians had neatly lined and over it was spread a red flannel covering. Then we sang 'Precious Name, Oh, How Sweet,' and 'When He Cometh to Make up His Jewels.' I spoke to them from Jesus' words to those on His right hand, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these,' referring to his interest in the native Christian children and others. The younger Meng led in prayer. There were no dry eyes. Even the hardened old policeman wept; but the tears of the Christians were not of those who have no hope. The coffin was placed in a shed together with that of the elder Meng and some others, and bricked in to await final interment, as loved ones shall indicate later on. And in all the completed beauty of his glorified spirit he sees the face of his Redeemer.

"Miss Morrill and Miss Gould were dragged a short distance, the former by her hair, and the latter soon becoming powerless to walk, through terror, was bound hand and foot and borne on a beam thrust between the bound hands and the body. Their clothing was not removed, as some have reported. Miss Morrill exhorted the people as she walked, and even gave a piece of silver to a poor person by the wayside. They were taken to the Boxer temple in the South East corner of the city and there were joined later by Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall, Gladys, and Mr. Cooper, who had been treacherously arrested in the flight to the camp of Wang Chan K'u'ei, the cruel Colonel, who has since been beheaded by the allied troops for his crime. In the afternoon all of them, with

four or five Chinese, were led out of the city by a rope passed around the uplifted hands and thence around the neck of each one of the party. Miss Gould had recovered herself and walked with the others. Little Gladys walked free by her mother's side, but was speared to death first, notwithstanding her mother's entreaties for her life. They were all slain without torture at the South East corner of the wall outside the city and within the moat, and buried there, but in so shallow a grave, that their remains have been frequently disturbed and reburied near by.

"The whole deed baffles the human heart to understand; but our King can do no wrong. As we used to sing on Sunday summer evenings at Pei-tai-ho,—how he enjoyed those song parties,—'Sometime, sometime we'll understand.' It is enough, if the servant be as his Master, and the disciple as his Lord. Jesus loves him and you and Horace. This is true, and this is life.

"Of the immediate future here, I dare not venture an opinion,—only yesterday two Christians were murdered in daylight, sixty li south of the city, by Boxers, of whom there are six hundred in one district. A strong central government will, under God, be able to restore quiet, but occasional murders may take place. The younger Meng is doing nobly amidst his hundred refugees. He is wise and good.

"They have found in the houses of the neighbours many articles,—some of which, a coat, a tall lamp, certainly, and perhaps some table cutlery and silver belonged to your dear departed one and yourself. Lao Man sends remembrances. Good Lao Man! Farewell.

"Truly your friend,

"J. W. Lowrie."

The report of Captain Grote Hutcheson relating to the massacre of the missionaries and native Christians of the American Board Compound and of the China Inland Mission is as follows:

"In the American Board Mission Compound, located in the South Suburb, lived the following American missionaries, viz.: Rev. Mr. Pitkin, Miss Morrill, Miss Gould. Near by, in another Compound, the following English missionaries lived: Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall and one child, and Mr. William Cooper.

"About seven A. M. on the fifth day of the sixth Chinese month (July 1st, 1900), being the day following the occurrences described above, and while local excitement ran very high, the American Board Mission Compound was attacked by Boxers, accompanied by a throng of looting villagers. Mr. Pitkin had already heard of the conduct of the Boxers in attacking the Mission to the north of the city, and during the night had prepared for the worst, writing a letter of farewell to his wife and friends and burying it together with certain small articles of personal and church property near the corner of the house. All were dug up by the Chinese and have not been recovered. The two women, who had occupied a house at the farther end of the Compound, had been brought to Mr. Pitkin's house, and, upon being attacked, all took refuge in the chapel, and later in a small building near by. Mr. Pitkin was armed with a revolver with which he defended himself and his charges until the ammunition was exhausted, when the crowd poured into the house and seized the occupants, dragging them out. In the mêlée Mr. Pitkin was shot and then beheaded,

his body being buried with six or seven Chinese Christians in one pit just outside the Compound wall. The head was carried away and into the city, and it is generally *reported*, taken into the Yamen of the Nieh-Tai, Ting Yung, as an evidence of the good work of the Boxers, and was seen no more.

"During this time and later, a force of about thirty Chinese soldiers stood outside the gate of the Pitkin Compound with a knowledge of the proceedings, but taking no active part therein. They appear to have remained neutral, doing nothing.

"Miss Gould and Miss Morrill were taken out of the Compound and into the city. Miss Gould appears to have been so greatly frightened by the rough and brutal conduct of the Chinese that she had fainted from shock and fear, and remained in a more or less comatose condition for some time and was unable to walk. She was accordingly bound hand and foot and slung on a pole or lance, as pigs are carried in China, and taken to the city. Miss Morrill being a fearless woman of considerable moral strength, was able to walk, and did so. In this manner, Miss Gould being carried and Miss Morrill walking, but being led by the hair, they were taken to the Chi-Sheng-An Temple in the South East corner of the city, near the wall, one of the headquarters of the Boxers, where they remained all day. En route the streets were thronged with people, many of whom clutched and tore the clothing of the two women, which soon was much tattered, but no deliberate effort to parade them in a nude state was made. Neither does it appear that they were violated —such in fact is highly improbable, but they were roughly handled and knocked about.

SOUTHEAST CORNER OF CITY WALL, PAOTINGFU,
WHERE FOREIGN MISSIONARIES OF THE SOUTH SUBURB, EXCEPTING
MR. PITKIN, WERE EXECUTED.

"Chinese Christians and servants in the American Board Mission Compound, to the number of perhaps ten, also perished about the time of Mr. Pitkin's death and were buried with his body.

"During the day, Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall, one child, and Mr. William Cooper were also brought to the Chi-Sheng-An Temple, and presumably all were put through a form of examination as to their guilt, according to the general custom of the Boxers. Late in the afternoon, about six o'clock, perhaps, the entire party were conducted out of the city. During the day, Miss Gould had recovered her strength and self-possession, and was able to walk.

"The following method was adopted: The hands were bound and held in front of the body, the wrists about the height of the neck; a rope was then tied about the wrists, passing to the rear around the neck, thence to the wrists of the next person behind, and thence about the neck and so on. The child was not bound, but ran along clinging to her mother's dress. The end of the rope in front was seized by two men and the doomed party, thus led in single file, all bound together like Chinese criminals, viewed by an immense throng of the populace, were led through the streets, passing out by the South gate to the place of execution at the South East corner of the wall, between the moat and the wall. Here all were executed by being beheaded, except the child which was speared by a Boxer. The bodies and heads were insecurely buried in one pit about forty yards from the South wall and about seventy yards west of the corner. Both Compound and graves were personally visited by me.

"I certify this to be a true account, as gathered from various sources, and substantially correct.

"(Signed) GROTE HUTCHESON,
"*Captain 6th Cavalry, U. S. A.*"

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*October* 25, 1900."

It seems fitting to give place in this book to a brief account of the Memorial Services held at Paotingfu, March 23rd and 24th, 1901. And again we are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Lowrie for a most beautiful and interesting letter:

"PAOTINGFU, CHINA,
"*April* 3, 1901.

"I am happy to report that we have been able to hold a memorial service for the dear friends who were taken from us in so cruel a manner last year. We waited until the weather was mild enough to permit the Peking friends to come to Paotingfu and spend a few days in our unfurnished native quarters without danger of ill effects from exposure.

"The memorial services we concluded to hold on two days at the Compounds where the tragedies occurred,—on the 23rd of March for our Mission, and on the following day, the 24th, for the American Board.

"All our efforts to find traces of the remains of the loved ones of our Mission had proved unavailing. The flames in which they lost their lives seemed to have consumed their bodies, or at least so nearly consumed them, as to make it impossible to recover the remains after the lapse of the four months that intervened before we ar-

MEMORIAL SERVICE, PAOTINGFU, MARCH 23, 1901.

DR. WHERRY READING THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

rived. And we were spared the shock which one could not but feel at the sight of the severed forms of those he loved, and which were recovered at the South Suburb, our sister Mission.

"The body of one devoted Chinese woman, and the black hair queues of several Chinese men who had been slain in the Compound were the only remains we could discover.

"The Peking visitors of our own Mission were Rev. Dr. Wherry, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Killie, Dr. Eliza E. Leonard, Miss McKillican, and Dr. Maud Mackey, in fact the entire Mission, excepting Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, whose duties in the Boarding School, and in connection with revival services among the United States soldiers, prevented their leaving Peking. Seven members of the American Board Mission, including Rev. Drs. Sheffield and Arthur H. Smith, came at the same time.

"The magistrates had erected a mat pavilion, such as is used upon these occasions in China. a few rods from the spot where the martyrs passed into the Heavenly Home. It consisted of three rooms, one of which was reserved for the ladies present at the memorial service. The central room was open and made to represent a shrine, in which the names of the departed were inscribed in the Chinese language. Over these names were the Chinese characters, LING SHUANG TSAI T'IEN, meaning. 'Their spirits are happy in heaven.' Before this shrine were many pots of beautiful flowers, four of which were presented by the Roman Catholic priests, who sent also a cordial letter of sympathy. The remaining pots were gifts of the merchants of the city, who also sent blue cloth banners with suitable inscriptions. Outside of this pavilion

and flanking it on either side were guest rooms for mandarins, gentry, merchants, and foreign military officers. And around all was thrown a mat fence with a large main gate and archway, giving the impression of a Chinese residence and central court. Over the archway in large letters were the Chinese characters, SHOU SSU SHAN TAO, 'Faithful to the truth unto death.'

"Notwithstanding a blinding dust storm all the mandarins of the city were present in their official chairs, including the provincial treasurer, or fantai, Kao, the provincial judge, Sun,—the prefect, T'ao,—the district magistrate, Wu,—and the general of the native forces, formerly stationed at Paotingfu, Chang. Many of the merchants also were there.

"The foreign military officers expressed their interest and sympathy in a conspicuous way. General Von Kettler with a platoon of soldiers not only attended himself but granted the band of the German Brigade, whose music was most beautifully adapted to the occasion. A group of French officers, including Col. Espinasse, Chief of Staff to General Bailloud, who was at the time absent from Paotingfu, completed the international assemblage.

"The service opened with some rich and plaintive strains from the band which were followed by a reading of Scripture by Rev. C. A. Killie, a singing in English of the beautiful hymn, 'Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,' which, and especially the last verse, never seemed more appropriate, a memorial address by Rev. John Wherry, D.D., who spoke of each of those individually whose death we had gathered to commemorate. The German musicians followed with two stanzas, 'Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.' Rev. Dr. Sheffield of the

CHINESE AND FOREIGN OFFICIALS AT THE SERVICE.

MISSIONARIES AND FRIENDS AT THE SERVICE.

American Board Mission led in prayer, Mr. Lowrie followed in some remarks to the Chinese gathered there. The Chinese sang the native rendering of the hymn, 'I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home.' Rev. Dr. Arthur Smith of the American Board pronounced the benediction. The band followed with a soft and gentle air and the service was ended.

"The foreign missionaries lingered about the ruins of the Mission, gathering any little objects that might serve as mementoes of the place, and learning of the horrors of that fatal day, then repaired to their respective headquarters.

"The following day there was a solemn and impressive ceremony at the American Board Mission where twenty-six coffins containing the remains of those missionaries and natives who had been beheaded when the premises were destroyed, were awaiting interment. In the afternoon at five o'clock the missionaries gathered for an informal heart to heart memorial service at the residence of Mr. Lowrie within the city. Among many things that were said Dr. Wherry recalled the remarkable wisdom displayed by Mr. and Mrs. Simcox in training their oldest boy, Paul. Paul was by nature difficult to control, but each succeeding year gave evidence of the effectiveness of the loving discipline which by the help of God was transforming him into a thoughtful and obedient child.

"Into the future we cannot yet see, but when quiet times return we hope to make of the spot where the dear ones fell a memorial burial ground, where in the future others who die in the faith shall be buried also.

"Yours cordially,

"J. W. Lowrie."

Some additional facts gleaned from an article written for the *New York Observer* by the Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Brown, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church and part of a letter from the Rev. J. Albert Miller, now of Peking, China, will conclude the story.

In Dr. Brown's communication there is a slight correction of the report, that all of the Presbyterian missionaries had taken refuge on the 30th of June in the house of Mr. Simcox. It would seem that Dr. Taylor was not with the other missionaries when the Boxers attacked the Compound but had gone to the Lowrie house where occurred the incident of his showing the gun and telling them what havoc he might do, but refusing to take life, threw the gun into the fire and perished in the flames of the Lowrie house. Dr. and Mrs. Hodge had however, as previously said, taken refuge with Mr. and Mrs. Simcox and with them went home to God. From this same article is gleaned the additional fact that we are indebted solely to the English General for the opportunity to acquire any accurate information as to the fate of the eleven Americans who perished at Paotingfu. Our own Government turned a deaf ear to the importunate entreaties of the friends of the American missionaries that an expedition be sent after the fall of Peking to ascertain the fate of the Americans at that place. It was late in October, 1900, when the English column under the command of General Gaselee reached Paotingfu

RUINS OF THE SIMCOX HOUSE.

PAVILION WITH BANNER ERECTED OVER THE ENTRANCE.

and the providential appointment of the Rev. J. Walter Lowrie as interpreter for the British made it possible for the friends and the Church at large to receive a definite, and in a sense a satisfactory report on the awful tragedy.

It is needless to speculate in regard to what might have been done to give relief to the imperilled missionaries at Paotingfu during the months of May and June, 1900; suffice it to say that nothing was done by the Government and nothing attempted.

The Rev. J. Albert Miller who for seven years was a companion and fellow-worker of Mr. Simcox's at Paotingfu and who left the station for the seacoast just before the Boxer crisis has related many touching incidents relative to the last months they laboured in that field. When on his way from his house at the station to the depot where he and his family were to take the train for the coast in the early part of May, 1900, he recalls that Mrs. Simcox came out of her house to bid them good-bye and that when they urged her to accompany them and reminded her of the Boxer menace, she replied that she would not leave Mr. Simcox to bear the great responsibility alone. When the suggestion was made that perhaps the Boxers would come, she replied that if she were to see them coming, her hair would turn white. And yet God gave her the grace as we are justified in believing to stand firm to the end.

In a letter written by Mr. Miller since his re-

turn to China, dated Peking, December 5th, 1901, he gives an interesting account of a visit to the field of his former service, now consecrated by the blood of as brave men and women as ever gave their lives in defence of the truth:

"One week ago Sabbath day I spent at Paotingfu, and spoke to the surviving Christians. In my district every Christian was killed. In Mr. Simcox's district (Man Ch'ng), only one or two suffered martyrdom. One of the most earnest Christians in Mr. Simcox's field, Chao Lao Hsing, came to our Compound a few days before the trouble and remained there unto the end, suffering martyrdom with the dear ones. Mr. Simcox's Chinese boy who was with them until the night before they were killed, making his escape in the dark, was here with us yesterday. He said there was no great sense of impending danger, though there was some apprehension of it, until two or three days before the end came. He also said the little boys were playful and unconscious of the danger to the last. The others were just as they had been ordinarily; though they of course had many grave doubts as to their safety. They said Mr. Simcox was manifestly bearing a very great burden of responsibility, and yet they spoke most beautifully of his words of cheer and comfort to others. Keng Lao Tai in whose house Mr. Simcox held his Sunday services seemed very tender in his feelings towards Mr. Simcox. I had often thought that they did not appreciate Mr. Simcox's unselfish labours for them. Like little children they would take exception to some matters in which Mr. Simcox would not grant their request, even where the right in the case

PAVILION ERECTED BY THE CHINESE
FOR THE SERVICE.

RUINS OF THE MISSION PROPERTY.
NATIVE CHRISTIANS AND FOREIGNERS LOOKINC
FOR MEMENTOES.

was manifestly with him; and on account of their discomfiture in that regard they seemed often unconscious of his unselfish nobility of character and incessant and arduous labours for them. I was rejoiced to see that in their heart of hearts they were not ignorant of or unappreciative of his labours for them. While I was speaking of him, they sobbed as if their hearts would break. It would have done his soul good to witness their devotion to him.

"At the close of the meeting Mr. Keng spoke up saying they must erect a stone to his memory in their little church.

"One of Miss Morrill's old servants was in the audience. He sat there crying all the time I was speaking. After service Lao Man, the man who was with Mr. Pitkin to within a few hours of his death, came in to see and talk with me. He gave me Mr. Pitkin's last words to him, the same that Mr. Lowrie wrote home, but they seemed to have added force when repeated in Chinese and by the man who heard them. He said to the Chinese, 'Silver is of no use; gold is of no use; stand firm in the faith.' Then he gave the message regarding little Horace.

"Just as soon as the service was over and before I saw Lao Man, the Chinese women came crowding around me. They asked very tenderly about Mrs. Simcox's mother and family; then began rehearsing Mrs. Simcox's good deeds. She surely has not lived in vain. She has left her influence upon their lives. They spoke so affectionately of the children, having special words for Baby Margaret. The manifestation of so much affection on their part was a revelation to me, and it did me good. Weak they doubtless are and young in Christian experience, but they are sincere; and

I often think that in God's sight they may be more precious than some of us. They may know little of the Father's will; if so, they are less culpable in the sight of the just Judge of all the earth than we who with fuller knowledge do it no more perfectly than they."

Memorial services have been held by almost all Christian denominations, and in almost all lands. They tell better than words the deep sympathy which has been awakened by the sacrifices and martyrdom of the noble army of men, women and children who, for Christ's sake perished in the Boxer uprising in China during the summer of 1900. Everywhere there have been expressions of great sorrow over the persecutions which the Church has suffered in China, and everywhere mention is made of the heroism and faithfulness of the Christian missionaries, and of the native Christians as well. The Church at home has already shown signs of the spiritual uplift which always follows notable proofs of the martyr spirit of her representatives on the outposts of civilisation. The Church in China is also demonstrating before the world, that the blood of the martyrs *is* the seed of the Church. Until the latest day in that far away land men will treasure the record of sacrifice and suffering which God's people, in the year 1900, endured in China, and hand down the story of Paotingfu.

THE END

INDEX

Abiding His Time, 345
Aikens, The, 51
Alden, Rev. Dr., 139
A. B. C. F. M., 139
American Board Compound, 88, 90, 97
Ament, Rev. Dr. William S., 88, 103
An Ting Gate, 167
An Ting Hospital, 157
Attack upon the Presbyterian Compound, June 30th, 1900, 374, 377, 379
Attack upon the American Board Compound, July 1st, 1900, 380-391
Attack upon the China Inland Mission Station, July 1st, 1900, 391
Attempt upon the Emperor's Life, 303, 319, 320
Atterbury, Boudinot C., M.D., 52, 154, 157, 167, 168, 169, 180
Atterbury, Mrs. B. C., 78, 81, 82, 181
Atterbury, Boudinot C. Jr., 181
Atterbury, Daisy, 181, 240
Atterbury, Olive, 240

Bagnall, Benjamin, 327; served in the British Navy, 327; joined an independent mission, member of the Central China Mission, agent of the American Bible Society, married Emily Kingsbury, 328; transferred to Paotingfu, 329; martyred at Paotingfu, 388, 391
Bagnall, Mrs. Emily K. 327; in charge of the Girls' School at Taiyuanfu, 328; a friend to the Chinese, 329; martyred, 388, 391
Bagnall, Gladys, 291, 327, 388, 391
Bailloud, General, 394
Beadle, Rev. Elias R., 245
Beadle, Rev. H. H., 246
Bethel, Maine, 146
Bostwick, Mr. and Mrs., 51, 113
Bostwick, Miss, 131
Boxer Uprising, 303, 304, 305, 308, 314, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 322, 323
Bridge, Mr., 286
British Minister, 133, 320
Bronson, Rev. O. H., 247
Brooks, Rev. S. P., of the S. P. G. M., 317, 320
Brown, Rev. Arthur J., D.D., 396
Brown, R. M., 280
Bryn Mawr College, 272
Burns, Rev. William C., 93
Butler Presbytery, 40

Calvary Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Pa., 274

Campbell, Rev. Howard, 41
Catholics, The, 203, 209, 316, 318, 340, 341, 355, 359, 361, 393
Center Church, 43, 44, 45
Chang, Mr., 93
Chinese Christians, 63, 318, 320, 323, 361, 398, 399
China Inland Mission, 291, 326, 327, 329, 330
Chinese Minister, 133
Chinese Officials, 63, 135, 321
Cholera in the Compound, 80
Christmas, 114
Clarke, Mr. and Mrs., 203
Clarke, Father Endeavourer, 169
Clearfield, Pa., 34, 37
Clearfield Presbyterian Church, 36
Cleveland, President, 134
Cole, Mrs. Mary E., 139, 150, 151
Coltman, Dr., 59, 78, 80, 154, 207
Compounds, 59
Conger, Hon. E. H., 321, 342
Congregational Church, 88
Conspiracy to overthrow the Government of Kwangsu, 301
Conversion of Meng and Chang, 95
Cooper, Rev. William, 329; superintendent of the Anhuei province, 329; a wise counsellor, 330; went to Paotingfu, 331; massacred, 391
Corbett, Rev. Hunter, D.D., 165
Corea, 71
Courtney, Professor, 40
Creegan, Rev. Dr., 139
Crowning Day, The, 370
Cunningham, Rev. A. M., 59, 60, 80, 393
Cunningham, Mrs. A. M., 59, 197, 217, 220, 229, 230
Cunningham, Hope, 217, 218, 220, 229, 231
Curtis, Mrs., 66

Daniels, Rev. Dr. C. H., 139, 140, 142
Death of Dorothy Hayner, 195
Deaths in the Compound, 84
Deepening Shadows, 300
Denby, Col., 63, 132, 133, 134
Denby, Charles, 73, 76, 79, 132
Departure of Mrs. Lowrie for America, 239
Dickson, Mrs. Harriett L., 41
Dodds, Professor, 40
Dowd, Dr., 284

Eddy, Sherwood, 249
Elect Ones and Precious, 326
Ellinwood, Rev. Dr., 153, 165, 166, 167
Elvaston, Ill., 171
Embarking for China, 48
Emperor Kwangsu, 300
Empress Dowager, 86, 300, 301, 303, 317, 321
England, 144
Espinasse, Col., 394
Ewing, Rev. George H., 143, 150, 179
Ewing, Mrs. G. H., 112, 119, 127
Ewing, Helen, 290

Farewell Services at Center Church, 42-45

Farewell Services at Clearfield, Pa., 37
Farewell Services at Grove City, Pa., 40
Farewell Services at Portland, Maine, 141
Farewell Services for Miss Gould, 145
Farewell Services for Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin, 256
Farmington Normal School, 138
Fenn, Rev. and Mrs. Courtenay H., 50, 155
Fenn, Henry, 222
First Martyr of Paotingfu, 332
Fitch, Rev. and Mrs., 50
Flight, The, 71
Four Summers by the Sea, 193
Fourth of July Celebration, 206
Fruitful Labours, 177

Gaselee, General, 396
Gate-keeper, The old, 371
Girls' School at Paotingfu, 142, 152, 177, 178, 236, 310
Girls' School, The, at Peking, 53
Goforth, Mr., 282
Goodrich, Rev. Chauncey, D.D., 259
Gould, Annie Allender, 143; her parents, farewell service, 145; birth, 146; removal to Portland, 147; student at Mount Holyoke College, 148; a classmate's estimate, 149; Mrs. Noble's tribute, 150; her work in the Girls' School, 178; a skilled and successful worker, 309; she thought of her mother's words, 337; her last letter, 338; arrested by the Boxers, 387; taken to the city, 390; the place of execution, 391
Gould, John M., 145, 146
Gould, Mrs. John M., 144, 337
Grove City, Pa., 24, 40, 47
Grove City College, 19

Hart, Sir Robert, 76
Heavy Cares at the South Suburb, 334
Hinton, Mr. and Mrs., 266
Hoddle, Mr., 119, 120
Hodge, Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, M.D., 263; letters referring to his appointment to the field, 264; arrival at Paotingfu, 265; reception, 266; birth, 267; his ancestors, 268; preparatory training, student at Princeton, 270; physical appearance, 271; trip into Southern Chili, 276-287; Dr. Mackey's estimate, 296; visit at Peking, 355; with the Simcoxes on the crowning day, 377; Capt. Hutcheson's story, 378
Hodge, Mrs. Elsie Sinclair, 263; birth, 272; home life, 273; marriage, departure, 274; teaching the children of the Compound, 275; her favourite hymn, 291; the Christmas treat for the children, 296; teaching the Beatitudes, 299; Mrs. Simcox's estimate of her, 355; taking refuge in the Simcox house, 377
Hodge, Dr. Charles, 268

Hodge, Rev. Edward B., D.D., 158, 159
Hodge, Hugh Lenox, M.D., 271
Houlding, Rev., 284
Hutcheson, Captain Grote —report on the massacre at the North Suburb, 378; report on the massacre at the South Suburb, 389

Inglis, Dr. and Mrs. John, 211, 290

Janvier, Rev. Levi, 164
Japanese - Corean - Chinese War, 71
Jones, Rev. J. Sparhawk, D.D., 274

Kalgan, 143
Kao, Mrs., 152, 334
Keng Lao Tai, 376, 398, 399
Kepler, Sir Henry, 327
Killie, Mrs. C. A., 211
Killie, Rev. C. A., 275, 284, 393, 394
Kirkbride, Rev. S. A., 44
Ku Cheng Massacre, 133

Lao Man, 370, 385, 399
Leonard, Dr. Eliza, 220, 222
Leslie, Dr., 284
Life in the Compound, 106-116
Li Hung Chang, 126, 127, 128
Little Men and Women, 216
Lowrie, Mrs. Amelia P., 82, 86, 111, 115, 121, 169, 235, 240, 291
Lowrie, Rev. J. Walter, 82, 86, 113, 119, 156, 169, 375, 383
Lowrie, Rev. Reuben, 169
Luce, Harry, 249
Lyon, David, 222

Mackey, Dr. Maude, 232, 296
Maine Branch, 141
Man Ch'eng, 180, 187, 205, 398
Martin, Rev. Wm. A. P., D.D., 302
Mateer, Rev. Calvin W., D.D., 42, 48, 49
Memorial Services at Paotingfu, 392-395
Meng, Chang-chun, 97; in the boarding school at Tungcho, 97; his ordination, 101, 103, 105; elect and precious, 332; arrested by the Boxers, 333; put to death, 384
Meng, Chang-so, 97, 332, 339, 387
Meng, Hsiao Chih, 90, 93
Mèng, Titus, 333
Menzies, Dr., 282
Mercer County, Pa., 19
Merritt, Dr., 108, 136
Miller, Rev. J. Albert, 50, 64, 372, 396, 397
Miller, Mrs. J. Albert, 156, 171
Miller, Ralph, 307
Miller, Samuel Porter, 312
Miller, Zenos, 222
Mills, Rev. Dr., 254
Morning Watch, 373
Morrill, Mary S., 136; birth, 137; earnest student, 138; at the Normal School, 139; Mrs. Cole's account of her appointment, 139-142; establishes the Girls' School, 143; returns to America, 151; back in China, 152; a fruitful worker, 177; her

letter of May 30, 1900, 355; would not leave if she could, 336; the scene in the Chapel, 381; under arrest, exhorting the people, 387; slain at the Southeast corner of the wall, 388; her old servant, 399
Morrill, Rufus, 137
Mott, John R., 252, 372
Mount Holyoke College, 147
Murderous Edict, 377
McClelland, Professor, 40
McClure, Rev. W. L., 41
McClure, Rev. Dr., 284
McCook, Rev. Henry C., D.D., 157
McCullough, Mrs. Agnes, 41
McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs., 50
McKenzie, Rev., 284
McKillican, Miss Jeanette, 220, 313
McKinley, Rev. Dr., 39
McKnight, Mary, 266

Native Helpers,—Tien and Lu, 371
Newton, Miss Grace, 50, 52, 53
Noble, Dr. Willis C., 110, 111, 112, 132, 142
Noble, Mrs. W. C., 117, 150
North Suburb, 179

O'Conner, Mr., 133

Paotingfu, 30, 36, 37, 47, 53, 65, 85, 91, 101, 103, 106, 153, 156, 170, 177, 179, 190, 266, 296, 322, 326, 329, 338, 343, 346, 349, 357, 371, 394, 397, 400
Peck, A. P., M.D., 89
Pei-tai-ho, 193, 198, 200, 216, 217, 219, 229, 234, 241
Peking, 50, 84
Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., 247
Pierson, Rev. Isaac, 88, 136
Pierson, Lizzie, 91
Pilgrim Church, Cleveland, O., 244, 248, 250, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257
Pitkin, Rev. Horace Tracy, 241; landed at Tientsin, 241; travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, 243; relation to the Pilgrim Church, Cleveland, 244; his childhood, 245; his home at New Hartford, Conn., 246; Rev. Bronson's account of his school days, 248-254; Dr. Mills's story, 254-255; farewell services at Cleveland, 256; letter to the Pilgrim Church, 257; housekeeping, 257-258; in charge of the Boys' School, 259; tribute by Dr. Goodrich, 260-261: dark days at the American Board Compound, 334; his chivalry, 335; appeal for help, 339-343; message to Mr. Lowrie, 344; in conversation with Lao Man, 382; message to little Horace, 383; interceding for Pastor Meng, 384; defending the ladies, 386; impressive services, 395; silver is of no use, 399
Pitkin, Mrs. Letitia Thomas, 241; birth, 242; at the Northfield Conference,

243; marriage, 244; received as a member of the Pilgrim Church, 256; silent years at Paotingfu, 258; return to America, 261
Pitkin, Horace Collins, 257, 262, 383
Port Arthur, 113
Portland, Maine, 137
Presbyterian Board of Missions, 33, 153
Presbyterian Compound, 153
Presbyterian Church, Burlington, N. J., 159
Presbyterian Church, Clearfield, Pa., 33
Presbyterian Church, Grove City, Pa., 24
Princeton College, 270

Ray, Rev. James F., 41
Reed, Mr. and Mrs. F. B., 37
Richie, Miss, 52
Roberts, Rev. J. H., 112, 117, 143, 144

Shanghai, 50
Sheffield, Rev. Dr., 131, 132, 133
Sheffield, Mrs., 131
Simcox, Rev. Frank Edson, 19; birth 20; college life, 23-31; relation to the Clearfield Presbyterian Church, 33-39; farewell services at Grove City, 40-42; arrival at Shanghai, 50; the choice of Paotingfu, 64: first experience in missionary work, 67-70; leaving Tientsin for Paotingfu, 106; an incident of the Japanese-Chinese war, 113; learning the language, 172; first communion at Man Ch'eng, 187; letter to the Clearfield Church, 210; revolution in the government of China, 303; persecution at I Chow and Wan Wang, 306; Ministers of State lacking backbone, 317; China has a martyr Church, 348; "the faithful shepherd of Paotingfu," 349; preaching in the Congregational Chapel, June 17, 1900, "though an host should encamp against me my heart shall not fear," 368; sermon on June 24, 1900, "we are pilgrims and strangers in the earth," 368; the attack of the Boxers, 373; seen in the flames leading his two boys, 378; Dr. Wherry's tribute, 395; his unselfish labors, 398; a stone to his memory, 399.
Simcox, Mrs. May Gilson, 19; birth, 19; college life, 27; a classmate's tribute, 29; marriage, 34; reception at Clearfield, 39-40; Center's farewell, 32-46; last Sabbath at home, 36-47; the trip from Tientsin to Peking, 54-60; at home with the Cunninghams, 62-64; story of the flight, 71-87; the first winter at Paotingfu, 106; description of her home in the Compound, 108-112; quieting a Chinese mob, 116-120; a state of uncertainty, 126; criticis-

ing the Ministers of State, 132; indignation over the massacre at Ku Cheng, 133; displeased with the Ministers of State, 134; petty trials, 173-176; letter to the Clearfield ladies, 182-185; teaching a class of girls, 188; delightful summers at the sea, 200; stories of bereavement, 217-219; Dr. Leonard's tribute, 222-225; Mrs. Cunningham's letter, 229; a statement by Dr. Mackey, 232; Mrs. Lowrie's account, 235-239; China in an unsettled condition, 302; an account of the Boxer uprising, 314; troubles in Shantung, 316; the distress of Chinese Christians, 320; a brave letter to the Millers, 339; an account of the Spirit's outpouring, 351; last letter to her mother, 359; her trust in the Lord's goodness, 364; a wish to be at home, 366; solicitude for her children, 369; asking martyr grace for her boys, 377; the babe in its mother's arms the helpless center, 377; her plea refused by the mob, 374; her memory cherished by the natives, 399

Simcox, Shedrach, 22

Simcox, Paul, 78, 85, 108, 109, 115, 117, 121, 125, 175, 189, 195

Simcox, Francis Raymond, 194, 198, 200, 211, 222, 223, 228, 229, 235

Simcox, Margaret, 227, 231, 233, 236, 240, 362, 374, 377

Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M., 273

Sinclair, Miss, 50

Smith, Rev. Arthur H., D.D., 393

South Suburb, 333

Speer, Mr. and Mrs. Robert, 208

Stanley, Rev., 51

Stewart, Rev. S. Arthur, 73

Student Volunteers, 30

Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, 57

Taft, Rev. Dr., 82

Tangfeng, 92

Taylor, George Yardley, M.D., 54, 57, 59, 64, 86, 153; meeting the Simcoxes, 156; commissioned a medical missionary of the Presbyterian Church, 156; tribute of Dr. Edward B. Hodge, 157-170; residing with the Lowries, 172; imperilling his life to save a child, 235; meeting the Hodges at Tientsin, 265; his favourite hymn, 291; faithfulness to his trust, 310; among the elect and precious, 343; his Chinese assistant, 371; his friends of the Confucian college, 370; addressing the Boxers from an upper room in the Simcox house, 379; Dr. Brown's version of the foregoing, 396

Tientsin, 51

Treat, A. O., M.D., 88

Troy, Ohio, 205.

Tu, Mrs., 144, 334
Tungcho, 131

UNION Theological Seminary, 248, 252
United States, 134
University of Pennsylvania, 310

VANCOUVER, B. C., 48
Van Rensselaer, General Stephen, 268
Van Rensselaer, Cortlandt, 268
Van Rensselaer Seminary, 159
Venango County, Pennsylvania, 20
Von Kettler, General, 394

WADDELL, Rev. J. M., 367
Waddell, Mrs. J. M., 323, 351
Walker, Rev. Robert, D.D., 41
Weaver, J. F., 39
Weaver, A. B., 37
Wei-hai-wei, 122
Western Hills, 73, 131
Western Theological Seminary, 33
Wherry, Rev. John, D.D., 58, 312, 393, 395
White, Dr., 328
Whiting, Rev. J. L., D.D., 52, 57, 64, 153
Whiting, Mrs. J. L., 218
Whiting, Everett, 217
Wilder, Robert, 30
Woodland Presbyterian Church, West Philadelphia, Pa., 274
Wu, Mr., 367
Wykoff, Miss, 181, 189

YALE, Rev. Cyrus, 244
Yale University, 245

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